

W O M A N .

S K E T C H E S

OF THE

HISTORY, GENIUS, DISPOSITION
ACCOMPLISHMENTS, EMPLOYMENTS,
CUSTOMS AND IMPORTANCE

OF THE

F A I R S E X ,

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

INTERSPERSED WITH

MANY SINGULAR AND ENTERTAINING
ANECDOTES.

By a Friend to the Sex.

" NATURE MADE YOU TO TEMPER MAN."

OTWAY.

L O N D O N :

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1790



ADVERTISEMENT.

TO give a brief detail of the history of the Fair Sex—to inspire them with a sense of their value and importance—to excite them to laudable pursuits—to teach them that

“ Virtue alone is happiness below ;

that an amiable conduct can only secure love and esteem—and to furnish them with innocent amusement—is the design of this little work.

The following authors have been consulted for materials : Doctors Robertson, Alexander, Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Gregory, Fordyce, and Schomberg ; Professors Ferguson and Miller ; Fenelon, Montaigne, Thomas, Grosley, Knox, and Hayley ; Lady Pennington, Mrs. Kinderley, and others..

C O N T E N T S.

Chap.	page
I. O F the first woman, and her antediluvian descendants	1
II. Of women in the patriarchal ages	3
III. Of the women of ancient Egypt	6
IV. Of the modern Egyptian women	8
V. Of the Persian women	13
VI. Of the Grecian women	15
VII. Of the Grecian courtezans	20
VIII. Of the Roman women	25
IX. Laws and customs respecting the Roman women	33
X. On the effects of Christianity on the manners of women	36
XI. Of women in savage life	40
XII. Of the Eastern women	46
XIII. Of the Chinese women	52
XIV. Of the wives of the Indian priests	53
XV. A comparison between the Mahometans and Dutch, with regard to their women	54
XVI. Of the African women	59
XVII. Of the effects of chivalry on the characters and manners of women	62
XVIII. The opinion of two modern authors concerning chivalry	68
XIX. Of the great enterprizes of women in the times of chivalry	75
XX. Other curious particulars concerning females in those ages	78
	XXI.

Chap.		page
XXI.	Of the Arabian women	84
XXII.	On the learning of women	86
XXIII.	Of the European women	92
XXIV.	Of the French women	93
XXV.	Of the Italian women	100
XXVI.	Of the Spanish women	105
XXVII.	Of the English women	108
XXVIII.	Of the Russian women	111
XXIX.	Of the German women	113
XXX.	On the comparative merit of the two sexes	117
XXXI.	On the religious and domestic virtues of women	127
XXXII.	On female friendship	130
XXXIII.	On female benevolence	134
XXXIV.	On female patriotism	136
XXXV.	Of women, with regard to polished life	138
XXXVI.	On the idea of female inferiority	140
XXXVII.	On female simplicity	145
XXXVIII.	On the mild magnanimity of women	151
XXXIX.	On female delicacy	154
XL.	On female wit	157
XLI.	On female credulity	160
XLII.	On the influence of female society	171
XLIII.	Of the British ladies at different pe- riods	179
XLIV.	On the privileges of British women	200
XLV.	On female knowledge	207
	XLVI.	

C O N T E N T S.

vii

Chap.		page
XLVI.	On female culture and accomplishments in different ages. -	212.
XLVII.	On the necessary mental accomplishments of ladies -	220.
XLVIII.	On the monastic life -	226.
XLIX.	On sentimental attachment -	234.
L.	Honorio and Eliza -	235.
LI.	Henry and Charlotte -	244.
LII.	On the degrees of sentimental attachment at different periods -	249.
LIII.	Minds and tempers in unison are rarely to be found -	257.
LIV.	A view of matrimony in three different lights -	259.
LV.	Of betrothing and marriage -	261.
LVI.	A picture of matrimonial felicity -	266.
LVII.	On the choice of a husband -	268.
LVIII.	On conjugal misunderstandings -	280.
LIX.	Mutual forbearance necessary to the happiness of the married state -	281.
IX.	On economy -	283.
LXI.	Mrs. Piozzi's advice to a new-married man -	287.
LXII.	Garrick's advice to married ladies -	293.
LXIII.	On widowhood -	294.
LXIV.	The wish -	303.
LXV.	A singular epistle -	304.
LXVI.	The specious lover -	309.
LXVII.	Friendship improved into love -	317.
	LXVIII.	

Chap.		page
LXVIII.	Two very singular female characters described	319
LXIX.	Dr. Schomberg's method of reading for female improvement	324
LXX.	The sequestered lover	329
LXXI.	The history of Philocles and Panthea	331
LXXII.	The deaths of Lucretia and Virginia	334
LXXIII.	The Sibyl: an oriental story	336
LXXIV.	Thoughts on the education of women	341
LXXV.	Wedded love is infinitely preferable to variety	343
LXXVI.	The mercenary lover	344
LXXVII.	Is the assertion of the Marchioness de Lambert true, that "Love improves the virtuous soul?"	351
LXXVIII.	On the revolutions of the French fashions, with some advice to the ladies respecting certain parts of dress	359
LXXIX.	The impatient fair one	371
LXXX.	The fatal sacrifice	380
LXXXI.	On looking at the picture of a beautiful female	386
LXXXII.	Rural felicity; or, the history of Collin and Celia	388
LXXXIII.	The false friend	392

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

CHAP. I.

OF THE FIRST WOMAN, AND HER ANTEDILUVIAN
DESCENDANTS.

THE great Creator, having formed man of the dust of the earth, "made a deep sleep" to fall upon him, and took one of his ribs, and "closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man." Hence the fair sex, in the opinion of some authors, being formed of matter doubly refined, derive their superior beauty and excellence.

Not long after the creation, the first woman was tempted by the serpent to eat of the fruit of a certain tree, in the midst of the garden of Eden, with regard

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to

to which God had said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

This deception, and the fatal consequences arising from it, furnish the most interesting story in the whole history of the sex.

It is related, that Eve, not being able, for some time, to make her husband partake of the forbidden fruit, at last broke down a branch from the tree of knowledge, and, making it into a cudgel, by that powerful argument, soon prevailed on him to taste it.

Moses does not assign any reason why the offering of Cain was rejected, and that of Abel accepted. An oriental tradition, however, supplies this defect, and informs us, that, as Cain and Abel had each of them a twin-sister, Adam proposed that Cain should marry the twin-sister of Abel, and Abel the twin-sister of Cain; because he thought it was proper they should marry those that were seemingly the least related to them. Cain's twin-sister being handsomer than the other, he would not agree to the proposal. Adam, displeased at his disobedience, determined to submit the matter to the decision of the Supreme Being; and, accordingly, ordered his sons to bring each an offering before the Lord. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain's jealousy and resentment rose to such a pitch, that, as soon as they came down from the mount where they had been sacrificing, he fell upon his brother, and slew him. And thus a woman was the cause, not only of the first quarrel, but of the first introduction of death.

For

For this cruel and barbarous action, Cain and his posterity, being banished from the rest of the human race, indulged themselves in every species of wickedness. On this account, it is supposed, they were called the *Sons and Daughters of Men*. The posterity of Seth, on the other hand, became eminent for virtue, and a regard to the divine precepts. By their regular and amiable conduct, they acquired the appellation of *Sons and Daughters of God*.

After the deluge there is a chasm in the history of women, till the time of the patriarch Abraham. They then begin to be introduced into the sacred story. Several of their actions are recorded. The laws, customs, and usages, by which they were governed, are frequently exhibited.



CHAPTER II.

OF WOMEN IN THE PATRIARCHAL AGES.

THE condition of women, among the ancient patriarchs, appears to have been but extremely indifferent. When Abraham entertained the angels, sent to denounce the destruction of Sodom, he seems to have treated his wife as a menial servant: "Make ready quickly," said he to her, "three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes on the hearth."

In the whole early history of the people of Israel, there is hardly one instance of a woman having been

treated with indulgence, or of a captive having experienced humanity.

In many parts of the East, water is only to be met with deep in the earth, and to draw it from the wells is, consequently, fatiguing and laborious. This, however, was the task of the daughters of Jethro the Midianite; to whom so little regard was paid, either on account of their sex, or the rank of their father, as high-priest of the country, that the neighbouring shepherds not only insulted them, but forcibly took from them the water they had drawn.

This was the task of Rebecca, who not only drew water for Abraham's servant, but for his camels also, while the servant stood an idle spectator of the toil. Is it not natural to imagine, that, as he was on an embassy to court the damsel for Isaac, his master's son, he would have exerted his utmost efforts to please, and become acceptable?

When he had concluded his bargain, and was carrying her home, we meet with a circumstance worthy of remark. When she first approached Isaac, who had walked out into the fields to meet her, she did it in the most submissive manner, as if she had been approaching a lord and master, rather than a fond and passionate lover. From this circumstance, as well as from several others, related in the sacred history, it would seem that women, instead of endeavouring, as in modern times, to persuade the world that they confer an immense favour on a lover, by deigning to accept of him,

him, did not scruple to confess, that the obligation was conferred on themselves.

This was the case with Ruth, who had laid her down at the feet of Boaz ; and being asked by him who she was, answered, " I am Ruth, thine hand-maid ; spread, therefore, thy skirt over thine hand-maid, for thou art a near kinsman."

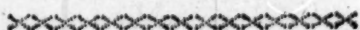
When Jacob went to visit his uncle Laban, he met Rachal, Laban's daughter, in the fields, attending on the flocks of her father.

In a much later period, Tamar, one of the daughters of king David, was sent by her father to perform the servile office of making cakes for her brother Amnon.

The simplicity of the times in which these things happened, no doubt, very much invalidates the strength of the conclusions that naturally arise from them. But, in spite of that simplicity, it still appears that women were not then treated even with the shadow of the delicacy which they have happily experienced among people more polished and refined.

Are there not, however, other proofs that women were treated in an indignant manner, in the primitive ages? Yes. Husbands had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives, without assigning any reason for it, but because they were not agreeable to them. Polygamy also generally prevailed ; which is so contrary to the inclination of the sex, and so deeply wounds the delicacy of their feelings, that it is impossible for

any woman voluntarily to agree to it, even where it is authorized by custom and by law. Wherever, therefore, polygamy takes place, we may assure ourselves that women have but little authority, and have scarcely arrived at any consequence in society.



C H A P. III.

ON THE WOMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

WHEREVER the human race live solitary, and unconnected with each other, they are savage and barbarous. Wherever they associate together, that association produces softer manners, and a more engaging deportment.

The Egyptians, from the nature of their country, annually overflowed by the Nile, had no wild beasts to hunt, nor could they procure any thing by fishing. On these accounts, they were under a necessity of applying themselves to agriculture, a kind of life which naturally brings mankind together, for mutual convenience and assistance.

They were, likewise, every year, during the inundation of the river, obliged to assemble together, and take shelter, either on the rising grounds, or in the houses, which were raised upon piles, above the reach of the waters. Here, almost every employment being suspended, and the men and women long confined together,

ther, a thousand inducements, not to be found in a solitary state, would naturally prompt them to render themselves agreeable to each other. Hence their manners would begin, more early, to assume a softer polish, and more elegant refinement, than those of the other nations who surrounded them.

The practice of confining women, instituted by jealousy, and maintained by unlawful power, was not adopted by the ancient Egyptians. This appears from the story of Pharaoh's daughter, who was going with her train of maids to bathe in the river, when she found Moses hid among the reeds. It is still more evident, from that of the wife of Potiphar, who, if she had been confined, could not have found the opportunities she did, to solicit Joseph to her adulterous embrace.

The queens of Egypt had the greatest attention paid to them. They were more readily obeyed than the kings. It is also related, that the husbands were, in their marriage-contracts, obliged to promise obedience to their wives; "an obedience," says an ingenious author*, "which, in our modern times, we are often obliged to perform, though our wives entered into the promise."

The behaviour of Solomon to Pharaoh's daughter is a convincing proof that more honour and respect was paid to the Egyptian women, than to those of any other people. Solomon had many other wives besides

this princess, and was married to several of them before her, which, according to the Jewish law, ought to have entitled them to a preference. But, notwithstanding this, we hear of no particular palace having been built for any of the others, nor of the worship of any of their gods having been introduced into Jerusalem. But a magnificent palace was erected for Pharaoh's daughter; and she was permitted, though expressly contrary to the laws of Israel, to worship the gods of her own country.



C H A P. IV.

OF THE MODERN EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

THE women of modern Egypt are far from being on so respectable a footing as they were in ancient times, or as the European women are at present.

In Europe, women act parts of great consequence, and often reign sovereigns on the world's vast theatre. They influence manners and morals, and decide on the most important events. The fate of nations is frequently in their hands.

How different is their situation in Egypt! There they are bound down by the fetters of slavery, condemned to servitude, and have no influence in public affairs. Their empire is confined within the walls of the

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the Harem *. There are their graces and charms entombed. The circle of their life extends not beyond their own family and domestic duties.

Their first care is to educate their children; and a numerous posterity is their most fervent wish. Mothers always suckle their children. This is expressly commanded by Mahomet: *Let the mother suckle her child full two years, if the child does not quit the breast; but she shall be permitted to wean it, with the consent of her husband.*

The harem is the cradle and school of infancy. The new-born feeble being is not there swaddled and filleted up in a swathe, the source of a thousand diseases. Laid naked on a mat, exposed in a vast chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely, and with his delicate limbs sprawls at pleasure. The new element, in which he is to live, is not entered with pain and tears. Daily bathed beneath his mother's eye, he grows apace. Free to act, he tries his coming powers; rolls, crawls, rises; and, should he fall, cannot much hurt himself on the carpet or mat which covers the floor.

The daughter's education is the same. Whalebone and busks, which martyr European girls, they know not. They are only covered with a shift till six years old: and the dress they afterwards wear confines none of their limbs, but suffers the body to take its true form; and nothing is more un-

* The women's apartment.

common than ricketty children, and crooked people. In Egypt, man rises in all his majesty, and woman displays every charm of person.

Subject to the immutable laws by which custom governs the East, the women do not associate with the men, not even at table, where the union of sexes produces mirth and wit, and makes food more sweet. When the great incline to dine with one of their wives, she is informed, prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmost attention and respect.

Among the common people, the women usually stand, or sit in a corner of the room, while the husband dines. They often hold the basin for him to wash, and serve him at table.

Customs like these, which the Europeans rightly call barbarous, and exclaim against with justice, appear so natural in Egypt, that they do not suspect it can be otherwise elsewhere. Such is the power of habit over men. What has been for ages, he supposes a law of nature.

The Egyptian women, once or twice a week, are permitted to go to the bath, and visit female relations and friends. They receive each other's visits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the mistress rises, takes her hand, presses it to her bosom, kisses, and makes her sit down by her side; a slave hastens to take her black mantle; she is entreated to
be

be at ease, quits her veil, and discovers a floating robe tied round the waist with a sash, which perfectly displays her shape. She then receives compliments according to their manner. "Why, my mother, or my sister, have you been so long absent? We sighed to see you! Your presence is an honour to our house! It is the happiness of our lives!"

Slaves present coffee, sherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk, and play. A large dish is placed on the sofa, on which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. Water, and rose-water mixed, are brought in an ewer, and with them a silver basin to wash the hands; and loud glee and merry conversation season the meal. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brazier; and, the repast ended, the slaves dance to the sound of cymbals, with whom the mistresses often mingle. At parting they several times repeat, "God keep you in health! Heaven grant you a numerous offspring! Heaven preserve your children; the delight and glory of your family!"

When a visitor is in the harem, the husband must not enter. It is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without fatal consequences; a cherished right, which the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being interested in its preservation. A lover, disguised like a woman, may be introduced into the harem, and it is necessary he should remain undiscovered; death would otherwise be his reward. In

that country, where the passions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them, love often produces tragical events.

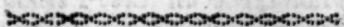
The Egyptian women, guarded by their eunuchs, go also upon the water, and enjoy the charming prospects of the banks of the Nile. Their cabins are pleasant, richly embellished, and the boats well carved and painted. They are known by the blinds over the windows, and the music by which they are accompanied.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to be merry in their prison. Toward sun-setting, they go on the terrace, and take the fresh air among the flowers which are there carefully reared. Here they often bathe; and thus, at once, enjoy the cool, limpid water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the balmy air, and the starry host, which shine in the firmament.

Thus Bathsheba bathed, when David beheld her from the roof of his palace.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptian women. Their duties are to educate their children, take care of their household, and live retired with their family: their pleasures, to visit, give feasts, in which they often yield to excessive mirth and licentiousness, go on the water, take the air in orange groves, and listen to the Almai. They deck themselves as carefully to receive their acquaintance, as European women do to allure the men. Usually mild and timid, they become

come daring and furious, when under the dominion of violent love. Neither locks nor grim keepers can then prescribe bounds to their passions; which, though death be suspended over their heads, they search the means to gratify, and are seldom unsuccessful.



C H A P. V.

OF THE PERSIAN WOMEN.

SEVERAL historians, in mentioning the ancient Persians, have dwelt with peculiar severity on the manner in which they treated their women. Jealous, almost to distraction, they confined the whole sex with the strictest attention, and could not bear that the eye of a stranger should behold the beauty whom they adored.

When Mahomet, the great legislator of the modern Persians, was just expiring, the last advice that he gave to his faithful adherents, was, "Be watchful of your religion, and your wives." Hence they pretend to derive, not only the power of confining, but also of persuading them, that they hazard their salvation, if they look upon any other man besides their husbands. The Christian religion informs us, that in the other world they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. The religion of Mahomet teaches

us a different doctrine, which the Persians believing, carry the jealousy of Asia to the fields of Elysium and the groves of Paradise; where, according to them, the blessed inhabitants have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, lest they should see the wives of their neighbours.

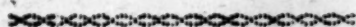
Every circumstance in the Persian history tends to persuade us, that the motive, which induced them to confine their women with so much care and solicitude, was only exuberance of love and affection. In the enjoyment of their smiles, and their embraces, the happiness of the men consisted, and their approbation was an incentive to deeds of glory and of heroism. For these reasons they are said to have been the first who introduced the custom of carrying their wives and concubines to the field, "That the fight," said they, "of all that is dear to us, may animate us to fight more valiantly."

To offer the least violence to a Persian woman, was to incur certain death from her husband or guardian. Even their kings, though the most absolute in the universe, could not alter the manners or customs of the country, which related to the fair sex.

Widely different from this is the present state of Persia. By a law of that country, their monarch is now authorized to go, whenever he pleases, into the harem of any of his subjects; and the subject, on whose prerogative he thus encroaches, so far from exerting

erting his usual jealousy, thinks himself highly honoured by such a visit.

A laughable story, on this subject, is told of Shah Abbas, who having got drunk at the house of one of his favourites, and intending to go into the apartment of his wives, was stopped by the door-keeper, who bluntly told him, "Not a man, sir, besides my master, shall put a mustacho here, so long as I am porter." "What," said the king, "dost thou not know me?" "Yes," answered the fellow, "I know you are king of the men, but not of the women." Shah Abbas, pleased with the answer, and the fidelity of the servant, retired to his palace. The favourite, at whose house the adventure happened, as soon as he heard it, went and fell at his master's feet, intreating that he would not impute to him the crime committed by his domestic. He likewise added, "I have already turned him away from my service for his presumption."—"I am glad of it," answered the king; "I will take him into my service for his fidelity."



CHAP. VI.

OF THE GRECIAN WOMEN.

IT is observed by an able panegyrist for the fair,
 "That the greatest respect has always been paid
 " them

"them by the wisest and best of nations." If this be true, the Greeks certainly forfeited one great claim to that wisdom which has always been attributed to them; for we have good reason to believe, that they regarded their women only as instruments of raising up members to the state.

In order to esteem the sex, we must do more than see them. By social intercourse, and a mutual reciprocation of good offices, we must become acquainted with their worth and excellence. This, to the Greeks, was a pleasure totally unknown. As the women lived retired in their own apartments, if they had any amiable qualities, they were buried in perpetual obscurity. Even husbands were, in Sparta, limited as to the time and duration of the visits made to their wives; and it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat separately.

The apartments destined for the women, in order to keep them more private, were always in the back, and generally in the upper part, of the house. The famous Helen is said to have had her chamber in the loftiest part of it; and so wretched were their dwellings, that even Penelope, queen of Ulysses, seems to have descended from hers by a ladder.

Unmarried women, whether maids or widows, were under the strictest confinement. The former, indeed, were not allowed to pass without leave from one part of the house to another, lest they should be seen.

New married women were almost as strictly confined

finned as virgins. Hermione was severely reproved by her old duenna, for appearing out of doors; a freedom, which, she tells her, was not usually taken by women in her situation, and which would endanger her reputation, should she happen to be seen.

Aristophanes introduces an Athenian lady, loudly complaining, that women were confined to their chambers, under lock and key, and guarded by mastiffs, goblins, or any thing that could frighten away admirers.

The confinement, however, of the Grecian women, does not appear, in some cases, to have been so much the effect of jealousy, as of indifference. The men did not think them proper companions; and that ignorance, which is the result of a recluse life, gave them too good reason to think so. Nothing in Greece was held in estimation, but valour and eloquence. Nature had disqualified the fair sex for both. They were therefore considered as mean and contemptible beings, much beneath the notice of heroes and of orators, who seldom favoured them with their company. Thus deserted by a sex which ought to be the source of knowledge, the understandings of the women were but shallow, and their company uninteresting; circumstances which invariably happen in every country where the two sexes have little communication with each other.

In perusing the Grecian history, we every where meet with the most convincing proofs of the low condition

condition of their women. Homer considers Helen, the wife of Menelaus, of little other value than as a part of the goods which were stolen along with her; and the restitution of these, and of her, are commonly mentioned in the same sentence, in such a manner, as to shew, that such restitution would be considered as a full reparation of the injury sustained.

The same author, in celebrating Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, for refusing in his absence so many suitors, does not appear to place the merit of her conduct, in a superior regard to chastity, or in love to her husband; but in preserving to his family the dowry she had brought along with her, which, on a second marriage, must have been restored to her father Icarius.

Telemachus is always represented as a most dutiful son. But, notwithstanding this, we find him reproving his mother in a manner which shews that the sex, in general, were not treated with softness and delicacy, however dignified, or with whatever authority invested.

“Your widowed hours, apart, with female toil,

“And various labours of the loom, beguile.

“There rule, from palace cares remote and free;

“That care to man belongs, and most to me.”

If we take a view of the privileges bestowed by law or custom on the Grecian women, we shall find, that, in the earlier ages, they were allowed a vote in the public assemblies. This privilege, however, was afterwards taken from them. They succeeded equally with

with brothers to the inheritance of their fathers ; and to the whole of that inheritance, if they had no brothers. But to this last privilege was always annexed a circumstance, which must have been extremely disagreeable to every woman of sentiment and feeling. An heiress was obliged, by the laws of Greece, to marry her nearest relation, that the estate might not go out of the family ; and this relation, in case of a refusal, had a right to sue for the delivery of her person, as we do for goods and chattels.

He who divorced his wife was obliged either to return her dowry, or pay her so much per month, by way of maintenance. He who ravished a free woman was obliged, in some states, to marry her, in others to pay a hundred, and in others again, a thousand drachmas.

But, when we impartially consider the good and ill treatment of the Grecian women, we find that the balance was much against them, and may therefore conclude, that, though the Greeks were eminent in arts, and illustrious in arms ; yet, in politeness and elegance of manners, the highest pitch to which they ever arrived, was only a few degrees above savage barbarity.

In the different eras of Grecian history, however, we must not suppose that the women were always the same. It appears that the manners in the isles of Greece, in general, were much purer than on the continent. Those islanders, by being less exposed to foreign

foreign intercourse, could more easily preserve their laws and their virtues. The warlike convents of Lacedemon, the nurseries only of soldiers, would be much more rigid than the smiling retreats of Athens, whence politeness was propagated, and fashion announced; and the city of Thebes, where a rustic grossness supplied the place of an elegant luxury, must have been very different from Corinth, which, on account of its situation and commerce, obtained the name of "The Two Seas of Wealth and Pleasure."



C H A P. VII.

OF THE GRECIAN COURTEZANS.

THE rank which the courtezans enjoyed, even in the brightest ages of Greece, and particularly at Athens, is one of the greatest singularities in the manners of any people. By what circumstances could that order of women, who debase at once their own sex and ours—in a country, where the women were possessed of modesty, and the men of sentiment, arrive at distinction, and sometimes even at the highest degree of reputation and consequence?—Several reasons may be assigned for that phenomenon in society.

In Greece, the courtezans were in some measure connected with the religion of the country. The goddess of Beauty had her altars; and she was supposed

posed to protect prostitution, which was to her a species of worship. The people invoked Venus in times of danger ; and, after a battle, they thought they had done honour to Miltiades and Themistocles, because the Laïses and the Glyceras of the age had chaunted hymns to their goddesses.

The courtezans were likewise connected with religion, by means of the arts. Their persons afforded models for statues, which were afterwards adored in the temples. Phrine served as a model to Praxiteles, for his Venus of Cnidus. During the feasts of Neptune, near Eleufis, Apelles having seen the same courtesan on the sea-shore, without any other veil than her loose and flowing hair, was so much struck with her appearance, that he borrowed from it the idea of his Venus rising from the waves.

They were, therefore, connected with statuary and painting, as they furnished the practisers of those arts with the means of embellishing their works.

The greater part of them were skilled in music ; and, as that art was attended with higher effects in Greece, than it has ever been in any other country, it must have possessed, in their hands, an irresistible charm.

Every one knows how enthusiastic the Greeks were of beauty. They adored it in the temples. They admired it in the principal works of art. They studied it in the exercises and the games. They thought to perfect it by their marriages. They offered

offered rewards to it at the public festivals. But virtuous beauty was seldom to be seen. The modest women were confined to their own apartments, and were visited only by their husbands and nearest relations. The courtezans offered themselves every where to view; and their beauty, as might be expected, obtained universal homage.

Society only can unfold the beauties of the mind. Modest women were excluded from it. The courtezans of Athens, by living in public, and conversing freely with all ranks of people, upon all manner of subjects, acquired by degrees a knowledge of history, of philosophy, of policy, and a taste in the whole circle of the arts. Their ideas were more extensive and various, and their conversation was more sprightly and entertaining, than any thing that was to be found among the virtuous part of the sex. Hence their houses became the schools of elegance. The poets and the painters went there to catch the fleeting forms of grace, and the changeable features of ridicule; the musicians, to perfect the delicacy of harmony; and the philosophers, to collect those particulars of human life, which had hitherto escaped their observation.

The house of Aspasia was the resort of Socrates and Pericles, as that of Ninon was of St. Evremont and Condé. They acquired from those fair libertines taste and politeness, and they gave them in exchange knowledge and reputation.

Greece was governed by eloquent men; and the celebrated courtezans, having an influence over those orators, must have had an influence on public affairs. There was not one, not even the thundering, the inflexible Demosthenes, so terrible to tyrants, but was subjected to their sway. Of that great master of eloquence it has been said, "What he had been a whole year in erecting, a woman overturned in a day." That influence augmented their consequence; and their talent of pleasing increased with the occasions of exerting it.

The laws and the public institutions, indeed, by authorizing the privacy of women, set a high value on the sanctity of the marriage vow. But in Athens, imagination, sentiment, luxury, the taste in arts and pleasures, was opposite to the laws. The courtezans, therefore, may be said to have come in support of the manners.

There was no check upon public licentiousness; but private infidelity, which concerned the peace of families, was punished as a crime. By a strange and perhaps unequalled singularity, the men were corrupted, yet the domestic manners were pure. It seems as if the courtezans had not been considered to belong to their sex; and, by a convention to which the laws and the manners bended, while other women were estimated merely by their virtues, they were estimated only by their accomplishments.

These reasons will, in some measure, account for
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the honours, which the votaries of Venus so often received in Greece. Otherwise we should have been at a loss to conceive, why six or seven writers had exerted their talents to celebrate the courtezans of Athens — why three great painters had uniformly devoted their pencils to represent them on canvases — and why so many poets had strove to immortalize them in their verses. We should hardly have believed that so many illustrious men had courted their society — that Aspasia had been consulted in deliberations of peace and war — that Phryne had a statue of gold placed between the statues of two kings at Delphos — that, after death, magnificent tombs had been erected to their memory.

“The traveller,” says a Greek writer, “who, approaching to Athens, sees on the side of the way a monument which attracts his notice at a distance, will imagine that it is the tomb of Miltiades or Pericles, or of some other great man, who has done honour to his country by his services. He advances, he reads, and he learns that it is a courtesan of Athens who is interred with so much pomp.”

Theopompus, in a letter to Alexander the Great, speaks also of the same monument in words to the following effect. “Thus, after her death, is a prostitute honoured; while not one of those brave warriors who fell in Asia, fighting for you and for the safety of Greece, has so much as a stone erected
“to

“to his memory, or an inscription to preserve his
“ashes from insult.”

Such was the homage which that enthusiastic people, voluptuous and passionate, paid to beauty. More guided by sentiment than by reason, and having laws rather than principles, they banished their great men, honoured their courtezans, murdered Socrates, permitted themselves to be governed by Arpasia, preserved inviolate the marriage-bed, and placed Phrine in the temple of Apollo!



CHAP. VIII.

OF THE ROMAN WOMEN.

AMONG the Romans, a grave and austere people, who, during five hundred years, were unacquainted with the elegancies and the pleasures of life, and who, in the middle of furrows and fields of battle, were employed in tillage or in war, the manners of the women were a long time as solemn and severe as those of the men, and without the smallest mixture of corruption, or of weakness.

The time when the Roman women began to appear in public, marks a particular æra in history.

In the infancy of the city, and even till the conquest of Carthage, shut up in their houses, where a simple and rustic virtue paid every thing to instinct, and

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nothing

nothing to elegance—so nearly allied to barbarism, as only to know what it was to be wives and mothers—chaste, without apprehending they could be otherwise—tender and affectionate, before they had learned the meaning of the words—occupied in duties, and ignorant that there were other pleasures; they spent their life in retirement, in domestic œconomy, in nursing their children, and in rearing to the republic a race of labourers, or of soldiers.

The Roman women, for many ages, were respected over the whole world. Their victorious husbands revisited them with transport, at their return from battle. They laid at their feet the spoils of the enemy, and endeared themselves in their eyes, by the wounds which they had received for them and for the state. Those warriors often came from imposing commands upon kings; and in their own houses accounted it an honour to obey. In vain the too rigid laws had made them the arbiters of life and death. More powerful than the laws, the women ruled their judges. In vain the legislature, foreseeing the wants which exist only among a corrupt people, permitted divorce. The indulgence of the polity was proscribed by the manners.

Such was the influence of beauty at Rome, before the licentious intercourse of the sexes had corrupted both.

The Roman matrons do not seem to have possessed that military courage which Plutarch has praised in certain

certain Greek and Barbarian women : they partook more of the nature of their sex ; or, at least, they departed less from its character. Their first quality was decency. Every one knows the story of Cato the censor, *who stabbed a Roman senator for kissing his own wife in the presence of his daughter.*

To these austere manners, the Roman women joined an enthusiastic love of their country, which discovered itself upon many great occasions. On the death of Brutus, they all clothed themselves in mourning. In the time of Coriolanus they saved the city. That incensed warrior, who had insulted the senate and the priests, and who was superior even to the pride of pardoning, could not resist the tears and entreaties of the women. *They melted his obdurate heart.* The senate decreed them public thanks, ordered the men to give place to them upon all occasions, caused an altar to be erected for them on the spot where the mother had softened her son, and the wife her husband ; and the sex were permitted to add another ornament to their head-dress.

It is to be wished that our modern ladies could assign as good a reason for the size of their caps.

The Roman women saved the city a second time, when besieged by Brennus. They gave up all their gold as its ransom. For that instance of their generosity, the senate granted them the honour of having funeral orations pronounced from the rostrum, in common with patriots and heroes.

After the battle of Cannæ, when Rome had no other treasures but the virtues of her citizens, the women sacrificed both their gold and their jewels. A new decree rewarded their zeal.

Valerius Maximus, who lived in the reign of Tiberius, informs us that, in the second triumvirate, the three assassins who governed Rome, thirsting after gold, no less than blood, and having already practised every species of robbery, and worn out every method of plunder, resolved to *tax the women*. They imposed a heavy contribution upon each of them. The women sought an orator to defend their cause, but found none. Nobody would reason against those who had the power of life and death. The daughter of the celebrated Hortensius alone appeared. She revived the memory of her father's abilities, and supported with intrepidity her own cause, and that of her sex. The rustians blushed, and revoked their orders.

Hortensia was conducted home in triumph, and had the honour of having given, in one day, an example of courage to men, a pattern of eloquence to women, and a lesson of humanity to tyrants.

But the æra of the talents of women at Rome is to be found under the emperors. Society was then more perfected by opulence, by luxury, by the use and abuse of the arts, and by commerce. Their retirement was then less strict; their genius, being more active, was more exerted; their heart had new wants; the idea

of reputation sprung up in their minds; their leisure increased with the division of employments.

During upwards of six hundred years, the *virtues* had been found sufficient to please. They now found it necessary to call in the *accomplishments*. They were desirous to join admiration to esteem, till they learned to exceed esteem itself. For, in all countries, in proportion as the love of virtue diminishes, we find the love of talents to increase.

A thousand causes concurred to produce this revolution of manners among the Romans. The vast inequality of ranks, the enormous fortunes of individuals, the ridicule affixed by the imperial court to moral ideas, all contributed to hasten the period of corruption.

There were still, however, some great and virtuous characters among the Roman women. Portia, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus, in the conspiracy against Cæsar, shewed herself worthy to be associated with the first of human kind, and trusted with the fate of empires. After the battle of Philippi, she would neither *survive* liberty nor Brutus, but died with the bold intrepidity of Cato.

The example of Portia was followed by that of Arria, who seeing her husband hesitating, and afraid to die, in order to encourage him, pierced her own breast, and delivered to him the dagger with a smile.

The name of Arria's husband was Pætus. The

manner of their death has furnished Martial with the subject of an elegant epigram, which may be thus paraphrased :

- “ When to her husband Arria gave the sword,
 “ Which from her chaste, her bleeding breast she drew ;
 “ She said, *My Pætus, this I do not fear ;*
 “ *But, oh ! the wound that must be made by you !*
- “ She could no more—but on her Pætus still
 “ She fix’d her feeble, her expiring eyes ;
 “ And, when she saw him raise the pointed steel,
 “ She sunk, and seem’d to say, *Now Arria dies !*”

Paulinia too, the wife of Seneca, caused her veins to be opened at the same time with her husband’s ; but being forced to live, during the few years which she survived him “ she bore in her countenance,” says Tacitus, “ the honourable testimony of her love, a *paleness*, which proved that part of her blood had sympathetically issued with the blood of her spouse.”

The same exalted virtues were displayed, though in a different manner, by Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus ; who, naturally haughty and sensible, after the death of that great man, buried herself in retirement in all the bloom of youth ; and who, neither bending her stateliness under Tiberius, nor allowing herself to be corrupted by the manners of her age—as implacable in her hatred to the tyrant, as she had been faithful to her husband—spent her life in lament-

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ing the one, and in detesting the other. Nor should the celebrated Epinina be forgot, whom Vespasian ought to have admired, but whom he so basely put to death.

To take notice of all the celebrated women of the empire, would much exceed the bounds of the present undertaking. But the empress Julia, the wife of Septimius Severus, possessed a species of merit so very different from any of those already mentioned, as to claim particular attention.

This lady was born in Syria, and the daughter of a priest of the Sun. It was predicted that she should rise to sovereign dignity; and her character justified the prophecy.

Julia, while on the throne, loved, or pretended passionately to love, letters. Either from taste, from a desire to instruct herself, from a love of renown, or possibly from all these together, she spent her life with philosophers. Her rank of empress would not, perhaps, have been sufficient to subdue those bold spirits; but she joined to that the more powerful influences of wit and beauty. These three kinds of empire rendered less necessary to her that which consists only in art; and which, attentive to their tastes and their weaknesses, governs great minds by little means.

It is said that she was a philosopher. Her philosophy, however, did not extend so far as to give chastity to her manners. Her husband, who did not

love her, valued her understanding so much, that he consulted her upon all occasions. She governed in the same manner under his son.

Julia was, in short, an empress and a politician, occupied at the same time about literature and affairs of state, while she mingled her pleasures freely with both. She had courtiers for her lovers, scholars for her friends, and philosophers for her counsellors. In the midst of a society, where she reigned and was instructed, Julia arrived at the highest celebrity; but as, among all her excellencies, we find not those of her sex, the virtues of a woman, our admiration is lost in blame. In her life-time she obtained more praise than respect; and posterity, while it has done justice to her talents and her accomplishments, has agreed to deny her esteem.

At last, in following the course of history, the famous Zénobia presents herself: she was worthy to have been a pupil of *Longinus*; for she knew how to write, as well as how to conquer. When she was afterward unfortunate, she was so with dignity. She consoled herself for the loss of a throne, and the pleasures of grandeur, with the sweets of solitude and the joys of reason.

C H A P. IX.

LAWS AND CUSTOMS RESPECTING THE ROMAN
WOMEN.

THE Roman women, as well as the Grecian, were under perpetual guardianship; and were not at any age, nor in any condition, ever trusted with the management of their own fortunes.

Every father had a power of life and death over his own daughters: but this power was not restricted to daughters only; it extended also to sons.

The Oppian law prohibited women from having more than half an ounce of gold employed in ornamenting their persons, from wearing clothes of divers colours, and from riding in chariots, either in the city, or a thousand paces round it.

They were strictly forbid to use wine, or even to have in their possession the key of any place where it was kept. For either of these faults they were liable to be divorced by their husbands. So careful were the Romans in restraining their women from wine, that they are supposed to have first introduced the custom of saluting their female relations and acquaintances, on entering into the house of a friend or neighbour, that they might discover, by their breath, whether they had tasted any of that liquor.

This strictness, however, began in time to be relaxed;

laxed; till at last, luxury becoming too strong for every law, the women indulged themselves in equal liberties with the men.

But such was not the case in the earlier ages of Rome. Romulus even permitted husbands to kill their wives, if they found them drinking wine. And, if we may believe Valerius Maximus, *Egnatius Metellus*, having detected his wife drinking out of a cask, actually made use of this permission, and was acquitted by Romulus.

Fabius Pictor relates, that the parents of a Roman lady, having detected her picking the lock of a chest, which contained some wine, shut her up and starved her to death.

Women were liable to be divorced by their husbands almost at pleasure, provided the portion was returned, which they had brought along with them. They were also liable to be divorced for barrenness, which, if it could be construed into a fault, was at least the fault of nature, and might sometimes be that of the husband.

A few sumptuary laws, a subordination to the men, and a total want of authority, do not so much affect the sex, as to be coldly and indelicately treated by their husbands.

Such a treatment is touching them in the tenderest part. Such, however, we have reason to believe, they often met with from the Romans, who had not yet learned, as in modern times, to blend the rigidity
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of the patriot, and roughness of the warrior, with that soft and indulging behaviour, so conspicuous in our modern patriots and heroes.

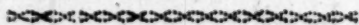
Husbands among the Romans not only themselves behaved roughly to their wives, but even sometimes permitted their servants and slaves to do the same. The principal eunuch of Justinian the Second threatened to chastise the empress, his master's wife, in the manner that children are chastised at school, if she did not obey his orders.

With regard to the private diversions of the Roman ladies, history is silent. Their public ones were such as were common to both sexes; as bathing, theatrical representations, horse-races, shows of wild beasts, which fought against one another, and sometimes against men, whom the emperors, in the plenitude of their despotic power, ordered to engage them.

The Romans, of both sexes, spent a great deal of time at the baths; which at first, perhaps, were interwoven with their religion, but at last were only considered as refinements in luxury. They were places of public resort, where all the news of the times were to be heard, where people met with their acquaintances and friends, where public libraries were kept for such as chose to read, and where poets recited their works to such as had patience to hear.

In the earlier periods of Rome, separate baths were appropriated to each sex. Luxury by degrees getting the better of decency, the men and women at

last bathed promiscuously together. Though this indecent manner of bathing was prohibited by the emperor Adrian; yet, in a short time, inclination overcame the prohibition; and, in spite of every effort, promiscuous bathing continued till the time of Constantine, who, by the coercive force of the legislative authority, and the rewards and terrors of the Christian religion, put a final stop to it.



CHAP. X.

ON THE EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE MANNERS OF WOMEN.

PHILOSOPHY had no fixed principles for women. The religion of antiquity was only a kind of sacred policy, which had rather ceremonies than precepts. The ancients honoured their gods as we honour our great men: they offered them incense, and expected their protection in exchange. The gods were their guardians, not their legislators.

Christianity, on the other hand, was a legislation: it imposed laws for the regulation of manners; it strengthened the marriage knot; to the political it added a sacred tie, and placed the matrimonial engagements under the jurisdiction of Heaven.

Not satisfied with regulating the actions, Christianity
extended

extended its empire even to the thoughts. Above all, it combated the senses. It waged war even with such inanimate objects as might be the objects of seduction, or were the means of seduction. In a word, rousing vice in her secret cell, it made her become her own tormentor.

The legislation of the Greeks and Romans referred the motive of every action to the political interest of society. But the new and sacred legislation, inspiring only contempt for this world, referred all things to a future and very different state of existence.

The detachment of the senses, the reign of the soul, and an inexpressibly sublime and supernatural something, which blended itself with both, became the doctrine of a body of people. Hence the vow of continence, and the consecration of celibacy.

Life was a combat. The sanctity of the manners threw a veil over nature and over society; Beauty was afraid to please; Valour dropt his spear; the passions were taught to submit; the severity of the soul increased every day, by the sacrifices of the senses.

The women, who generally possess a lively imagination, and a warm heart, devoted themselves to virtues, which were as flattering as they were difficult, and no less elevated than austere.

The disciples of christianity were taught to love and comfort one another, like children of the same family. In consequence of this doctrine, the more
tender

tender sex, converting to pity the sensibility of nature; devoted their lives to the service of indigence and distress. Delicacy learned to overcome disgust. The tears of pity were seen to flow in the huts of misery, and in the cells of disease, with the friendly sympathy of a sister.

The persecutions which arose in the empire, soon after the introduction of christianity, afforded that religion a new opportunity of discovering its efficacy. To preserve the faith, it was often necessary to suffer imprisonment, banishment, and death. Courage then became necessary.

There is a deliberate courage, which is the result of reason, and which is equally bold and calm: it is the courage of philosophers and of heroes. There is a courage which springs from the imagination, which is ardent and precipitate: such is most commonly the courage of martyrs, or religious courage.

The courage of the Christian women was founded upon the noblest motives. Animated by the glorious hope of immortality, they embraced flames and gibbets, and offered their delicate and feeble bodies to the most excruciating tortures.

This revolution in the ideas, and in the manners, was followed by another in the writings. Such as made women their subject became as austere and seraphic as they.

Almost all the doctors of those times, raised by the church both to the rank of orators and of saints, emulated

emulated each other in praising the Christian women. But he who speaks of them with most eloquence and with most zeal, is Saint Jerom; who, born with a soul of fire, spent twenty-four years, in writing, in combating, and in conquering himself.

The manners of this saint were probably more severe than his thoughts. He had a number of illustrious women at Rome among his disciples. Thus surrounded with beauty, though he escaped weakness, yet he was not able to escape calumny. At last, flying from the world, from women, and from himself, he retired to Palestine; where all that he had fled from still pursued him, tormented him under the penitential sackcloth, and, in the middle of solitary deserts, re-echoed in his ears the tumult of Rome.

Such was Saint Jerom, the most eloquent panegyrist of the Christian women of the fourth century. That warm and pious writer, though generally harsh and obscure, softens his style, in a thousand places, to praise a great number of Roman women, who, at the Capitol, had embraced christianity, and studied in Rome the language of the Hebrews, that they might read and understand the books of Moses.

C H A P. XI.

OF WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

MAN, in a state of barbarity, equally cruel and indolent, active by necessity, but naturally inclined to repose, is acquainted with little more than the physical effects of love; and, having none of those moral ideas which only can soften the empire of force, he is led to consider it as his supreme law, subjecting to his despotism those whom reason had made his equals, but whose imbecillity betrayed them to his strength.

Cast in the lap of naked nature, and exposed to every hardship, the forms of women, in savage life, are but little engaging. With nothing that deserves the name of culture, their latent qualities, if they have any, are like the diamond, while inclosed in the rough flint, incapable of shewing any lustre. Thus destitute of every thing by which they can excite love, or acquire esteem; destitute of beauty to charm, or art to soothe, the tyrant man; they are by him destined to perform every mean and servile office. In this the American and other savage women differ widely from those of Asia, who, if they are destitute of the qualifications necessary for gaining esteem, have beauty, ornaments, and the art of exciting love.

In civilized countries a woman acquires some power
by

by being the mother of a numerous family, who obey her maternal authority, and defend her honour and her life. But, even as a mother, a female savage has not much advantage. Her children, daily accustomed to see their father treat her nearly as a slave, soon begin to imitate his example, and either pay little regard to her authority, or shake it off altogether.

Of this the Hottentot boys afford a remarkable proof. They are brought up by the women, till they are about fourteen years of age. Then, with several ceremonies, they are initiated into the society of the men. After this initiation is over, it is reckoned manly for a boy to take the earliest opportunity of returning to the hut of his mother, and beating her in the most barbarous manner, to shew that he is now out of her jurisdiction. Should the mother complain to the men, they would only applaud the boy, for shewing so laudable a contempt of the society and authority of women.

"Nothing," says Professor Millar, speaking of the women of barbarous nations, "can exceed the dependence and subjection in which they are kept, or the toil and drudgery which they are obliged to undergo. The husband, when he is not engaged in some warlike exercise, indulges himself in idleness, and devolves upon his wife the whole burden of his domestic affairs. He disdains to assist her in any of those servile employments. She sleeps in a
"different

“different bed, and is seldom permitted to have any
“conversation or correspondence with him.”

In the Brazils, the females are obliged to follow their husbands to war, to supply the place of beasts of burden, and to carry on their backs their children, provisions, hammocks, and every thing wanted in the field.

In the Isthmus of Darien, they are sent along with warriors and travellers, as we do baggage horses. Even their Queen appeared before some English gentlemen, carrying her sucking child wrapt in a red blanket.

The women among the Indians of America are what the Helots were among the Spartans, a vanquished people obliged to toil for their conquerors. Hence on the banks of the Oroonoko we have heard of mothers slaying their daughters out of compassion, and smothering them in the hour of their birth. They consider this barbarous pity as a virtue.

Father Joseph Gumilla, reproving one of them for this inhuman crime, received the following answer:—

“I wish to God, Father, I wish to God, that my
“mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold
“distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as
“long as I live. Had she kindly stifled me in my
“birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor
“the numberless other pains to which life has subjected
“ed me. Consider, Father, our deplorable condition.
“Our husbands go to hunt with their bows
“and

“ and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther : we
“ are dragged along with one infant at our breast, and
“ another in a basket. They return in the evening
“ without any burden : we return with the burden
“ of our children. Though tired with long walking,
“ we are not allowed to sleep, but must labour the
“ whole night, in grinding maize to make *chica* for
“ them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness
“ beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread
“ us under foot. What then have we to comfort
“ us for slavery, perhaps, of twenty years?—A young
“ wife is brought upon us, and permitted to abuse us
“ and our children. Can human nature endure such
“ tyranny? What kindness can we shew to our
“ female children, equal to that of relieving them from
“ such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than
“ death? I repeat again, would to God my mother
“ had put me under ground, the moment I was
“ born.”

If the great outlines of this complaint be true, they fully evince the deplorable condition of savage women ; and that they are probable, similar instances among barbarous nations will not permit us to doubt.

“ The men,” says Commodore Byron, in his account of the inhabitants of South America, “ exercise
“ a most despotic authority over their wives, whom
“ they consider in the same view they do any other
“ part of their property, and dispose of them accord-
“ ingly. Even their common treatment of them is
“ cruel.”

"cruel. For, though the toil and hazard of procuring food lies entirely on the women, yet they are not suffered to touch any part of it, till the husband is satisfied; and then he assigns them their portion, which is generally very scanty, and such as he has not a stomach for himself."

The Greenlanders, who live mostly upon seals, think it sufficient to catch and bring them on shore; and would rather almost submit to starve, than assist their women in skinning, dressing, or dragging the cumbrous animals home to their huts.

In some parts of America, when the men kill any game in the woods, they lay it at the root of a tree, fix a mark there, and travelling till they arrive at their habitations, send their women to fetch it; a task which their own laziness and pride equally forbid.

Among many of the tribes of wandering Arabs, the women are not only obliged to do every domestic and every rural work, but also to feed, to dress, and saddle the horses, for the use of their husbands.

The Moorish women, besides doing all the same kinds of drudgery, are also obliged to cultivate the fields, while their husbands stand idle spectators of the toil, or sleep inglorious beneath a neighbouring shade.

In Madura the husband generally speaks to his wife in the most imperious tone; while she with fear and trembling approaches him, waits upon him while at meals, and pronounces not his name, but with the addition.

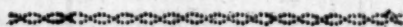
addition of every dignifying title she can devise. In return for all this submission, he frequently beats and abuses her in the most barbarous manner. Being asked the reason of such a behaviour, one of them answered, "As our wives are so much our inferiors, "why should we allow them to eat and drink with us? Why should not they serve us with whatever we call for, and afterwards sit down and eat up what we leave? If they commit faults, why should they not suffer correction? It is their business only to bring up our children, pound our rice, make our oil, and do every other kind of drudgery, purposes to which only their low and inferior natures are adapted."

In several parts of America women are not suffered to enter into their temples, or join in their religious assemblies. In the houses where the chiefs meet to consult on affairs of state, they are only permitted to enter, and seat themselves on the floor on each side of the passage.

The Circassian custom of breeding young girls, on purpose to be sold in the public market to the highest bidder, is generally known. Perhaps, however, upon minute examination, we shall find that women are, in some degree, bought and sold in every country, whether savage or civilized.

The following remark may very properly conclude this chapter. As, among savages, we almost constantly find women condemned to every species of
slavish

slavish drudgery ; so we as constantly find them emerging from this state, in the same proportion as we find the men emerging from ignorance and brutality. The rank, therefore, and condition in which we find women in any country, mark out to us with the greatest precision the exact point in the scale of civil society, to which the people of such country have arrived. And, indeed, were their history silent on every other subject, and only mentioned the manner in which they treated their women, we should from thence be enabled to form a tolerable judgment of the barbarity or culture of their manners.



CHAP. XII.

OF THE EASTERN WOMEN.

THE women of the East have, in general, always exhibited the same appearance. Their manners, customs, and fashions, unalterable like their rocks, have stood the test of many revolving ages. Though the kingdoms of their country have often changed masters, though they have submitted to the arms of almost every invader, yet the laws by which their sex are governed and enslaved have never been revised nor amended.

Had the manners and customs of the Asiatic women been subject to the same changes as they are in Europe,

rope, we might have expected the same changes in the sentiments and writings of their men. But, as this is not the case, we have reason to presume that the sentiments entertained by Solomon, by the apocryphal writers, and by the ancient Bramins, are the sentiments of this day.

Though the confinement of women be an unlawful exertion of superior power, yet it affords a proof that the inhabitants of the East are advanced some degrees farther in civilization than mere savages, who have hardly any love, and consequently as little jealousy.

This confinement is not very rigid in the empire of the Mogul. It is, perhaps, less so in China, and in Japan hardly exists.

Though women are confined in the Turkish empire, they experience every other indulgence. They are allowed, at stated times, to go to the public baths; their apartments are richly, if not elegantly furnished; they have a train of female slaves to serve and amuse them; and their persons are adorned with every costly ornament which their fathers or husbands can afford.

Notwithstanding the strictness of confinement in Persia, their women are treated with several indulgences. They are allowed a variety of precious liquors, of costly perfumes, and beautiful slaves; their apartments are furnished with the most elegant hangings and carpets; their persons ornamented with the finest silks, and even loaded with the sparkling jewels
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of the East. But all these trappings, however elegant, or however gilded, are only like the golden chains sometimes made use of to bind a royal prisoner.

Solomon had a great number of queens and concubines; but a petty Hindoo chief has been known to have two thousand women confined within the walls of his harem, and appropriated entirely to his pleasure. Nothing less than unlimited power in the husband is able to restrain women so confined, from the utmost disorder and confusion. They may repine in secret, but they must clothe their features with cheerfulness when their lord appears. Contumacy draws down on them immediate punishment: they are degraded, chastised, divorced, shut up in dark dungeons, and sometimes put to death.

Their persons, however, are so sacred, that they must not in the least be violated, nor even looked at, by any one but their husbands. This female privilege has given an opportunity of executing many conspiracies. Warriors, in such vehicles as are usually employed to carry women, have been often conveyed, without examination, into the apartments of the great; from whence, instead of issuing forth in the smiles of beauty, they have rushed out in the terror of arms, and laid the tyrants at their feet.

No stranger is ever allowed to see the women of Hindostan, nor can even brothers visit their sisters in private. To be conscious of the existence of a man's wives seems a crime; and he looks furly and offended,
if

if their health is enquired after. In every country, honour consists in something upon which the possessor sets the highest value. This, with the Hindoo, is the chastity of his wives; a point without which he must not live.

In the midst of slaughter and devastation, throughout all the East, the harem is a sanctuary. Russians, covered with the blood of a husband, shrink back with veneration from the secret apartment of his wives.

At Constantinople, when the sultan sends an order to strangle a state-criminal, and seize on his effects, the officers who execute it enter not into the harem, nor touch any thing belonging to the women.

Mr. Pope is very far from doing justice to the fair sex, when he says —

“ Most women have no character at all.”

The character, however, of the Asiatic ladies cannot be easily ascertained. The narrow and limited sphere in which they move, almost entirely divests them of every characteristic distinction which arises from liberty and society. Shut up for ever in impenetrable harems, they can hardly be called creatures of the world, having no intercourse with it, and no use for the social and æconomical virtues which adorn its citizens. Frugality and industry are entirely out of their power. To the joys of friendship they are, perhaps, entire strangers. The men treat them in such a manner, that it is impossible they can esteem

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them.

them. The women are their constant rivals. As they are not allowed to attend public worship, they can have no other religion than the silent adoration of the heart. With respect to chastity, the manner in which they are disposed of to their husbands, and the treatment they meet with from them, are the most unlikely methods in the world to make them famous for that virtue.

Those females who are the least exposed to feel the oppressive effects of despotism, employ themselves in a manner well adapted to the sex. To the women of Hindostan we owe a great part of those works of taste, so elegantly executed on the manufactures of the East; the beautiful colourings and exquisite designs of their printed cottons; all the embroidery, and a part of that filligree work, which so much exceeds any thing in Europe. The deficiency of taste, therefore, with which we so commonly charge them, does not seem to be so much a defect of nature, as of education. Brought up in luxurious indolence, excluded from all the busy scenes of life, and, like children, provided with all those things, the acquisition of which calls forth the powers of the mind and body, they seldom have any motive to exert themselves; but, when such a motive exists, they have often exhibited the most convincing proofs of their ability.

Every Turkish seraglio and harem has a garden adjoining to it, and in the middle of this garden a large room, more or less decorated, according to the wealth

wealth of the proprietor. Here the ladies spend most of their time, with their attendant nymphs around them, employed at their music, embroidery, or loom. In these retreats, perhaps, they find more real pleasure and enjoyment, than in the unbounded freedom of Europe, where love, interest, and ambition so often destroy their peace; and where Scandal, with her envenomed shafts, too often strikes equally at guilt and innocence.

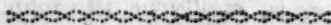
It has long been a custom among the grandees of Asia, to entertain story-tellers of both sexes, who, like the *bards* of ancient Europe, divert them with tales, and little histories, mostly on the subject of bravery and love. These often amuse the women, and beguile the cheerless hours of the harem, by calling up images to their minds, which their eyes are for ever debarred from seeing.

All their other amusements, as well as this, are indolently voluptuous. They spend a great part of their time in lolling on silken sofas; while a train of female slaves, scarcely less voluptuous, attend to sing to them, to fan them, and to rub their bodies; an exercise which the easterns enjoy with a sort of placid ecstasy, as it promotes the circulation of their languid blood.

They bathe themselves in rose-water, and other baths, prepared with the precious odours of the East. They perfume themselves with costly essences, and

adorn their persons, that they may please the *tyrant* with whom they are obliged to live.

At the court of the Mogul, women are frequently admitted into a gallery, with a curtain before them, through which, without being seen, they can see and hear what passes. It has sometimes happened that the throne has been occupied by a woman, who, never appearing in open court, issued her imperial mandates from behind this curtain, like an invisible being, producing the greatest effects, while the cause of them was wrapt in darkness and obscurity.



CHAP XIII.

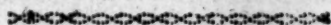
OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

OF all the other Asiatics, the Chinese have, perhaps, the best title to modesty. Even the men wrap themselves closely up in their garments, and reckon it indecent to discover any more of their arms and legs than is necessary. The women, still more closely wrapped up, never discover a naked hand even to their nearest relations, if they can possibly avoid it. Every part of their dress, every part of their behaviour, is calculated to preserve decency, and inspire respect. And, what adds the greatest lustre to their charms, is that uncommon modesty which appears in every look, and in every action.

Charmed,

Charmed, no doubt, with so engaging a deportment, the men behave to them in a reciprocal manner. And, that their virtue may not be contaminated by the neighbourhood of vice, the legislature takes care that no prostitutes shall lodge within the walls of any of the great cities of China.

Some however suspect whether this appearance of modesty be any thing else than the custom of the country; and allege that, notwithstanding so much seeming decency and decorum, they have their peculiar modes of intriguing, and embrace every possible opportunity of putting them in practice; and that, in these intrigues, they frequently scruple not to stab the paramour they had invited to their arms, as the surest method of preventing detection and loss of character. Such relations, however, are not to be found in any of our modern travellers, whose veracity is most to be depended on. A few, perhaps, of the most flagitious *may* be guilty of such enormous crimes.



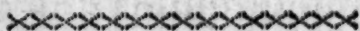
C H A P. XIV.

OF THE WIVES OF THE INDIAN PRIESTS.

THE Bramins, or priests of India, though, like the rest of their countrymen, they confine their women; yet, by treating them with lenity and indulgence, they secure their virtue by attaching their hearts.

Married to each other in their infancy, they have the greatest veneration for the nuptial tie. Their mutual fondness increases with their strength; and, in riper years, all the glory of the wives consists in *pleasing* their husbands. This duty they consider as one of the most sacred of their holy religion, and which the gods will not suffer them to neglect with impunity.

While the rest of the Hindoo women take every opportunity to elude their keepers, these voluntarily confine themselves, at least from the company and conversation of all strangers, and in every respect copy that simplicity of life and manners for which their husbands are so remarkable.



C H A P. XV.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE MAHOMETANS AND DUTCH, WITH REGARD TO THEIR WOMEN.

“WOMEN have *naturally* most power,” says an ingenious lady *, “in those countries where the laws relative to them are most rigid; and, wherever legislators have most abridged their privileges, their power is most confessed.”

If we take a slight view of the laws relative to the sex amongst people of different characters, and the

Mrs. Kindersley.

customs

customs which seem to throw light upon the subject, it will appear that women have *often* been, and *still* are, restrained, confined, and subjected to severe laws, in proportion to the greatness of their *natural* power; and that they are, by the laws and usages, encouraged and supported in proportion to their want of it.

Of this fact, the laws and customs of the Mahometans in Asia respecting women, and the laws and manners relative to them amongst the people of Holland, are a sufficient proof.

A Mahometan places his supreme delight in his seraglio: his riches are bestowed in purchasing women to fill it; and, in proportion to his fortune, his females are beautiful and numerous. In women he places his chief amusement, his luxury, his present happiness, and future reward.

But this violent fondness for the sex, divided as it is betwixt many favourites, informs him that other men have the same violent passions. The beauties of his seraglio, which delight him, he knows would delight other men, could they obtain a sight of them. Hence arise the strict confinement of his women, the guards of eunuchs, and every possible bar to their being visible to other men. Hence it is, likewise, that, when he receives any new beauty into his house, the most profound secrecy is observed. But he does not *always* confine his wives and female slaves, because he holds them in contempt: he guards their persons, as his most valuable treasures.

This extreme uxoriousness of the men, is what gives the women their natural power over them; and the knowledge of this power has caused the men to establish laws and customs, to prevent in some measure its effects.

These laws prevent the women from having any share in government, debar them from entering the mosques, from holding any lands, or enjoying any fortunes, independent of their husbands or parents; and, in short, give their husbands an absolute authority over them.

In Holland, on the contrary, where the men are of a phlegmatic disposition, devoted to gain, enemies to luxury, prudent, selfish, and cold in their attachments to the sex, the *natural* power of women must consequently be small. On this account, as there is little danger that the men will treat them with too much kindness, or be seduced by their allurements, the laws are calculated not to increase, but to restrain the authority of husbands; and the magistrates find it necessary to support the women in the privileges the laws have given them, by great attention to their complaints.

Nevertheless, in spite of the severity of the Mahometan laws respecting women, and the lenity of the laws respecting them in Holland, it appears that there have been numbers of Mahometans (even men on whom the fate of kingdoms has depended) who have given themselves up to the entire direction of their female favourites; though it does not appear that Dutch husbands

bands give up their interest through the influence of their wives.

The manners of Mahometan women, and the manners of Dutch women, are no less different than the laws by which they are governed; and, in both, the difference arises from the same causes.

As a Mussulman procures wives and female slaves for his pleasure only, nothing is expected in them but youth and beauty, or, at most, the arts of singing and dancing. They are too precious to be fatigued by cares. As their business is only to make themselves agreeable, they attire themselves in the most expensive dresses, practise the most becoming attitudes, and throw their eyes with the most bewitching languishment; are feeble and indolent in their youth; and old age, which comes upon women early in their climate, is spent in jealousy of their more youthful rivals.

But, as a Dutch woman is expected to serve, she attends to business, and neglects her person: she is inelegant and robust; her laughs are hearty, and her expressions coarse.

A Dutchman desires in his wife an assistant, a steward, a partner in his cares. She only expects to be valued in proportion to her industry and œconomy: As, therefore, the Mahometan women are examples of the most extreme indolence; the Dutch women are remarkable for their application to business. Thus they become of consequence in themselves, as well as useful

in promoting the interest of their husbands, not only by their domestic œconomy, but by their knowledge in traffic. The wife, indeed, is very often both the assistant and the director of her husband's affairs; and many unmarried women are very considerable merchants.

But though many of them, by their industry and application to business, gain a degree of consequence, it is a consequence independent of their sex. It is not the woman, but the merchant, who is considered.

The women in Holland are under very little restraint, because the Dutch are unacquainted with that jealousy which torments a Mussulman; and can, without any uneasiness, see their wives carrying on business, and striking bargains, with the greatest strangers.

In contrast to the mysterious secrecy with which a female is ushered into a seraglio, the marriages of the Dutch are proclaimed long before they take place; and their courtships are carried on even without that reserve and delicacy observed in the politer nations of Europe.

In speaking of Holland, we must be understood to mean the bulk of the people. The few people of rank are imitators of the French manners. Among these, however, the national character is visible.

C H A P. XVI.

OF THE AFRICAN WOMEN.

THE Africans were formerly renowned for their industry in cultivating the ground, for their trade, navigation, caravans, and useful arts. At present they are remarkable for their idleness, ignorance, superstition, treachery, and, above all, for their lawless methods of robbing and murdering all the other inhabitants of the globe.

Though they still retain some sense of their infamous character, yet they do not choose to reform. Their priests, therefore, endeavour to justify them, by the following story: "Noah," say they, "was no sooner dead, than his three sons, the first of whom was *white*, the second *tawny*, and the third *black*, having agreed upon dividing among them his goods and possessions, spent the greatest part of the day in sorting them; so that they were obliged to adjourn the division till the next morning. Having supped, and smoked a friendly pipe together, they all went to rest, each in his own tent. After a few hours sleep, the white brother got up, seized on the gold, silver, precious stones, and other things of the greatest value, loaded the best horses with them, and rode away to that country where his white posterity

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"have

“ have been settled ever since. The tawny, awaking
“ soon after, and with the same criminal intention,
“ was surprised, when he came to the storehouse, to
“ find that his brother had been beforehand with him.
“ Upon which, he hastily secured the rest of the
“ horses and camels, and loading them with the best
“ carpets, clothes, and other remaining goods, directed
“ his route to another part of the world, leaving be-
“ hind him only a few of the coarsest of the goods, and
“ some provisions of little value.

“ When the third, or black brother, came next
“ morning, in the simplicity of his heart, to make the
“ proposed division, and could neither find his bre-
“ thren, nor any of the valuable commodities, he easily
“ judged that they had tricked him, and were by that
“ time fled beyond any possibility of a discovery.

“ In this most afflicted situation, he took his *pipe*,
“ and began to consider the most effectual means of
“ retrieving his loss, and being revenged on his per-
“ fidious brothers.

“ After revolving a variety of schemes in his mind,
“ he at last fixed upon watching every opportunity
“ of making reprisals on them, and laying hold of
“ and carrying away their property, as often as it
“ should fall in his way, in revenge for the loss of that
“ patrimony of which they had so unjustly deprived
“ him.

“ Having come to this resolution, he not only con-
“ tinued

“tinued in the practice of it all his life, but on his death-bed laid the strongest injunctions on his descendants to do so, to the end of the world.”

Some tribes of the Africans, however, when they have engaged themselves in the protection of a stranger, are remarkable for fidelity. Many of them are conspicuous for their temperance, hospitality, and several other virtues.

Their women, upon the whole, are far from being indelicate or unchaste. On the banks of the Niger, they are tolerably industrious, have a considerable share of vivacity, and, at the same time, a female reserve, which would do no discredit to a politer country. They are modest, affable, and faithful; an air of innocence appears in their looks, and in their language, which gives a beauty to their whole deportment.

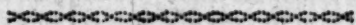
When, from the Niger, we approach toward the East, the African women degenerate in stature, complexion, sensibility, and chastity. Even their language, like their features, and the soil they inhabit, is harsh and disagreeable. Their pleasures resemble more the transports of fury, than the gentle emotions communicated by agreeable sensations.

Beyond the river Volta, in the country of Benin, the women, though far from being famous for any of the virtues, would not be disagreeable in their looks, were it not for the abominable custom of marking their faces with scars, for the same purposes as our European ladies lay on paint.

Though

Though in few respects better than savages, there is a particular opinion all over this country, which tends to humanize the mind. This is a firm persuasion, that, to whatever place they remove themselves, or are by any accident removed, they shall after death return to their own country, which they consider as the most delightful in the universe.

This fond delusive hope not only softens the slavery to which they are often condemned in other countries, but also induces them to treat such strangers as come among them with much civility. They think they are come there to enjoy paradise, and to receive the reward of virtuous actions done in other countries.



C H A P. XVII.

OF THE EFFECTS OF CHIVALRY ON THE CHARACTER AND THE MANNERS OF WOMEN.

HISTORY does not afford so singular a revolution in policy and manners, as that which followed the subversion of the Roman empire.

It is to the barbarians, who spread conflagration and ruin, who trampled on the monuments of art, and spurned the appendages of elegance and pleasure, that we owe the bewitching spirit of gallantry which in these ages of refinement, reigns in the courts of Europe: That system, which has made it a principle of

honour among us to consider the women as sovereigns ; which has partly formed our customs, our manners, and our policy ; which has exalted the human character, by softening the empire of force ; which mingles politeness with the use of the sword ; which delights in protecting the weak, and in conferring that importance which nature or fortune have denied — that system was brought hither from the frozen shores of the Baltic, and from the savage forests of the North.

The northern nations, in general, paid a great respect to women. Continually employed in hunting or in war, they condescended only to soften their ferocity in the presence of the fair. Their forests were the nurseries of chivalry : beauty was there the reward of valour.

A warrior, to render himself worthy of his mistress, went in search of glory and of danger. Jealousy produced challenges. Single combats, instituted by love, often stained with blood the woods and the borders of the lakes ; and the sword ascertained the rights of Venus as well as of Mars.

Let us not be surprised at these manners. Among men who have made few advances in civilization, but who are already united in large bodies, women have naturally the greatest sway. Society is then sufficiently cultivated to have introduced the ideas of preference and of choice, in the connection between the sexes, which seem to be little regarded, if at all known, among savages. It is however too rude to partake of
that

that state of effeminacy, in which the senses are enfeebled, and the affections worn out by habit.

People but little removed from barbarism, in the perfection of their animal powers, and ignorant of all those artificial pleasures created by the wants of polished life, feel more exquisitely the pleasures of nature, and the genuine emotions of man. They mingle even with their love a kind of adoration to the female sex.

Several of the northern nations imagined that women could look into futurity, and that they had about them an inconceivable something approaching to divinity. Perhaps that idea was only the effect of the sagacity common to the sex, and the advantage which their natural address gave them over rough and simple warriors. Perhaps, also, those barbarians, surprised at the influence which beauty has over force, were led to ascribe to supernatural attraction a charm which they could not comprehend.

A belief, however, that the Deity communicates himself more readily to women, has at one time or other prevailed in every quarter of the earth: not only the Germans and the Britons, but all the people of Scandinavia, were possessed of it. Among the Greeks, women delivered the oracles. The respect which the Romans paid to the Sibyls is well known. The Jews had their prophetesses. The predictions of the Egyptian women obtained much credit at Rome, even under the emperors. And, in the most barbarous nations, all things that have the appearance of being
supernatural,

supernatural, the mysteries of religion, the secrets of physic, and the rites of magic, are in the possession of the women.

The barbarians who over-ran Europe carried their opinions along with their arms. A revolution in the manner of living must therefore soon have taken place. The climates of the north required little reserve between the sexes; and, during the invasions from that quarter, which continued for three or four hundred years, it was common to see women mixed with warriors.

By associating with a corrupted people, who had all the vices of former prosperity, along with those of present adversity, the conquerors were not likely to imbibe more severe ideas. Hence we see those sons of the north, in softer climates, uniting the vices of refinement to the stateliness of the warrior, and the pride of the barbarian.

They embraced Christianity; but it rather modified than changed their character: it mingled itself with their customs, without altering the genius of the people.

Thus, by degrees, were laid the foundations of new manners, which, in modern Europe, have brought the two sexes more on a level, by assigning to the women a kind of sovereignty, and associating love with valour.

The true æra of chivalry was the fourteenth century. That civil and military institution took its rise from a
train

train of circumstances, and the native bent of the new inhabitants.

Shattered by the fall of the empire, Europe had not yet arrived at any degree of consistency. After five hundred years, nothing was fixed. From the mixture of Christianity with the ancient customs of the barbarians, sprung a continual discord in manners. From the mixture of the rights of the priesthood with those of the empire, sprung a discord in laws and politics. From the mixture of the rights of sovereigns with those of the nobility, sprung a discord in government. Anarchy and confusion were the result of so many contrasts.

Christianity, which had now lost much of its original influence, like a feeble curb, was still sufficient to restrain the weak passions, but was no longer able to bridle the strong. It produced remorse, but could not prevent guilt.

The people of those times made pilgrimages, and they pillaged: they massacred, and they afterwards did penance. Robbery and licentiousness were blended with superstition.

It was in this æra that the nobility, idle and warlike, from a sentiment of natural equity, and that uneasiness which follows the perpetration of violence, from the double motive of religion and of heroism, associated themselves together to effect, in a body, what government had neglected, or but poorly executed.

Their object was to combat the Moors in Spain,
the

the Saracens in Asia, the tyrants of the castles and strong holds in Germany and in France; to assure the safety of travellers, as Hercules and Theseus did of old; and, above all things, to defend the honour and protect the rights of the feeble sex, against the too frequent villany and oppression of the strong.

A noble spirit of gallantry soon mingled itself with that institution. Every knight, in devoting himself to danger, lifted himself under some lady as his sovereign: it was for her that he attacked, for her that he defended, for her that he mounted the walls of cities and of castles, and for her honour that he shed his blood.

Europe was only one large field of battle, where warriors clad in armour, and adorned with the ribbands and with the cyphers of their mistresses, engaged in close fight to merit the favour of beauty.

Fidelity was then associated with courage, and love was inseparably connected with honour.

The women, proud of their sway, and of receiving it from the hands of virtue, became worthy of the great actions of their lovers, and reciprocated passions as noble as those they inspired. An ungenerous choice debased them. The tender sentiment was never felt, but when united with glory: and the manners breathed an inexpressible something of pride, heroism, and tenderness, which was altogether astonishing.

Beauty, perhaps, never exercised so sweet or so powerful an empire over the heart. Hence those constant passions which our levity cannot comprehend,
and

and which our manners, our little weaknesses, our perpetual thirst of hopes and desires, our listless anxiety that torments us, and which tires itself in pursuit of emotion without pleasure, and of impulse without aim, have often turned into ridicule on our theatres, in our conversations, and in our lives.

But it is nevertheless true, that those passions, fostered by years, and roused by obstacles; where respect kept hope at a distance; where love, fed only by sacrifices, sacrificed itself unceasingly to honour—reinvigorated the characters and the souls of the two sexes; gave more energy to the one, and more elevation to the other; changed men into heroes; and inspired the women with a *pride* which was by no means hurtful to virtue.



CHAP. XVIII.

THE OPINION OF TWO MODERN AUTHORS CONCERNING CHIVALRY.

THE sentiments of two late writers of high reputation corroborate this account of the origin and progress of chivalry.

“The system of chivalry, when completely formed,” says professor Ferguson, “proceeded on a marvellous respect and veneration to the fair sex, on forms of combat established, and on a supposed junction of the heroic

roic and sanctified character. The formalities of the duel, and a kind of judicial challenge, were known among the ancient Celtic nations of Europe. The Germans, even in their native forests, paid a kind of devotion to the female sex. The christian religion enjoined meekness and compassion to barbarous ages.

“These different principles, combined together, may have served as the foundation of a system, in which courage was directed by religion and love, and the warlike and gentle were united together. When the characters of the hero and the saint were mixed, the mild spirit of Christianity, though often turned into venom by the bigotry of opposite parties; though it could not always subdue the ferocity of the warrior, nor suppress the admiration of courage and force; may have confirmed the apprehensions of men, in what was to be held meritorious and splendid, in the conduct of their quarrels.

“The feudal establishments, by the high rank to which they elevated certain families, no doubt greatly favoured this romantic system. Not only the lustre of a noble descent, but the stately castle beset with battlements and towers, served to inflame the imagination, and to create a veneration for the daughter and the sister of gallant chiefs, whose point of *honour* it was to be inaccessible and chaste; and who could perceive no merit but that of the high-minded and the brave, nor be approached in any other accents than those of gentleness and respect.”

Professor

Profeſſor Millar, in his Observations concerning the Diſtinction of Ranks in Society, gives the following ſenſible and pleaſing account of chivalry: " From the prevailing ſpirit of the times, the art of war became the ſtudy of every one who was deſirous of maintaining the character of a gentleman. The youth were early initiated in the profeſſion of arms, and ſerved a ſort of apprenticeship under perſons of rank and experience.

" The young *ſquire* became in reality the ſervant of that leader to whom he had attached himſelf, and whoſe virtues were ſet before him as a mode which he propoſed to imitate.

" He was taught to perform, with eaſe and dexterity, thoſe exerciſes which were either ornamental or uſeful; and, at the ſame time, he endeavoured to acquire thoſe talents and accompliſhments which were thought ſuitable to his profeſſion.

" He was taught to look upon it as his duty to check the inſolent, to reſtrain the oppreſſor, to protect the weak and defenceleſs; to behave with frankneſs and humanity even to an enemy, with modeſty and politeneſs to all.

" According to the proficiency which he had made, he was proportionably advanced in rank and character. He was honoured with new titles and marks of diſtinction, till at length he arrived at the dignity of knighthood. This dignity even the greateſt potentates were ambitious of acquiring, as it was ſuppoſed
to

to distinguish a person who had obtained the most complete military education, and who had attained to a high degree of eminence in those particular qualities which were then universally admired and respected.

“The situation of mankind in those periods had also a manifest tendency to heighten and improve the passion between the *sexes*.

“It was not to be expected that those opulent chiefs, who were so often at variance, and who maintained a constant opposition to each other, would allow any sort of familiarity to take place between the members of their respective families. Retired in their own castles, and surrounded by their numerous vassals, they looked upon their neighbours either as inferior to them in rank, or as enemies against whom they were obliged to be constantly upon their guard. They behaved to each other with that ceremonious civility which the laws of *chivalry* required; but, at the same time, with that reserve and caution which a regard to their own safety made it necessary for them to observe.

“The young knight, as he marched to the tournament, saw at a distance the *daughter* of the chieftain by whom the show was exhibited; and it was even with difficulty that he could obtain access to her, in order to declare the sentiments with which she had inspired him. He was entertained by her relations with that cold respect which demonstrated their unwillingness to contract an alliance with him. The lady herself

self was taught to assume the pride of her family, and to think that no person was worthy of her affection, who did not possess the most exalted rank and character. To have given way to a sudden inclination, would have disgraced her for ever in the opinion of all her kindred; and it was only by a long course of attention, and of the most respectful service, that the lover could hope for any favour from his mistress.

“The barbarous state of the country at that time, and the injury to which the inhabitants, especially those of the weaker sex, were frequently exposed, gave ample scope for the display of military talents; and the knight who had nothing to do at home was encouraged to wander from place to place, and from one court to another, in quest of adventures. Thus he endeavoured to advance his reputation in arms, and to recommend himself to the fair of whom he was enamoured, by fighting with every person who was so inconsiderate as to dispute her unrivalled beauty, virtue, or personal accomplishments.

“As there were many persons in the same situation, so they were naturally inspired with similar sentiments. Rivals to one another in military glory, they were often competitors, as Milton expresseth it, *to win her grace whom all commend*; and the same emulation which disposed them to aim at pre-eminence in one respect, excited them with no less eagerness to dispute the preference in the other. Their dispositions and manner of thinking became fashionable, and were gradually

gradually diffused by the force of education and example.

“ To be in love was looked upon as one of the necessary qualifications of a knight ; and he was no less ambitious of shewing his constancy and fidelity to his mistress, than of displaying his military virtues. He assumed the title of her slave and servant. By this he distinguished himself in every conflict in which he was engaged ; and his success was supposed to redound to her honour, no less than to his own. If she had bestowed upon him a *present* to be worn in the field of battle, in token of her regard, it was considered as a sure pledge of victory, and as laying upon him the strongest obligation to act in such a manner as would render him worthy of the favour which he had received.

“ The sincere and faithful passion, the distant *sentimental* attachment, which commonly occupied the heart of every warrior, and which he possessed upon all occasions, was naturally productive of the utmost purity of manners, and of great respect and veneration for the female sex.

“ Persons who made a point of defending the reputation and dignity of that particular lady to whom they were devoted, became thereby extremely cautious and delicate, lest, by any *insinuation* whatever, they should hurt the *character* of another, and be exposed to the just censure and resentment of those by whom she was protected.

E

“ A woman

“A woman who deviated so far from the established maxims of the age, as to violate the laws of chastity, was indeed deserted by every body, and was therefore universally contemned and insulted. But those who adhered to the strict rules of virtue, and maintained an unblemished reputation, were treated like beings of a superior order.”

Such was the spirit of chivalry. It gave birth to an incredible number of performances in honour and in praise of women. The verses of the bards, the Italian sonnet, the plaintive romance, the poems of chivalry, the Spanish and French romances, were so many monuments of that kind, composed in the time of a noble barbarism, and of a heroism, in which the great and ridiculous were often blended.

These compositions, all once so much celebrated, are only calculated to gratify a vain curiosity. They may be compared to the ruins of a Gothic palace. They have, in general, the same foundation; and the praises in the one are as uniform as the apartments in the other. All the women are *prodigies* of beauty, and miracles of virtue.

In the courts, in the fields of battle or of tournament, every thing breathed of women. The same taste prevailed in letters. One did not write, one did not think, but for them. The same man was often both poet and warrior. He sung with his lyre, and encountered with his lance, by turns, for the beauty that he adored.

C H A P. XIX.

OF THE GREAT ENTERPRIZES OF WOMEN IN THE
TIMES OF CHIVALRY.

THE times and the manners of chivalry, by bringing great enterprizes, bold adventures, and I know not what of extravagant heroism into fashion, inspired the women with the same taste.

The two sexes always imitate each other. Their manners and their minds are refined or corrupted, invigorated or dissolved together.

The women, in consequence of the prevailing passion, were now seen in the middle of camps and of armies. They quitted the soft and tender inclinations, and the delicate offices of their own sex, for the courage, and the toilsome occupations of ours.

During the crusades, animated by the double enthusiasm of religion and of valour, they often performed the most romantic exploits. They obtained indulgences on the field of battle, and died with arms in their hands, by the side of their lovers, or of their husbands.

In Europe, the women attacked and defended fortifications. Princesses commanded their armies, and obtained victories.

Such was the celebrated Joan de Mountfort, disputing for her duchy of Bretagne, and engaging the enemy herself.

Such was the still more celebrated Margaret of Anjou, queen of England, and wife of Henry VI.

She was active and intrepid, a general and a foldier. Her genius for a long time supported her feeble husband, taught him to conquer, replaced him upon the throne, twice relieved him from prison, and, though oppressed by fortune and by rebels, she did not yield, till she had decided in person twelve battles.

The warlike spirit among the women, consistent with ages of barbarism, when every thing is impetuous, because nothing is fixed, and when all excess is the excess of force, continued in Europe upwards of four hundred years, shewing itself from time to time, and always in the middle of convulsions, or on the eve of great revolutions.

But there were æras and countries, in which that spirit appeared with particular lustre. Such were the displays it made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Hungary, and in the islands of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, when they were invaded by the Turks.

Every thing conspired to animate the women of those countries with an exalted courage: the prevailing spirit of the foregoing ages; the terror which the name of the Turks inspired; the still more dreadful apprehensions of an unknown enemy; the difference of *dress*, which has a stronger *effect* than is commonly supposed on the imagination of a people; the difference of religion, which produced a kind of sacred horror; the striking difference of manners; and, above all, the confinement of the female sex, which presented to the women of Europe nothing but the
frightful

frightful ideas of servitude and a master ; the groans of honour, the tears of beauty in the embrace of barbarism, and the double tyranny of love and pride !

The contemplation of these objects, accordingly, roused in the hearts of the women a resolute courage to defend themselves ; nay, sometimes even a courage of enthusiasm, which hurled itself against the enemy.— That courage, too, was augmented, by the promises of a religion, which offered eternal happiness in exchange for the sufferings of a moment.

It is not therefore surprising, that, when three beautiful women of the isle of Cyprus were led prisoners to Selim, to be secluded in the seraglio, one of them, preferring death to such a condition, conceived the project of setting fire to the magazine ; and, after having communicated her design to the rest, put it in execution.

The year following, a city of Cyprus being besieged by the Turks, the women ran in crowds, mingled themselves with the soldiers, and, fighting gallantly in the breach, were the means of saving their country.

Under Mahomet II. a girl of the isle of Lemnos, armed with the sword and shield of her father, who had fallen in battle, opposed the Turks, when they had forced a gate, and chased them to the shore.

In Hungary the women distinguished themselves miraculously in a number of sieges and battles against the Turks. A woman of Transylvania, in different engagements, is said to have *killed* six janissaries with her own hand.

In the two celebrated sieges of Rhodes and Malta, the women, seconding the zeal of the knights, discovered upon all occasions the greatest intrepidity; not only that impetuous and temporary impulse which despises death, but that cool and deliberate fortitude which can support the continued hardships, the toils, and the miseries of war.



CHAP. XX.

OTHER CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING FEMALES IN THOSE AGES.

WHILE Charlemagne swayed the sceptre in France, confession was considered as so absolutely necessary to salvation, that, in several cases, and particularly at the point of death, where no priest or man could be had, it was by the church allowed to be made to a woman.

In the sixteenth century, it was no uncommon thing for church-livings, the revenues of abbeys, and even of bishoprics, to be given away with young ladies as a portion.

Thus women exercised a kind of sacerdotal function: and, though they did not actually officiate at the altar, they enjoyed—what many of the priests themselves would have been glad of—the *emoluments* of the altar, without the drudgery of its service.

In

In posterior ages, women have crept still farther into the offices of the church. The christians of Circassia allow their nuns to administer the sacrament of baptism.

When any material difference happened between man and man, or when one accused another of a crime, the decision, according to an ancient custom established by law, was to be by a single combat, or the ordeal trial. From both which ridiculous ways of appealing to heaven, women were exempted.

When a man had said any thing that reflected dishonour on a woman, or accused her of a crime, she was not obliged to fight him to prove her innocence: the combat would have been unequal. But she might choose a champion to fight in her cause, or expose himself to the horrid trial, in order to clear her reputation. Such champions were generally selected from her lovers or friends. But if she fixed upon any other, so high was the spirit of martial glory, and so eager the thirst of defending the weak and helpless sex, that we meet with no instance of a champion ever having refused to fight for, or undergo whatever custom required in defence of, the lady who had honoured him with the appointment.

To the motives already mentioned, we may add another. He who had refused, must inevitably have been branded with the name of coward: and, so despicable was the condition of a coward, in those times of general heroism, that death itself appeared the more preferable choice. Nay, such was the rage of fighting for women, that it became customary for those who could

not be honoured with the decision of their real quarrels, to create fictitious ones concerning them, in order to create also a necessity of fighting.

Nor was fighting for the ladies confined to single combatants. Crowds of gallants entered the lists against each other. Even kings called out their subjects, to shew their love to their mistresses, by cutting the throats of their neighbours, who had not in the least offended.

In the fourteenth century, when the countess of Blois and the widow of Montfort were at war against each other, a conference was agreed to, on pretence of settling a peace, but in reality to appoint a combat.— Instead of negotiating, they soon challenged each other; and Beaumanoir, who was at the head of the Britons, publicly declared that they fought from no other motive, than to see, by the victory, who had the fairest mistress.

In the fifteenth century, we find an anecdote of this kind still more extraordinary. John, duke de Bourbonnois, published a declaration, that he would go over to England, with sixteen knights, and there fight it out, in order to avoid idleness, and merit the good graces of his mistress.

James IV. of Scotland having, in all tournaments, professed himself knight to queen Anne of France, she summoned him to prove himself her true and valorous champion, by taking the field in her defence, against his brother in law, Henry VIII. of England. He obeyed

obeyed the romantic mandate ; and the two nations bled to feed the vanity of a woman.

Warriors, when ready to engage, invoked the aid of their mistresses, as poets do that of the Muses. If they fought valiantly, it reflected honour on the Dulcineas they adored ; but if they turned their backs on their enemies, the poor ladies were dishonoured for ever.

Love was, at that time, the most prevailing motive to fighting. The famous Gaston de Foix, who commanded the French troops at the battle of Ravenna, took advantage of this foible of his army. He rode from rank to rank, calling his officers by name, and even some of his private men, recommending to them their country, their honour, and, above all, to shew what they could do for the love of their mistresses.

The women of those ages, the reader may imagine, were certainly more completely happy than in any other period of the world. This, however, was not in reality the case.

Custom, which governs all things with the most absolute sway, had, through a long succession of years, given her sanction to such combats as were undertaken, either to defend the innocence, or display the beauty of women. Custom, therefore, either obliged a man to fight for a woman who desired him, or marked the refusal with infamy and disgrace. But custom did not oblige him, in every other part of his conduct, to behave to this woman, or to the sex in

general, with that respect and politeness which have happily distinguished the character of more modern times.

The same man who would have encountered giants, or gigantic difficulties, "when a lady was in the case," had but little idea of adding to her happiness, by supplying her with the comforts and elegancies of life. And, had she asked him to stoop, and ease her of a part of that domestic slavery which, almost in every country, falls to the lot of women, he would have thought himself quite affronted.

But besides, men had nothing else, in those ages, than that kind of romantic gallantry to recommend them. Ignorant of letters, arts, and sciences, and every thing that refines human nature, they were, in every thing where gallantry was not concerned, rough and unpolished in their manners and behaviour. Their time was spent in drinking, war, gallantry, and idleness. In their hours of relaxation, they were but little in company with their women; and when they were, the indelicacies of the carousal, or the cruelties of the field, were almost the only subjects they had to talk of.

From the subversion of the Roman empire, to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone. They were almost entire strangers to the joys of social life. They seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements

amusements as the fashion of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the first monarch who introduced them on public days to court.

Before his time, nothing was to be seen at any of the courts of Europe, but long-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind ; and warriors clad in complete armour, ready to put their plots in execution.

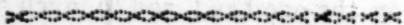
In the eighth century, so slavish was the condition of women on the one hand, and so much was beauty coveted on the other, that, for about two hundred years, the kings of Austria were obliged to pay a tribute to the Moors, of one hundred beautiful virgins per annum.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known ; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen shifts.

In the time of Henry VIII. the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback, when they went to London ; and, in the same manner, took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold.

There was one misfortune of a singular nature, to which women were liable in those days : they were in perpetual danger of being accused of witchcraft, and suffering all the cruelties and indignities of

a mob, instigated by superstition and directed by enthusiasm; or of being condemned by laws, which were at once a disgrace to humanity and to sense. Even the bloom of youth and beauty could not secure them from torture and from death. But when age and wrinkles attacked a woman, if any thing uncommon happened in her neighbourhood, she was almost sure of atoning with her life, for a crime it was impossible for her to commit.



CHAP. XXI.

OF THE ARABIAN WOMEN.

THE consequence of the women in Arabia was annihilated by Mahomet. But before his time they seem to have possessed privileges hardly inferior to those with which they are honoured in the politest countries of Europe.

The law gave them a right to independent property, either by inheritance, by gift, or by marriage settlement. The wife had a regular dower, and an annual allowance, which she might dispose of in her life-time, or at her death.

To the fortune he received with his wife Cadhiga, who carried on an extensive trade to Spain and Syria, Mahomet himself was indebted for the origin of his wealth and of his grandeur.

While his sect was increasing, the women of rank took

took an active part both in civil and military affairs. Several of them strongly opposed all his innovations. Henda, accompanied by fifteen other ladies of distinction, contributed to his defeat at the battle of Ohod. After his death, Ayesha, one of his widows, by her influence and address, raised her father Abubeker to be the successor of her husband.

But the religion which taught that women were only mere objects of pleasure, and the maxims which dictated that they should be guarded for that particular purpose, now becoming general, in little more than a century they seem to have dwindled from creatures of importance, to beings only consecrated to dalliance and love.

Such were the consequences of Mahometism. But no innovation that could happen in the ages in which it was introduced, need much surprise us. The politics of the Arabians were then regulated by no fixed principles. Their religion had disgusted the mind with idle articles of belief, and improbable fictions. This was not the case in Arabia only : human nature, as was before observed, seemed every where in a state of wavering and imbecillity. In Europe it endeavoured to blend the meek and forgiving spirit of the religion of Jesus, with the fierce and intolerant spirit of war and bloodshed ; and the same tender sentiment which bound a lover to his mistress, instigated him, in the most savage manner, to cut the throats of all those who openly professed either to love or hate her.

C H A P. XXII.

ON THE LEARNING OF WOMEN.

WHEN chivalry began to decline in Europe, it left behind it a tincture of romantic gallantry in the manners, which communicated itself to the works of imagination.

Many verses were then written, expressive of passions either real or feigned, but always respectful and tender. In France, where the dissipated nobility spent their life in war, love was generally painted under the idea of conquest. In Italy, where another set of ideas prevailed, it was always represented as an adoration or worship.

This confusion of religion and gallantry, of platonism and poetry, of the study of the languages and of the laws, of the ancient philosophy and the modern theology, formed the general character of the most illustrious men of those times. The same observation may be extended to the most celebrated women.

Never were the women so universally distinguished for profound learning, as in this period. Perhaps, as it followed the ages of chivalry, when several women had disputed with men the prize of valour, being desirous to establish the equality of their sex in all things, they were ambitious to prove that they had as much genius as courage; and to subject, even by their talents, those over whom they reigned by their beauty.

The

The general spirit of this period is worthy of observation.

We might then have seen women preaching, and mixing themselves in controversies; women occupying the chairs of philosophy and of justice; women haranguing in Latin before the pope; women writing in Greek, and studying Hebrew. Nuns were poetesses, and women of quality divines. And young girls, who had studied eloquence, would, with the sweetest countenances, and the most plaintive voices in the world, go, and pathetically exhort the pope and the Christian princes to declare war against the Turks.

The religious spirit, which has animated women in all ages, shewed itself at this time; but it changed its form. It had made them, by turns, martyrs, apostles, warriors, and concluded with making them divines and scholars.

An incredible value was still set on the study of languages. In private families, in the convents, in the courts, and even upon thrones, the same taste reigned. It was but a poor qualification for a *woman* to read Virgil and Cicero. The mouth of a young Italian, Spanish, or British lady seemed adorned with a particular grace, when she repeated some *Hebrew* phrase, or thundered out some verses of Homer.

Poetry, so charming to the imagination and to susceptible hearts, was embraced with ardour by the women. It was a new and pleasing exertion of talents,

lents, which flattered self-love, and amused the mind. Perhaps, too, that want which they experienced, even without suspecting it, in a subtle philosophy, an abstract theology, and an empty study of dialects and of sounds, would make them more sensible to the charms of an art, which continually feeds the imagination with its images, and the heart with its sentiments.

I shall particularize a few of the women who were most celebrated for their learning and talents in that period.

In the thirteenth century, a young lady of Bologna devoted herself to the study of the Latin language, and of the laws. At the age of twenty-three, she pronounced a funeral oration in Latin in the great church of Bologna; and, to be admitted as an orator, she had neither need of indulgence, on account of her youth, nor of her sex. At the age of twenty-six, she took the degree of a doctor of laws, and began publicly to expound the Institutions of Justinian. At the age of thirty, her great reputation raised her to a chair, where she taught the law to a prodigious concourse of scholars from all nations. She joined the charms and accomplishments of a woman to all the knowledge of a man. But such was the power of her eloquence, that her *beauty* was only admired when her *tongue* was silent.

In the fourteenth century, a like example was exhibited in that city. In the fifteenth century, the same prodigy appeared there a third time. And,
even

even at this day, in the city of Bologna, there is still a learned chair filled with honour by a woman.

At Venice, in the course of the sixteenth century, two celebrated women attract our notice. The one * composed successfully a great number of pieces in verse, serious, comic, heroic, and tender; and some *pastorals*, which were much admired. The other †, who was one of the most learned women of Italy, wrote equally well the three languages of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and in verse as well as in prose. She possessed all the philosophy of her own, and of the preceding ages. By her graces, she even embellished theology. She supported *theses* with the greatest lustre. She gave public lectures at Padua. She joined to her serious studies the elegant arts, particularly music; and softened her learning still farther by her manners. She received homage from sovereign pontiffs and sovereign princes; and, that she might be singular in all things, she lived upwards of a *century*.

At Verona, Iffotta Nogarolla acquired so great a reputation by her eloquence, that kings were curious to listen, and scholars to attend, to hear, and to see.

At Florence, a nun of the house of Strozzi dispelled the languor and indolence of the cloister by her taste for letters; and, in her solitude, was known over Italy, Germany, and France.

At Naples, Sarrochia composed a celebrated poem

* Modesta di Pozzo di Zori.

† Cassandra Fidele.

upon Scanderbeg; and, in her life-time, was compared to Boyardo and to Taffo.

At Rome we find Victoria Colonna, marchioness of Pescara, who passionately loved and successfully cultivated letters. While still young, she bewailed the loss of a husband, who was a great warrior, and passed the remainder of her life in study and melancholy, celebrating, in the most tender poetry, the hero whom she loved.

During the same age, among the illustrious women of all ages, we find every where the same character, and the same kind of studies.

In Spain, Isabella of Rosera preached in the great church of Barcelona, came to Rome under Paul the Third, and converted the *Jews* by her eloquence. Isabella of Cardoua understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and, though possessed of beauty, reputation, and riches, had still the fancy to be a *doctor*, and took her degrees in theology.

In France we see several women possessed of all the learning of the times, particularly the duchess of Retz, who under Charles IX. was celebrated even in Italy, and who astonished the Polish nobility, when they came to demand the duke of Anjou for their king. They beheld with wonder, at court, a young lady so intelligent, and who spoke the ancient languages with no less purity than grace.

In England we meet with the three Seymours, sisters, nieces to a king, and daughters to a regent, all celebrated

celebrated for their learning, and for their elegant Latin verses, which were translated and repeated all over Europe.

Jane Gray, whose elevation to the throne was only a step to the scaffold, read before her death, in *Greek*, Plato's Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul.

The eldest daughter of the illustrious chancellor, Sir Thomas More, was a wise and amiable lady. Her learning was almost eclipsed by her virtues. She corresponded in *Latin* with the great Erasmus, who styled her the ornament of Britain. After she had consoled her father in prison, had rushed through the guards to snatch a last embrace, had obtained the liberty of paying him funeral honours, had purchased his head with gold—she was herself loaded with fetters for *two crimes*—for having kept the head of her father as a relic, and for having preserved his books and writings. She appeared before her judges with intrepidity, justified herself with that eloquence which virtue bestows on injured merit, commanded admiration and respect, and passed the rest of her life in retirement, in melancholy, and in study.

We behold in Scotland, Mary Stuart, heir of that crown, the most beautiful woman of her age, and one of the most learned, who could write and speak *six* languages, who made elegant verses in French, and who, when very young, delivered an oration in Latin to the court of France, to prove that the study of letters is consistent with the female character. So
lovely

lovely and so happy an example of the truth which she advanced, could not fail to convince. Mary added to her learning a delicate taste in the polite arts, particularly music, and adorned the whole with the most feminine and courtly manners.

What has since been called *society* was not then indeed so much known. Luxury, and the want of occupation, had not introduced the custom of sitting five or six hours before a glass, to invent fashions. Some use was made of time. Hence that variety of languages, arts, and sciences, which were acquired by women.

It is but just, however, to observe, that the vanity of undertaking every thing is peculiar to the infancy of letters. In childhood, all the world over-rate their powers. It is only by measuring them that we come to know them. The desires themselves were then more easily satisfied than the thirst of learning. People were more anxious to know than to think; and the mind, more active than extended, was unable to comprehend the secrets, or reach the depth of the sciences.

C H A P. XXIII.

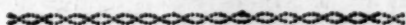
OF THE EUROPEAN WOMEN.

IN all polished nations, chastity has ever been esteemed the principal ornament of the female character.

For

For this virtue the European ladies are very eminent. Their conduct is influenced by a veneration for that purity of manners and of character, so strongly inculcated by the precepts of the Christian religion. We may justly assert that Europe, in general, is more famous for the chastity and other good qualities of its women, than any other part of the globe.

The virtues of modesty and chastity, however, do not flourish most, where they are attempted to be forced upon the women, by locks, bars, and gover-
nantes, as in Spain; nor where unrestrained liberty and politeness are carried to the greatest length, as in France and Italy; but rather where refinement is not arrived so far, as to reckon every restraint upon inclination a mark of ill-breeding.



C H A P. XXIV.

OF THE FRENCH WOMEN.

THOUGH the ladies of France are not very handsome, they are sensible and witty. To many of them, without the least flattery, may be applied the distich which Sappho ascribes to herself:

“ Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit,

“ Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.”

*If partial nature has denied me beauty, the charms of
my mind amply make up for the deficiency.*

No

No women upon earth can excel, and few rival them, in their almost native arts of pleasing all who approach them. Add to this, an education beyond that of most European ladies, a consummate skill in those accomplishments that suit the fair sex, and the most graceful manner of displaying that knowledge to the utmost advantage.

Such is the description that may safely be given of the French ladies in general. But the spirit, or rather the *evil genius* of gallantry, too often perverts all these lovely qualities, and renders them subservient to very iniquitous ends.

In every country, women have always a little to do, and a great deal to say. In France, they dictate almost every thing that is said, and direct every thing that is done. They are the most restless beings in the world. To fold her hands in idleness, and impose silence on her tongue, would be to a French woman worse than death. The sole joy of her life is to be engaged in the prosecution of some scheme, relating either to fashion, ambition, or love.

Among the rich and opulent, they are entirely the votaries of pleasure, which they pursue through all its labyrinths, at the expence of fortune, reputation, and health. Giddy and extravagant to the last degree, they leave to their husbands œconomy and care, which would only spoil their complexions, and furrow their brows.

When we descend to tradesmen and mechanics, the case

case is reversed : the wife manages every thing in the house and shop, while the husband lounges in the back-shop an idle spectator, or struts about with his sword and bag-wig.

Matrimony, among the French, seems to be a bargain entered into by a male and female to bear the same name, live in the same house, and pursue their separate pleasures without restraint or control. And, so religiously is this part of the bargain kept, that both parties shape their course exactly as convenience and inclination dictate.

There is no part of the world, however, where the company of men of letters is more acceptable to the fair sex than in France. This circumstance diffuses knowledge among the women, gives an elegance and cheerfulness to the men, and renders them men of the world as well as of learning. So great is female influence over literature, as well as over every other thing in France, that by far the most considerable part of the productions of the press are calculated for their capacity.

In no country does real politeness shew itself more than in France, where the company of the women is accessible to every man who can recommend himself by his dress, and by his address. To affectation and prudery the French women are equally strangers. Easy and unaffected in their manners, their politeness has so much the appearance of nature, that one would almost believe no part of it to be the effect of art. An
air

air of sprightliness and gaiety fits perpetually on their countenances, and their whole deportment seems to indicate that their only business is to "strew the path of life with flowers." Persuasion hangs on their lips; and, though their volubility of tongue is indefatigable, so soft is their accent, so lively their expression, so various their attitudes, that they fix the attention for hours together on a tale of nothing.

The Jewish doctors have a fable concerning the etymology of the word Eve, which one would almost be tempted to say is realized in the French women. "Eve," say they, "comes from a word, which signifies 'to talk; and she was so called, because, soon after 'the creation, there fell from heaven twelve baskets 'full of chit chat, and she picked up *nine* of them, while 'her husband was gathering the other *three*."

The wind, or the fashions which she follows, are hardly more inconstant than a French lady's mind. Her sole joy is in the number of her admirers, and her sole pride in changing them as often as possible. Over the whole of them she exercises the most absolute power, and they are zealously attentive even to prevent her wishes, by performing whatever they think she has any inclination to. Their time, their interest, and activity, are wholly devoted to her will, or rather to her caprice. Even the purse, that most inaccessible thing about a Frenchman, must pour out its last sous, at the call of his mistress. Should he fail in this particular, he would immediately be discarded from her
train,

train, with the disgrace of having preferred Mercury to Venus.

While a French woman is able to drink at the stream of pleasure, she is generally an atheist. As her taste for that diminishes, she becomes gradually religious; and when she has lost it altogether, is the most bigotted devotee.

Upon the whole, French females rather sacrifice too much of their delicacy to wit, and of their chastity to good-breeding. They pay too little regard to their character, and too much to a ridiculous opinion that fashionable people are above it. They are too much the creatures of art, and have almost discarded nature as much from their feelings as from their faces.

To what has been said on this subject, I shall only add the following entertaining description of French gallantry, and French manners.

“A Frenchman,” says an ingenious writer, “piques himself upon being polished above the natives of any other country, by his conversation with the fair sex. In the course of this communication, with which he is indulged from his tender years, he learns, like a parrot, by rote, the whole circle of French compliments, which are a set of phrases, ridiculous even to a proverb; and these he throws out indiscriminately to all women without distinction, in the exercise of that kind of address, which is here distinguished by the name of gallantry. It is an exercise, by the repetition of which he be-

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“comes

“ comes very pert, very familiar, and very impertinent.

“ A Frenchman, in consequence of his mingling with the females from his infancy, not only becomes acquainted with all their customs and humours, but grows wonderfully alert in performing a thousand little offices, which are overlooked by other men, whose time has been spent in making more valuable acquisitions. He enters, without ceremony, a lady's bed-chamber, attends her at her toilette, regulates the distribution of her patches, and advises where to lay on the paint. If he visits her when she is dressed, and perceives the least impropriety in her coiffure, he insists upon adjusting it with his own hands. If he sees a curl, or even a single hair amiss, he produces his comb, his scissors, and pomatum, and sets it to rights with the dexterity of a professed frizeur. He squires her to every place she visits, either on business or pleasure; and by dedicating his whole time to her, renders himself necessary to her occasions. In short, of all the coxcombs on the face of the earth, a French *petit-maitre* is the most impertinent. And they are all *petits-maitres*, from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroidery, to the *garçon barbiere* (barber's boy) covered with meal, who struts with his hair in a long queue, and his hat under his arm.

“ I shall only mention one custom more, which seems to carry human affectation to the very farthest

“ verge

“ verge of folly and extravagance : that is, the man-
“ ner in which the faces of the ladies are primed and
“ painted. It is generally supposed that part of the
“ fair sex, in some other countries, make use of fard
“ and vermilion for very different purposes ; namely,
“ to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the
“ graces, or conceal the defects of nature, as well as
“ the ravages of time. I shall not enquire whether it
“ is just and honest to impose in this manner on man-
“ kind. If it is not honest, it may be allowed to be
“ artful and politic, and shews, at least, a desire of
“ being agreeable. But to lay it on as the fashion in
“ France prescribes to all the ladies of condition, who
“ indeed cannot appear without this badge of distinc-
“ tion, is to disguise themselves in such a manner as to
“ render them odious and detestable to every specta-
“ tor who has the least relish left for nature and pro-
“ priety. As for the fard, or white, with which their
“ necks and shoulders are plaistered, it may be in
“ some measure excusable, as their skins are naturally
“ brown, or fallow. But the rouge which is daubed
“ on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without
“ the least art or dexterity, not only destroys all dis-
“ tinction of features, but renders the aspect really
“ frightful, or at least conveys nothing but ideas of dis-
“ gust and aversion. Without this horrible mask, no
“ married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite
“ assembly ; and it is a mark of distinction which none
“ of the lower classes dare assume.”

C H A P. XXV

OF THE ITALIAN WOMEN.

THE elegant Dr. Goldsmith thus characterises the Italians in general :

- " Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 " The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 " Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 " That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
 " Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 " Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 " Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
 " With vernal lives that blossom but to die :
 " These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 " Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 " While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 " To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
 " But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 " And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 " In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 " Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 " Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
 " Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 " Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 " And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 " All evils here contaminate the mind,
 " That opulence departed leaves behind :
 " For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 " When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state :
 " At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 " Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;

" The

- " The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm ;
 " The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 " Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 " Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
 " While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 " But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave ;
 " And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 " Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
 " Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied :
 " By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 " From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 " An easy compensation seem to find.
 " Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 " The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade ;
 " Processions form'd for piety and love,
 " A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove."

Almost every traveller, who has visited Italy, agrees in describing it as the most abandoned of all the countries of Europe. At Venice, at Naples, and indeed in almost every part of Italy, women are taught from their infancy the various arts of alluring to their arms the young and unwary, and of obtaining from them, while heated by love or wine, every thing that flattery and false smiles can obtain, in these unguarded moments.

The Italian ladies are not quite so gay and volatile as the French, nor do they so much excite the risibility of the spectator ; but, by the softness of their language, and their manner, they more forcibly engage the heart. They are not so much the cameleon or the

weathercock, but have some decent degree of permanency in their connections, whether of love or friendship. With regard to jealousy, they are so far from being careless and indifferent, in that respect, as the French are, that they often suffer it to transport them to the most unwarrantable actions.

The Italian women are far preferable to the French in point of exterior charms; but their education is, in general, most scandalously neglected. Those accomplishments, which render the ladies in England and in France so acceptable in company, are but rarely found among the Italians, who depend chiefly on their native subtlety and finesse, to ingratiate themselves with such as they deem worthy of their notice.

Love, in Italy, meets with very small encouragement from the great. That innocent, pure, and sentimental passion, which the sanction of strictest virtue authorises, is almost obliterated among them. The sordid motives, which, to the disgrace of most nations, have so much undue influence over them in their matrimonial connections, are still much more infamously prevalent among the nobility and gentry of Italy.

An Italian female of birth and fortune, bred in the prison of a cloister, is brought forth, when marriageable, to receive her sentence; and conducted like a victim to the altar, there to be made a sacrifice to a man of whom she hardly knows the face. Among them, we find none of those antecedent homages of a lover, none of those engaging proofs of attachment, which only
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can secure a reciprocation. In short, no medium of courtship intervenes, and therefore no opportunity is given to create an affection on either side.

There exists in Italy a species of beings unknown throughout the rest of Europe; who, though their rise be not remotely distant, have wrought a change in the temper and manners of the Italians, that renders them, in some respects, a people totally different from what they were a century ago. These beings are well known by the name of *cicisbeys*, and may be considered in the light of assistants and substitutes to those men of fashion who have entered into the matrimonial state, and whose fair partners require more attendance than they are willing, or than their occupations and affairs will allow them to give. This institution appears an admirable relief to those young gentlemen, who are afraid, from sundry motives, to venture on a wife, and yet are unwilling to renounce the soft amusements resulting from the society of a female companion.

Hence, at first sight, this employment of a *cicisbey* may seem delightful to persons of a dissolute and libertine disposition; but many a one, who sought it with all the eagerness of inexperience, has heartily regretted the day of his admission to a servitude, which robs him of every moment of his liberty, and gives the lady, under whose banners he has enlisted himself, an absolute command of his person, his time, his means, his credit, and whatever he can call his own.

An Italian woman knows no reserves ; and he that pretends to her good graces must divest himself of his will and passions, and make an entire sacrifice of them to her caprice. Thus a cicisbey is a perfect slave ; and though no favours are denied him, yet the price he pays is far beyond the value he receives, when we reflect that he barter for it the peace of his mind, and the prosperity of his circumstances ; as it very often happens that advancements in life are retarded, and sometimes totally frustrated, through the impediments thrown in the way of activity by the attentions a lady insists upon from him, who, by the fatal office he has accepted, has bound himself to perpetual slavery.

But if such a connection, viewed only in a light of pleasure and gallantry, is so very far from answering the expectations even of the man of mere pleasure, it still displays a more shocking picture, when we examine it according to the rules of *morality*, as it radically destroys the very first principles on which the reciprocal happiness of the sexes is founded, by introducing into the wedded state a mutual indifference or contempt.

C H A P. XXVI.

OF THE SPANISH WOMEN.

AS the Spanish ladies are under a greater seclusion from general society, than the sex is in other European countries, their desires of an adequate degree of liberty are consequently more strong and urgent. A free and open communication being denied them, they make it their business to secure themselves a secret and hidden one. Hence it is that Spain is the country of intrigue.

The Spanish women are little or nothing indebted to education. But nature has liberally supplied them with a fund of wit and sprightliness, which is certainly no small inducement to those, who have only transient glimpses of their charms, to wish very earnestly for a removal of those impediments, that obstruct their more frequent presence. This not being attainable in a lawful way of customary intercourse, the natural propensity of men to overcome difficulties of this kind, incites them to leave no expedient untried to gain admittance to what perhaps was at first only the object of their admiration, but which, by their being refused an innocent gratification of that passion, becomes at last the subject of a more serious one. Thus in Spain, as in all countries where the sex is kept much out of sight, the thoughts of men are continually em-

ployed in devising methods to break into their concealments.

There is in the Spaniards a native dignity ; which, though the source of many inconveniences, has nevertheless this salutary effect, that it sets them above almost every species of meanness and infidelity. This quality is not peculiar to the men ; it diffuses itself, in a great measure, among the women also. Its effects are visible both in their constancy in love and friendship, in which respects they are the very reverse of the French women. Their affections are not to be gained by a bit of sparkling lace, or a tawdry set of liveries ; nor are they to be lost by the appearance of still finer. Their deportment is rather grave and reserved ; and, on the whole, they have much more of the prude than the coquette in their composition. Being more confined at home, and less engaged in business and pleasure, they take more care of their children than the French, and have a becoming tenderness in their disposition to all animals, except an *heretic* and a *rival*.

Something more than a century ago, the Marquis D'Astrogas having prevailed on a young woman of great beauty to become his mistress, the Marchioness hearing of it, went to her lodgings with some assassins, killed her, tore out her heart, carried it home, made a *ragout* of it, and presented the dish to the Marquis. " It is exceedingly good," said he. " No wonder," answered she, " since it is made of the *heart* of that creature you so much doated on." And, to con-

firm

firm what she had said, she immediately drew out her head all bloody from beneath her hoop, and rolled it on the floor, her eyes sparkling all the time with a mixture of pleasure and infernal fury.

The Spaniards are indulgent almost beyond measure to their women; and there are several situations in which they take every advantage of this indulgence. A kept mistress has, by indisputable custom, a right to a new suit of clothes, according to the quality of her keeper, as often as she is blooded. She need only feign a slight illness, and be on a proper footing with the doctor, to procure this as often as she pleases.

A lady to whom a gentleman pays his addresses, is sole mistress of his time and money; and, should he refuse her any request, whether reasonable or capricious, it would reflect eternal dishonour upon him among the men, and make him the detestation of all the women.

But, in no situation does their character appear so whimsical, or their power so conspicuous, as when they are pregnant. In this case, whatever they long for, whatever they ask, or whatever they have an inclination to do, they must be indulged in.

C H A P. XXVII.

OF THE ENGLISH WOMEN.

THE women of England are eminent for many good qualities both of the head and of the heart. There we meet with that inexpressible softness and delicacy of manners, which, cultivated by education, appears as much superior to what it does without it, as the polished diamond appears superior to that which is rough from the mine. In some parts of the world, women have attained to so little knowledge, and so little consequence, that we consider their virtues as merely of the negative kind. In England they consist not only in abstinence from evil, but in doing good.

There we see the sex every day exerting themselves in acts of benevolence and charity, in relieving the distressed of the body, and binding up the wounds of the mind; in reconciling the differences of friends, and preventing the strife of enemies; and, to sum up all, in that care and attention to their offspring, which is so necessary and essential a part of their duty.

With regard to the English ladies, Mr. Grosley, a French writer, makes the following just, and very favourable remarks: "That sex," says he, "is, in its present state, just such as one could wish it to be, in order to form the felicity of wedlock. Their serious

rious and thoughtful disposition, by rendering them sedentary, attaches them to their husbands, to their children, and the care of their houses. They, for the most part, nurse their own children themselves: and this custom, which gains ground every day, is a new tie of affection to the mothers.

“ The English women are by no means indifferent about public affairs. Their interesting themselves in these, gives a new pleasure to social life. The husband always finds at home somebody to whom he can open himself, and converse as long and as earnestly as he thinks proper, upon those subjects which he has most at heart.

“ At an assembly composed of both sexes, a lady asked me whether I still had many curiosities and objects of observation to visit in London? I made answer, that there was still one of great importance left for me to know, and that she and her company could give me all the information I desired: this was, whether, in England, the husband or the wife *governed* the house? My question being explained to all the ladies present, they discussed it, and amused themselves with it; and the answer which they agreed should be returned to me was, that husbands alone could *resolve* it. I then proposed it to the husbands, who with one voice declared that they durst not decide.

“ The perplexity discovered by those gentlemen, gave me the solution I desired. In fact, the English ladies and wives, with the most mild and gentle tone,
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and with an air of indifference, coldness, and languor, exercise a power equally despotic over both husbands and lovers; a power so much the more permanent, as it is established and supported by a complaisance and submissiveness, from which they rarely depart.

“This complaisance, this submission, and this mildness, are happy virtues of constitution, which nature has given them, to serve as a sort of mask to all that is most haughty, proud, and impetuous, in the English character.

“To the gifts of nature add the charm of beauty, which is very common in England. With regard to graces, the English women have those which accompany beauty, and not those artificial graces that cannot supply its place; those transient graces, which are not the same to-day as yesterday; those graces, which are not so much in the objects themselves, as in the eye of the spectator, who has often found it difficult to discover them.”

Indeed, almost all foreigners, on their arrival here, manifest their consciousness of the superior comeliness of our women, by making it the continual topic of their conversation; and though some of them are not willing to exclude from the right of comparison the females of their own country, yet their cause is espoused with so much faintness, that one may easily perceive it is only done by way of saving their honour, and enabling them to make a sort of decent retreat from the field of contention, where they well know
they

they could not maintain their ground, and therefore wisely avoid much discourse on that subject.

Strangers unanimously agree in their descriptions of our English ladies, with whose gentleness of temper and unfeigned modesty they seem chiefly to be captivated; and invariably concur in representing them of a decent unaffected deportment, and of a tender affectionate disposition.

C H A P. XXVIII.

OF THE RUSSIAN WOMEN.

IT is only a few years since the Russians emerged from a state of barbarity.

A late empress of Russia, as a punishment for some female frailties, ordered a most beautiful young lady of family to be publicly chastised, in a manner which was hardly less indelicate than severe.

It is said that the Russian ladies were formerly as submissive to their husbands in their families, as the latter are to their superiors in the field; and that they thought themselves ill-treated, if they were not often reminded of their duty by the discipline of a *whip*, manufactured by themselves, which they presented to their husbands on the day of their marriage. The latest travellers, however, assert, that they find no remaining traces of this custom at present.

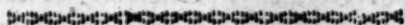
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Their nuptial ceremonies are peculiar to themselves; and formerly consisted of many whimsical rites, many of which are now disused. On her wedding-day, the bride is crowned with a garland of wormwood; and, after the priest has tied the nuptial knot, his clerk or sexton throws a handful of hops upon the head of the bride, wishing that she may prove as fruitful as that plant. She is then led home, with abundance of coarse ceremonies, which are now wearing off even among the lowest ranks; and the barbarous treatment of wives by their husbands is either guarded against by the laws of the country, or by particular stipulations in the marriage contract.

In the conversation and actions of the Russian ladies, there is hardly any thing of that softness and delicacy which distinguish the sex in other parts of Europe. Even their exercises and diversions have more of the masculine than the feminine. The present empress, with the ladies of her court, sometimes divert themselves by shooting at a mark. Drunkenness, the vice of almost every cold climate, they are so little ashamed of, that not many years ago, when a lady got drunk at the house of a friend, it was customary for her to return next day, and thank him for the pleasure he had done her.

Females, however, in Russia, possess several advantages. They share the rank and splendour of the families from which they are sprung, and are even allowed the supreme authority. This, at present, is enjoyed

enjoyed by an empress, whose head does honour to her nation and to her sex; although, on some occasions, the virtues of her heart have been much suspected. The sex, in general, are protected from insult by many salutary laws; and, except among the peasants, are exempted from every kind of toil and slavery. Upon the whole, they seem to be approaching fast to the enjoyment of that consequence, to which they have already arrived in several parts of Europe.



C H A P. XXIX.

OF THE GERMAN WOMEN.

OF all the German females, the ladies of Saxony are the most amiable. Their persons are so superiorly charming and preferable in whatever can recommend them to the notice of mankind, that the German youth often visit Saxony in quest of *companions* for life. Exclusive of their beauty and comeliness of appearance, they are brought up in the knowledge of all those arts, both useful and ornamental, which are so brilliant an addition to their native attractions. But what chiefly enhances their value, and gives it reality and duration, is a *sweetness* of temper and festivity of disposition, that never fail to endear them on a very slight acquaintance. To crown all, they generally

generally become *patterns* of conjugal tenderness and fidelity.

As they are uncommonly careful to improve their minds by reading and instructive conversation, they have no small share of facetiousness and ingenuity. From their innate liveliness, they are extremely addicted to all the gay kind of amusements. They excel in the allurements of dress and decoration, and are in general skilful in music.

The character, however, of the women in most other parts of Germany, particularly of the Austrian, is very different from this. Notwithstanding the advantages of size and make, their looks and features, though not unsightly, betray a vacancy of that life and spirit, without which beauty is uninteresting, and, like a mere picture, becomes utterly void of that indication of sensibility, which alone can awaken a delicacy of feeling.

As their education is conducted by the rules of the grossest superstition, and they are taught little else than set forms of devotion, they arrive to years of maturity uninstructed in the use of reason, and usually continue profoundly ignorant the remainder of their days, which are spent, or rather loitered away, in apathy and indolence.

Having learned none of the ingenious methods of making time fit lightly, their hours of leisure, which their inactivity swells to a large amount, are heavy and oppressive; and, from their want of almost all
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fort of knowledge, the subjects of their discourse are poor and insipid, to a great degree. So irksome, even to themselves, is that kind of society which consists in a communication of thoughts, that dress and diversion are the only refuge from the tediousness which hangs over the general tenour of their lives. But whatever they attempt in either, shews an absence of all taste and elegance, such as one may naturally expect from the poverty and barrenness of their fancy. In these two articles, indeed, they are obliged to borrow from abroad all that is tolerable.

The principal happiness of the Austrian ladies of fashion consists in ruminating on the dignity of their birth and families, the antiquity of their race, the rank they hold, the respect attached to it, and the prerogatives they enjoy over the inferior classes, whom they treat with the utmost superciliousness, and hold in the most unreasonable contempt. In the mean time, their domestic affairs are condemned to the most unaccountable neglect. They dwell at home, careless of what passes there; and suffer disorder and confusion to prevail, without feeling the least uneasiness. Great frequenters of churches, their piety consists in the strictest conformity to all the externals of religion. They profess the most boundless belief in all the silly legends with which their treatises of devotion are filled; and these are the only books they ever read. The coldness of their constitution occasions a species of regulated gallantry, which is rather the effect of an
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opinion that it is an appendage of high life, than the result of their natural inclination.

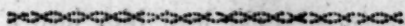
It must at the same time be allowed, that the Austrian women are endowed with a great fund of sincerity and candour; and, though too much on the reserve, and prone to keep at an unnecessary distance, are yet capable of the truest attachment, and always warm and zealous in the cause of those, whom they have admitted to their friendship.

Though the Germans are rather a dull and phlegmatic people, and not greatly enslaved by the warmer passions, yet at the court of Vienna they are much given to intrigue; and an amour is so far from being scandalous, that a woman gains credit by the rank of her gallant, and is reckoned silly and unfashionable if she scrupulously adheres to the virtue of chastity. But such customs are more the customs of courts, than of places less exposed to temptation, and consequently less dissolute; and we are well assured that in Germany there are many women who do honour to humanity, not by chastity only, but also by a variety of other virtues.

The ladies, at the principal courts, differ not much in their dress from the French and English. They are not, however, so excessively fond of paint as the former. At some courts, they appear in rich furs; and all of them are loaded with jewels, if they can obtain them. The female part of the burghers families, in many of the German towns, dress in a very different manner,

manner, and some of them inconceivably fantastic, as may be seen in many prints published in books of travels. But, in this respect, they are gradually reforming, and many of them make quite a different appearance in their dress from what they did thirty or forty years ago.

The inhabitants of Vienna live luxuriously, a great part of their time being spent in feasting and carousing. In winter, when the different branches of the Danube are frozen over, and the ground covered with snow, the ladies take their recreation in sledges of different shapes, such as griffins, tygers, swans, scallop-shells, &c. Here the lady sits, dressed in velvet lined with rich furs, and adorned with laces and jewels, having on her head a velvet cap. The sledge is drawn by one horse, stag, or other creature, set off with plumes of feathers, ribbands, and bells. As this diversion is taken chiefly in the night time, servants ride before the sledges with torches; and a gentleman, standing on the sledge behind, guides the horse.



C H A P. XXX.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF THE TWO SEXES.

THE difference of duties, of occupations, and of manners, must certainly have a considerable influence on the genius, on the sentiments, and on the character of the two sexes.

In comparing the intellectual powers of men and women, it is necessary to distinguish between the philosophical talent, which thinks and discriminates; the talent of memory, which collects; the talent of imagination, which creates; the moral and political talent, which governs. It is also necessary to enquire to what degree women possess these four kinds of genius.

The philosophical spirit is rare indeed, even among men. But still there are many great men who have possessed it; who have raised themselves to the height of nature, to become acquainted with her works; who have shewn to the soul the source of its ideas; who have assigned to reason its bounds, to motion its laws, and to the universe its harmony; who have created sciences in creating principles; and who have aggrandized the human mind in cultivating their own. If there is no woman found on a level with these illustrious men, is it the fault of education or of nature?

Descartes, abused by envious men, but admired by two generous princesses, boasted of the philosophical talents of women. We must not, however, imagine that his gratitude could lead him into a voluntary error, even in compliment to beauty. He would no doubt find in Elizabeth, and in Christina, a docility which prided itself in listening to so great a man, and which seemed to associate itself with his genius, in following the train of his ideas. He might perhaps even find, in the compositions of women, perspicuity, order, and method. But did he find that
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strong *discernment*, that depth of intellect, that diffidence, which characterises the real philosopher? Did he find that cool reason, which, always inquisitive, advances slowly, and remeasures all its steps?—Their genius, penetrating and rapid, flies off, and is at rest. They have more sallies than efforts. What they do not see at once, they seldom see at all; they either *disdain* or despair to comprehend it. They are not possessed of that unremitting *assiduity*, which alone can pursue and discover important truths.

Imagination seems rather to be their *province*. It has been observed, that the imagination of women has in it something unaccountably singular and extraordinary. All things strike it; all things paint themselves on it, in a lively manner. Their volatile senses embrace every object, and carry off its image. Some *unknown* powers, some secret sympathies, enable them rapidly to seize the impressions. The material world is not sufficient for them; they love to create an *ideal* world of their own, which they embellish, and in which they dwell. Spectres, enchantments, prodigies, and whatever transcends the ordinary laws of nature, are their creation and their delight. They enjoy even their *terrors*. Their feelings are fine, and their fancy always approaches to enthusiasm.

But how far, it may be asked, can the imagination of females, when applied to the arts, unfold itself in the talent of creating and describing? Is their imagination as vigorous as it is lively and versatile?

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Does it not unavoidably partake of their occupations, of their pleasures, of their tastes, and even of their weaknesses? Perhaps their delicate fibres are afraid of strong sensations, which fatigue them, and make them seek the sweets which would give them repose.

Man, always active, is exposed to storms. The imagination of the poet enjoys itself on the ridge of mountains, on the brink of volcanos, in the middle of ruins, on seas, and in fields of battle; and it is never more susceptible of tender ideas, than after having experienced some great emotion.

But women, by means of their delicate and sedentary life, less acquainted with the contrast of the *gentle* and the *terrible*, may be supposed to feel and to paint less perfectly, even that which is agreeable, than those who are thrown into contrary situations, and pass rapidly from one sensation to another.

Perhaps too, from the habit of resigning themselves to the impression of the moment, which with them is very strong, their minds must be more replenished with images than pictures. Or probably their imagination, though lively, resembles a mirror, which reflects every thing, but creates nothing.

Love is, without dispute, the passion which women feel the strongest, and which they express the best. They feel the other passions more feebly, and, as it were, by chance. But love is their *own*; it is the charm and the business of their life; it is their soul. They should therefore know well how to paint it.

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But do they know, like the author of *Othello*, of the *Revenge*, or of *Zara*, to express the transports of a troubled soul, which joins fury to love; which is sometimes impetuous, and sometimes tender; which now is softened, and now is roused; which sheds blood, and which sacrifices itself? Can they paint these doublings of the human heart, these storms of emotion and passion?—No; nature herself restrains them. Love in the one sex is a conquest, in the other a sacrifice.

It must therefore generally happen that the women of all countries, and in all ages, know better how to paint a delicate and tender sentiment, than a violent and turbulent passion.

And besides, by their duty, by the reserve of their sex, by the desire of a certain grace which softens all their expressions, is more bewitching than wit, and more attractive than beauty, they are obliged always to *conceal* a part of their sentiments. Must not then these sentiments, by being continually restrained, become weaker by degrees, and have less energy than those of men, who, at all times bold and extravagant with impunity, give to their passions what tone they please, and which are invigorated by exercise?

A temporary constraint inflames the passions; but a continued constraint cools or extinguishes them.

With regard to the talent of order and memory, which classes facts, and ideas when necessary, as it depends a good deal upon method and habit, there

seems little reason why the two sexes may not possess it in an equal degree. But are not women sooner disgusted with the excess of labour, which is necessary in order to acquire the quantity of materials from which erudition results? Must not their impatience and natural desire of change, which arise from fleeting and rapid impressions, prevent them from following, for a course of years, the same kind of study, and consequently from acquiring profound or extensive knowledge? Though this may be the case, they certainly have qualities of mind which atone for it. It is not the same hand which *polishes* the diamond, and which *digs* the mine:

We come now to a more important object, the political or moral abilities, which consist in the direction of ourselves or of others. In order to weigh, upon this subject, the advantages or disadvantages peculiar to each sex, it is necessary to distinguish between the use of these abilities in society, and their use in government.

As women set a high value upon opinion, they must, by consequence, very attentively consider what it is which produces, destroys, or confirms it. They must know how far one may direct, without appearing to be interested; how far one may presume upon that art, even after it is known; in what estimation they are held by those with whom they live; and to what degree it is necessary to *serve* them, that they may govern them.

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In all matters of business, women know the great effects which are produced by little causes. They have the art of imposing upon some, by seeming to discover to them what they already know; and of diverting others from their purpose, by confirming their most distant suspicions. They know how to captivate by praises those who merit them; and to raise a blush, by bestowing them where they are not due.

These delicate sciences are the *leading-strings* in which the women conduct the men. Society to them is like a harpsichord, of which they know the touches; and they can guess at the sound which every touch will produce. But man, impetuous and free, supplying the want of address by strength, and consequently being less interested to observe—hurried away, besides, by the necessity of continual action—can scarcely be possessed of all those little *notices*, and polite attentions, which are every moment necessary in the commerce of life. Their calculations, therefore, on society, must be more slow, and less sure, than those of women.

Let us now take a view of that species of understanding, in the two sexes, which is applicable to government.

In society, women govern men by their passions, and the smallest motives often produce the greatest consequences. But, in the government of states, it is by comprehensive views, by the choice of principles, and, above all, by the discovery and the employment

of talents, that success can be obtained. Here, instead of taking advantage of foibles, they must fear them. They must raise men above their weaknesses, and not lead them into them.

In society, therefore, the art of governing may be said to consist in flattering characters with address: and the art of administration, in combating them with judgment. The knowledge of mankind required in the two cases is very different. In the one, they must be known by their weakness; in the other, by their strength. The one draws forth defects for little ends; the other discovers great qualities, which are mingled with those very faults. The one, in short, seeks little blemishes in great men; and the other, in dissecting great men, must often perceive the same spots; for *perfect* characters exist only in *Utopia*.

Let us now enquire whether this species of understanding and observation belongs equally to the two sexes.

There are women who *have* reigned, and who *still* reign, with lustre. Christina in Sweden, Isabella of Castile in Spain, and Elizabeth in England, have merited the esteem of their age, and of posterity.

We saw, in the war of 1741, a princess, whom even her enemies admired, defend the German empire with no less genius than courage; and we lately beheld the Ottoman empire shaken by a woman. But, in general questions, we should beware of taking exceptions for rules, and observe the ordinary course of nature.

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It therefore becomes necessary to enquire, whether women, who, according to the mode of society, neither are, nor have it in their power to be, so often in action as men, can so well judge of talents, their use, or their extent; whether great views, and the application of great principles, with the habit of perceiving consequences with the glance of an eye, are compatible with their wandering imagination, and with minds so little accustomed to the arrangement of their ideas. All this is necessary to form the character which governs. It is the vigour of the soul which gives activity to genius, which extends and which strengthens political ideas. This character, however, can hardly be formed but by great commotions, great hopes, and great fears, as also the necessity of being continually engaged in action.

Is it not, in general, the character of women, that their minds are more pleasing than strong? Does not their rapid imagination, which often makes sentiment precede thought, render them, in the choice of men, more susceptible both of prejudice, and of error? Would not one be in danger of abuse, would not one even run the risk of their displeasure, if he should say that, in the distribution of their esteem, they would set too high a value upon external accomplishments; and, in short, that they would perhaps be too easily led to believe that an *agreeable* man was a *great* man?

Elizabeth was not free from this censure. The inclinations of her sex stole beneath the cares of the

throne, and the greatness of her character. We are chagrined, at certain times, to see the little weaknesses of a woman mingle with the views of a great mind. If Mary queen of Scotland had been less *fair*, perhaps her rival had been less *cruel*.

This taste for coquetry, as is well known, furnished Elizabeth with favourites, in the choice of which she judged more like a *woman* than a *sovereign*. She was always too ready to believe, that the power of pleasing her, implied genius.

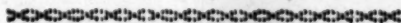
That so much celebrated queen exercised over England an almost arbitrary sway; at which, perhaps, we ought not to be surprised. Women, in general, on the throne, are more inclined to *despotism*, and more impatient of restraint, than men. The sex to whom nature has assigned power, by giving them strength, have a certain confidence which raises them in their own eyes; so that they have no need of manifesting to themselves that superiority of which they are sure. But weakness, astonished at the sway which she possesses, shakes her sceptre on every side, to establish her dominion.

Great men are perhaps more carried to that species of despotism which arises from lofty ideas; and women, above the ordinary class, to the despotism which proceeds from passion. The last is rather a folly of the heart, than the effect of system.

One thing which favours the despotism of female sovereigns is, that the men confound the empire of
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their sex with that of their rank. What we refuse to grandeur, we pay to beauty. But the dominion of women, even when arbitrary, is seldom cruel. Theirs is rather a despotism of caprice, than of oppression. The throne itself cannot cure their sensibility. They carry in their bosoms the counterpoise of their power.

Hence it follows, that, in limited monarchies, female sovereigns will tend to despotism from their jealousy; and, in absolute governments, will approach to monarchy by their mildness. This observation is proved by experience.



C H A P. XXXI.

ON THE RELIGIOUS AND DOMESTIC VIRTUES OF WOMEN.

BOTH experience and history attest, that in all sects, in all countries, and in all ranks, the women have more religious virtues than the men. Naturally possessed of more sensibility, they have more occasion for an object which may constantly occupy their mind. Desirous of happiness, and not finding enough in this world, they launch into a life and a world abounding with ineffable delights. More flexible in their duties than men, they reason less, and feel more. More subjected to good opinion, they pay more attention to what concerns themselves. Less

occupied, and less active, they have more time for contemplation. Less abstracted or absent, they are more strongly affected by the same idea, because it appears before them continually. More struck by external objects, they relish more the pageantry of ceremonies and of temples; and the devotion of the senses has no inconsiderable effect on that of the soul.

The domestic virtues are intimately connected with those of religion; they are doubtless common to both sexes. The advantage, however, seems still to be in favour of the women. At least they have more need of virtues which they have more occasion to practise.

In the first period of life, timid, and without support, the daughter is more attached to her mother. By seldom leaving her, she comes to love her more. The trembling innocent is cheered by the presence of her protectress; and her weakness, while it heightens her beauty, augments her sensibility. After becoming a mother herself, she has other duties, which every thing invites her to fulfil. Then the condition of the two sexes is widely different.

Man, in the middle of his labours, and among his arts, employing his powers, and commanding nature, finds pleasure in his industry, in his success, and even in his toils. But woman, being more solitary, and less active, has fewer resources. Her pleasures must arise from her virtues; her amusements are her children. It is near the cradle of her infant; it is in
viewing

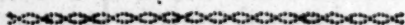
viewing the smiles of her daughter, or the sports of her son, that a mother is happy.

Where are the tender feelings, the cries, the powerful emotions of nature? Where is the sentiment, at once sublime and pathetic, that carries every feeling to excess? Is it to be found in the frosty indifference, and the rigid severity, of so many fathers? No; it is in the warm impassioned bosom of a mother. It is she who, by an impulse as quick as involuntary, rushes into the flood to snatch her child, whose imprudence had betrayed him to the waves! It is she who, in the middle of a conflagration, throws herself across the flames to save her sleeping infant!

These great expressions of nature, these heart-rending emotions, which fill us at once with wonder, compassion, and terror, always have belonged, and always will belong, only to women. They possess, in those moments, an inexpressible something, which carries them beyond themselves. They seem to discover to us new souls, above the standard of humanity.

If we consider also the matrimonial duties, the obligations of husband and wife, which of the sexes is most likely to be faithful? Which, in violating them, has most obstacles to encounter? Is not woman best defended by her education, by her reserve, and by that modesty which silences even her desires? To these restraints we may add the power of the first passion, and the first ties, over a heart endowed with sensibility.

Nature herself, attentive in this instance to the manners of women, has taken care to surround them with the strongest, yet the gentlest barriers. She has made inconstancy more painful, and fidelity more pleasing, to their hearts. Even in ages of general corruption, *conjugal* infidelity in women has been one of the last of crimes.



C H A P. XXXII.

ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IT has long been a question, which of the two sexes is most capable of friendship. Montagne, who is so much celebrated for his knowledge of human nature, has given it positively against the women; and his opinion has been generally embraced.

Friendship perhaps, in women, is more rare than among men; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that where it is found, it is more tender.

Men, in general, have more of the parade than the graces of friendship. They often wound while they serve; and their warmest sentiments are not very enlightened, with respect to those minute sentiments which are of so much value. But women have a refined sensibility, which makes them see every thing; nothing escapes them. They divine the silent friendship; they encourage the bashful or timid friendship; they

they offer their sweetest consolations to friendship in distress. Furnished with finer instruments, they treat more delicately a wounded heart. They compose it, and prevent it from feeling its agonies. They know, above all, how to give value to a thousand things, which have no value in themselves.

We ought therefore, perhaps, to desire the friendship of a man upon great occasions; but, for general happiness, we must prefer the friendship of a woman.

With regard to female intimacies, it may be taken for granted that there is no young woman who has not, or wishes not to have, a companion of her own sex, to whom she may unbosom herself on every occasion. That there are women capable of friendship with women, few impartial observers will deny. There have been many evident proofs of it, and those carried as far as seemed compatible with the imperfections of our common nature. It is, however, questioned by some; while others believe that it happens exceedingly seldom. Between married and unmarried women, it no doubt happens very often; whether it does so between those that are single, is not so certain. Young men appear more frequently susceptible of a generous and steady friendship for each other, than females as yet unconnected; especially, if the latter have, or are supposed to have, pretensions to beauty, not adjusted by the public.

In the frame and condition of females, however, compared with those of the other sex, there are some

circumstances which may help towards an apology for this unfavourable feature in their character.

The state of matrimony is necessary to the support, order, and comfort of society. But it is a state that subjects the women to a great variety of solicitude and pain. Nothing could carry them through it with any tolerable satisfaction or spirit, but very strong and almost unconquerable attachments. To produce these, is it not fit they should be peculiarly sensible to the attention and regards of the men? Upon the same ground, does it not seem agreeable to the purposes of providence, that the securing of this attention, and these regards, should be a principal aim? But can such an aim be pursued without frequent competition? And will not that too readily occasion jealousy, envy, and all the unamiable effects of mutual *rivalship*? Without the restraints of superior worth and sentiment, it certainly will. But can these be ordinarily expected from the prevailing turn of female education; or from the little pains that women, as well as other human beings, commonly take to *control* themselves, and to act nobly? In this *last* respect, the sexes appear pretty much on the same footing.

This reasoning is not meant to justify the indulgence of those little and sometimes base passions towards one another, with which females have been so generally charged. It is only intended to represent such passions in the first approach; and, while not entertained, as less criminal than the men are apt to state them:

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and to prove that, in their attachments to each other, the latter have not always that merit above the women, which they are apt to claim. In the mean time, let it be the business of the ladies, by emulating the gentlemen, where they appear good-natured and disinterested, to disprove their imputation, and to shew a temper open to *friendship* as well as to *love*.

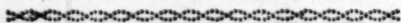
To talk much of the latter is natural for both; to talk much of the former, is considered by the men as one way of doing themselves honour. Friendship, they well know, is that dignified form, which, in speculation at least, every heart must respect.

But in friendship, as in religion, which on many accounts it resembles, speculation is often substituted in the place of practice. People fancy themselves possessed of the thing, and hope that others will fancy so too, because they are fond of the name, and have learnt to talk about it with plausibility. Such talk indeed imposes, till experience gives it the lie.

To say the truth, there seems in either sex but little of what a fond imagination, unacquainted with the falsehood of the world, and warmed by affections which its selfishness has not yet chilled, would reckon friendship. In theory, the standard is raised too high; we ought not, however, to wish it much lower. The honest sensibilities of ingenuous nature should not be checked by the over-cautious documents of political prudence. No advantage, obtained by such frigidity, can compensate for the want of those warm effusions
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of the heart into the bosom of a friend, which are doubtless among the most exquisite pleasures. At the same time, however, it must be owned, that they often, by the inevitable lot of humanity, make way for the bitterest pains which the breast can experience. Happy, beyond the common condition of her sex, is she who has found a friend indeed ; open-hearted, yet discreet ; generously fervent, yet steady ; thoroughly virtuous, but not severe ; wise, as well as cheerful ! Can such a friend be loved too much, or cherished too tenderly ? If to excellence and happiness there be any one way more compendious than another, next to friendship with the Supreme Being, it is this.

But when a mixture of minds so beautiful and so sweet takes place, it is generally, or rather always, the result of early prepossession, casual intercourse, or in short a combination of such causes as are not to be brought together by management or design. This noble plant may be cultivated ; but it must grow spontaneously.



C H A P. XXXIII.

ON FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

NATURE is equally indulgent to every rank in life. As, in her vegetable kingdom, she has kindly made the sweetest of flowers the most common ;
so,

so, in the moral world, she has placed the lovely virtue which conduces most to human happiness, equally within the reach and cultivation of the rich and the poor.

Benevolence may be considered as the rose, which is found as beautiful and as fragrant in the narrow border of the cottager, as in the ample and magnificent garden of the noble.

Charity is a theme on which the sublimest spirits have often and ably discoursed. Many admirable things have been written on this lovely president of the angelic virtues.

That generous compassion, which interests the heart in the misfortune of others, is more particularly the portion of women. Every thing inclines them to generosity and pity. Their delicate senses revolt at the presence of distress and pain. Objects of misery and aversion discompose the soft indolence of their minds. Their souls are more hurt by images of sorrow and of spleen, than tormented by their own sensibility; they must therefore be very anxious to afford relief. They possess, besides, in a high degree, that instinctive feeling, which operates without reasoning; and they often *relieve*, while men *deliberate*. Their benevolence is perhaps less rational, but it is more active; it is also more attentive, and more tender. What woman has ever been wanting in commiseration to the unfortunate?

C H A P. XXXIV.

ON FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

WE shall now examine whether women, so susceptible of friendship, of pity, of benevolence to individuals, can elevate themselves to that patriotism, or disinterested love of one's country, which embraces all its citizens; and to that philanthropy, or universal love of mankind, which embraces all nations.

Patriotism surely ought not to be depreciated. It is the noblest sentiment of the human mind; at least it is that which has produced the greatest men, and which gave birth to those ancient heroes, whose history still astonishes our imagination, and accuses our weakness. Patriotism, no doubt, is most commonly produced by the ideas of interest and property, by the remembrance of past services, by the hope of future honours or rewards, and a certain enthusiasm which robs men of themselves, to transform their existence entirely into the body of the state.

These sentiments, it will readily be perceived, do not correspond with the condition of women. In almost all governments excluded from honours and from offices, possessed of little property, and restrained by the laws even in what they have, they cannot in general be supposed to be eminent for patriotism.

Existing more in themselves, and in the objects of their sensibility, and being perhaps less fitted than men by nature for the civil institutions in which they have less share, they must be less susceptible of that enthusiasm, which makes a man prefer the state to his family, and the collective body of his fellow-citizens to himself.

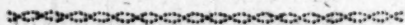
The example of the Roman and Spartan ladies, and the wonders performed by the Dutch women in the revolution of the Seven Provinces, clearly prove that the glorious enthusiasm of liberty can do all things; that there are times when nature is astonished at herself; and that great virtues spring from great calamities.

That universal love of mankind which extends to all nations and to all ages, and which is a kind of abstract sentiment, seems to correspond still less with the character of females, than patriotism. They must have an *image* of what they love.

It is only by the power of arranging his ideas, that the philosopher is able to overleap so many barriers; to pass from a man to a people; from a people, to human kind; from the time in which he lives, to ages yet unborn; and from what he sees, to what he does not see.

The tender sex do not love to send their souls so far a-wandering. They assemble their sentiments and their ideas about them, and confine their affections to what interests them most. Those strides of benevolence,

volence, to women, are out of nature. A man to them is more than a nation; and the hour in which they live, than a thousand ages after death.



C H A P. XXXV.

OF WOMEN, WITH REGARD TO POLISHED LIFE.

THERE are certain qualities which have generally been ranked among the social virtues, but which may more properly be called *the virtues of polished life*. They are the charm and the bond of company; and are useful at all times, and upon all occasions. They are, in the commerce of the world, what current money is in trade. They are sometimes not absolutely necessary, but one can never safely be without them. They always procure the possessor a more favourable reception.

Such is that mild complacency which gives a softness to the character, and an attractive sweetness to the manners; that indulgence which pardons the faults of others, even when it has no need of pardon itself; the art of being blind to the visible foibles of others, and of keeping the secret of those which are hidden; the art of concealing our advantages, when we humble our rivals or opponents, and of dealing gently with those who cannot submit without being offended. Such is that facility which adopts opi-
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nions it never had ; that freedom which inspires confidence ; and all that politeness, in short, which is so very pleasing, though sometimes no more than a happy lie.

Politeness is a part of the female character. It is connected with their mind, with their manners, and even with their interest. To the most virtuous woman society is a field of conquest.

Few men have formed the project of making every body happy, and so much the worse for those who have. But many women have not only formed such a scheme, but have succeeded in it.

We are, in general, so much the more polite, as we are less devoted to ourselves, and more to others ; as we are more attentive to opinion ; as we are more zealous to be distinguished ; and, perhaps, in proportion as we have fewer resources, and greater means of having them. In short, whether we speak of individuals or of nations, of the two sexes or the different ranks, when we say they are polite, we always suppose them to be idle, because we admit the necessity of their living together.

Hence the art of regulating our behaviour, of adjusting our looks, our words, and our motions, the need of attentions, and all the little gratifications of vanity.

We are naturally inclined to pay that homage which we receive, and to exact that which we pay. Thus the delicacy of self-love produces all the refinements

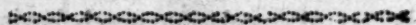
ments in society ; as the delicacy of the senses produces all the refinements in pleasure ; and as the delicacy of taste, which is perhaps only the result of the other two, produces all the refinements in literature, arts, and sciences.

It will be easy to discern how these objects are connected with one another, and how they all relate to women.

But refined politeness, it may be said, is allied to falsehood. It substitutes the expression of sentiment too often for sentiment itself.

Flattery is common to both sexes. But the flattery of men is often very *disgusting* ; that of women is more light, and has more the appearance of sentiment. Even when it is overdone, it is generally amusing. The motive and the manner save them from contempt.

Men generally owe their frankness to pride ; women to address. The one sex often utters a truth, without any other view than truth itself. In the mouth of the other, even truth itself has an *aim*.



C H A P. XXXVL

ON THE IDEA OF FEMALE INFERIORITY.

IT is an opinion pretty generally established, that in strength of mind, as well as of body, men are greatly superior

superior to women. Let us, however, duly consider the several propensities and paths chalked out to each by the author of their nature.

Men are endowed with boldness and courage, women are not. The reason is plain: these are beauties in our character; in theirs they would be blemishes. Our genius often leads us to the great and the arduous; theirs to the soft and the pleasing: we bend our thoughts to make life convenient; they turn theirs to make it easy and agreeable. If the endowments allotted to us by nature could not be easily acquired by women, it would be as difficult for us to acquire those peculiarly allotted to them. Are we superior to them, in what belongs to the male character? They are no less so to us, in what belongs to the female character.

Would it not appear rather ludicrous to say, that a man was endowed only with inferior abilities, because he was not expert in the nursing of children, and practising the various effeminacies which we reckon lovely in a woman? Would it be reasonable to condemn him on these accounts? Just as reasonable is it to reckon women inferior to men, because their talents are in general not adapted to tread the horrid path of war, nor to trace the mazes and intricacies of science.

The idea of the inferiority of female nature, has drawn after it several others the most absurd, unreasonable,

sonable, and humiliating to the sex. Such is the pride of man, that in some countries he has considered immortality as a distinction too glorious for women. Thus degrading the fair partners of his nature, he places them on a level with the beasts that perish.

As the Asiatics have, time immemorial, considered women as little better than slaves, this opinion probably originated among them. The Mahometans, both in Asia and Europe, are said, by a great variety of writers, to entertain this opinion.

Lady Montague, in her Letters, has opposed this general assertion of the writers concerning the Mahometans; and says that they do not absolutely deny the existence of female souls, but only hold them to be of a nature inferior to those of men; and that they enter not into the same, but into an inferior paradise, prepared for them on purpose. Lady Montague, and the writers whom she has contradicted, may perhaps be both right. The former might be the opinion which the Turks brought with them from Asia; and the latter, as a refinement upon it, they may have adopted by their intercourse with the Europeans.

This opinion, however, has had but few votaries in Europe; though some have even here maintained it, and assigned various reasons for so doing. Among these, the following laughable reason is not the least particular. "In the Revelations of St. John the divine," said one, whose wife was a descendant of
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the famous Xantippe *, “ you will find this passage :
 “ *And there was silence in heaven for about the space*
 “ *of half an hour.* Now I appeal to any one whether
 “ that could possibly have happened, had there been
 “ any women there ? And, since there are none there,
 “ charity forbids us to imagine that they are all in
 “ a worse place ; therefore it follows that they have
 “ no immortal part : and happy is it for them, as
 “ they are thereby exempted from being accountable
 “ for all the noise and disturbance they have raised
 “ in this world.”

In a very ancient treatise, called the Wisdom of all Times, ascribed to Hushang, one of the earliest kings of Persia, are the following remarkable words : “ The
 “ passions of men may, by long acquaintance, be tho-
 “ roughly known ; but the passions of women are in-
 “ scrutable : therefore they ought to be separated from
 “ men, lest the mutability of their tempers should
 “ infect others.”

Ideas of a similar nature seem to have been, at this time, generally diffused over the east. For we find Solomon, almost every where in his writings, exclaiming against women ; and, in the Apocrypha, the author of Ecclesiasticus is still more illiberal in his reflections.

Both these authors, it is true, join in the most enraptured manner to praise a virtuous woman ; but

* Xantippe was the wife of Socrates, and the most famous scold of antiquity.

take care at the same time to let us know, that she is so great a rarity as to be very seldom met with.

Nor have the Asiatics alone been addicted to this illiberality of thinking concerning the sex. Satirists of all ages and countries, while they flattered them to their faces, have from their closets most profusely scattered their spleen and ill-nature against them. Of this the Greek and Roman poets afford a variety of instances: but they must nevertheless yield the palm to some of our moderns. In the following lines, Pope has outdone every one of them:

“ Men some to pleasure, some to business take,

“ But every woman is at heart a rake.”

Swift and Dr. Young have hardly been behind this celebrated splenetic in illiberality. They perhaps were not favourites of the fair, and in revenge vented all their envy and spleen against them. But a more modern and accomplished writer, who by his rank in life, by his natural and acquired *graces*, was undoubtedly a favourite, has repaid their kindness by taking every opportunity of exhibiting them in the most contemptible light. “ Almost every man,” says he, “ may be gained some way; almost every woman any way.” Can any thing exhibit a stronger caution to the sex? It is fraught with information; and it is to be hoped they will use it accordingly.

C H A P. XXXVII.

ON FEMALE SIMPLICITY.

WOULD we conceive properly of that simplicity, which is the sweetest expression of a well-informed and well-meaning mind, which every where diffuses tenderness and delicacy, sweetens the relations of life, and gives a zest to the minutest duties of humanity, let us contemplate every perceptible operation of nature, the twilight of the evening, the pearly dew-drops of the early morning, and all that various growth which indicates the genial return of spring. The same principle, from which all that is soft and pleasing, amiable or exquisite, to the eye or the ear, in the exterior frame of nature, produces that taste for true simplicity, which is one of the most useful, as well as the most elegant lessons, that *ladies* can learn.

Infancy is, perhaps, the finest and most perfect illustration of simplicity. It is a state of genuine nature throughout. The feelings of children are under no kind of restraint, but pure as the fire, free as the winds, honest and open as the face of heaven. Their joys incessantly flow in the thickest succession, and their griefs only seem fleeting and evanescent. To the calls of nature they are only attentive. They know no voice but hers. Their obedience to all

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her commands is prompt and implicit. They never anticipate her bounties, nor relinquish her pleasures. This situation renders them independent of artifice. Influenced only by nature, their manners, like the principle that produces them, are always the same.

Genuine simplicity is that peculiar quality of the mind, by which some happy characters are enabled to avoid the most distant approaches to every thing like affectation, inconsistency, or design, in their intercourse with the world. It is much more easily understood, however, than defined; and consists not in any specific tone of the voice, movement of the body, or mode imposed by custom, but is the natural and permanent effect of real modesty and good sense on the whole behaviour.

This has been considered, in all ages, as one of the first and most captivating ornaments of the sex. The savage, the plebeian, the man of the world, and the courtier, are agreed in stamping it with a preference to every other female excellence.

Nature only is lovely, and nothing unnatural can ever be amiable. The genuine expressions of truth and nature are happily calculated to impress the heart with pleasure. No woman, whatever her other qualities may be, was ever eminently agreeable, but in proportion as distinguished by these. The world is good-natured enough to give a lady credit for all the merit she can possess or acquire, without affectation. But the least shade or colouring of this odious foible
brings

brings certain and indelible obloquy on the most elegant accomplishments. The blackest suspicion inevitably rests on every thing assumed. She who is only an ape of others, or prefers formality, in all its gigantic and preposterous shapes, to that plain unembarrassed conduct which nature unavoidably produces, will assuredly provoke an abundance of ridicule, but never can be an object either of love or esteem.

The various artifices of the sex discover themselves at a very early period. A passion for expence and show is one of the first they exhibit. This gives them a taste for refinement, which divests their young hearts of almost every other feeling, renders their tempers desultory and capricious, regulates their dress only by the most fantastic models of finery and fashion, and makes their company rather tiresome and awkward, than pleasing or elegant.

No one perhaps can form a more ludicrous contrast to every thing just and graceful in nature, than the woman whose sole object in life is to pass for a *fine lady*. The attentions she every where and uniformly pays, expects, and even exacts, are tedious and fatiguing. Her various movements and attitudes are all adjusted and exhibited by rule. By a happy fluency of the most elegant language, she has the art of imparting a momentary dignity and grace to the merest trifles. Studious only to mimic such peculiarities as are most admired in others, she affects a loquacity peculiarly flippant and teasing; because scandal, routs, finery,

fans, china, lovers, lap-dogs, or squirrels, are her constant themes. Her amusements, like those of a mag-pye, are only hopping over the same spots, prying into the same corners, and devouring the same species of prey. The simple and beautiful delineations of nature, in her countenance, gestures, and whole deportment, are habitually deranged, distorted, or concealed, by the affected adoption of whatever grimace or deformity is latest, or most in vogue.

She accustoms her face to a simper, which every separate feature in it belies. She spoils, perhaps, a blooming complexion with a profusion of artificial colouring. She distorts the most exquisite shape by loads or volumes of useless drapery. She has her head, her arms, her feet, and her gait, equally touched by art and affectation, into what is called the *taste*, the *ton*, or the *fashion*.

She little considers to what a torrent of ridicule and sarcasm this mode of conduct exposes her; or how exceedingly cold and hollow that ceremony must be, which is not the language of a warm heart. She does not reflect how insipid those smiles are, which indicate no internal pleasantry; nor how awkward those graces, which spring not from habits of good-nature and benevolence. Thus, pertness succeeds to delicacy, assurance to modesty, and all the vagaries of a listless, to all the sensibilities of an ingenuous mind.

With her, punctilio is politeness; dissipation, life; and levity, spirit. The miserable and contemptible
drudge

drudge of every tawdry innovation in dress or ceremony, she incessantly mistakes extravagance for taste, and finery for elegance.

Her favourite examples are not those persons of acknowledged sincerity, who speak as they feel, and act as they think ; but such only as are formed to dazzle her fancy, amuse her senses, or humour her whims. Her only study is how to glitter or shine, how to captivate and gratify the gaze of the multitude, or how to swell her own pomp and importance. To this interesting object all her assiduities and time are religiously devoted.

How often is debility of mind, and even badness of heart, concealed under a splendid exterior ! The fairest of the species, and of the sex, often want sincerity ; and without sincerity every other qualification is rather a blemish than a virtue or excellence. Sincerity operates in the moral, somewhat like the sun in the natural world ; and produces nearly the same effects on the dispositions of the human heart, which he does on inanimate objects. Wherever sincerity prevails, and is felt, all the smiling and benevolent virtues flourish most, disclose their sweetest lustre, and diffuse their richest fragrance.

Heaven has not a finer or more perfect emblem on earth, than a woman of genuine simplicity. She affects no graces which are not inspired by sincerity. Her opinions result not from passion and fancy, but from reason and experience. Candour and humility

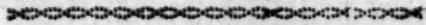
give expansion to her heart. She struggles for no kind of chimerical credit, disclaims the appearance of every affectation, and is in all things just what she seems, and others would be thought. Nature, not art, is the great standard of her manners; and her exterior wears no varnish, or embellishment, which is not the genuine signature of an open, undefining, and benevolent mind. It is not in her power, because not in her nature, to hide, with a fawning air, and a mellow voice, her aversion or contempt, where her delicacy is hurt, her temper ruffled, or her feelings insulted.

In short, whatever appears most amiable, lovely, or interesting in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in simplicity. What is correctness in taste, purity in morals, truth in science, grace in beauty, but simplicity? It is the garb of innocence. It adorned the first ages, and still adorns the infant state of humanity. Without simplicity, woman is a vixen, a coquette, a hypocrite; society a masquerade, and pleasure a phantom.

The following story, I believe, is pretty generally known. A lady, whose husband had long been afflicted with an acute, but lingering disease, suddenly feigned such an uncommon *tenderness* for him, as to resolve on dying in his stead. She had even the address to persuade him not to outlive this extraordinary instance of her conjugal fidelity and attachment. It was instantly agreed they should mutually swallow
such

such a quantity of arsenic, as would speedily effect their dreadful purpose. She composed the fatal draught before his face, and even set him the desperate example of drinking first. By this device, which had all the appearance of the greatest affection and candour, the dregs only were reserved for him, and soon put a period to his life.

It then appeared that the dose was so tempered, as, from the weight of the principal ingredient, to be deadly only at the bottom, which she had artfully appropriated for his share. Even after all this finess, she seized, we are told, his inheritance, and insulted his memory by a second marriage.



C H A P. XXXVIII.

ON THE MILD MAGNANIMITY OF WOMEN.

A LATE eminent anatomist, in a professional discourse on the female frame, is said to have declared, that it almost appeared an act of cruelty in nature to produce such a being as woman. This remark may, indeed, be the natural exclamation of refined sensibility, in contemplating the various maladies to which a creature of such delicate organs is inevitably exposed ; but, if we take a more enlarged survey of human existence, we shall be far from discovering any just reason to arraign the benevolence of its pro-

vident and gracious author. If the delicacy of woman must render her familiar with pain and sickness, let us remember that her charms, her pleasures, and her happiness, arise also from the same attractive quality. She is a being, to use the forcible and elegant expression of a poet,

“Fine by defect, and amiably weak.”

There is, perhaps, no charm by which she more effectually secures the tender admiration and the lasting love of the more hardy sex, than her superior endurance, her mild and *graceful* submission to the common evils of life.

Nor is this the sole advantage she derives from her gentle fortitude. It is the prerogative of this lovely virtue, to lighten the pressure of all those incorrigible evils which it cheerfully endures. The frame of man may be compared to the sturdy *oak*, which is often shattered by resisting the tempest. Woman is the pliant *osier*, which, in bending to the storm, eludes its violence.

The accurate observers of human nature will readily allow, that patience is most eminently the characteristic of woman. To what a sublime and astonishing height this virtue has been carried by beings of the most delicate texture, we have striking examples in the many female martyrs, who were exposed, in the first ages of christianity, to the most barbarous and lingering tortures.

Nor

Nor was it only from christian zeal that woman derived the power of defying the utmost rigours of persecution with invincible fortitude. Saint Ambrose, in his elaborate and pious treatise on this subject, records the resolution of a fair disciple of Pythagoras, who, being severely urged by a tyrant to reveal the secrets of her sect, to convince him that no torments should reduce her to so unworthy a breach of her vow, bit her own *tongue* asunder, and darted it in the face of her oppressor.

In consequence of those happy changes which have taken place in the world, from the progress of purified religion, the inflexible spirit of the tender sex is no longer exposed to such inhuman trials. But, if the earth is happily delivered from the demons of torture and superstition; if beauty and innocence are no more in danger of being dragged to perish at the stake—perhaps there are situations, in female life, that require as much patience and magnanimity, as were formerly exerted in the fieriest torments of the virgin martyr. It is more difficult to support an accumulation of *minute* infelicities, than any single calamity of the most terrific magnitude.

C H A P. XXXIX.

ON FEMALE DELICACY.

WHERE the human race has little other culture than what it receives from nature, the two sexes live together, unconscious of almost any restraint on their words or on their actions. The Greeks, in the heroic ages, as appears from the whole history of their conduct, were totally unacquainted with delicacy. The Romans, in the infancy of their empire, were the same. Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans had not separate beds for the two sexes, but that they lay promiscuously on reeds or on heath, spread along the walls of their houses. This custom still prevails in Lapland, among the peasants of Norway, Poland, and Russia; and it is not altogether obliterated in some parts of the highlands of Scotland and of Wales.

In Otaheite, to appear naked, or in clothes, are circumstances equally indifferent to both sexes; nor does any word in their language, nor any action to which they are prompted by nature, seem more indelicate or reprehensible than another. Such are the effects of a total want of culture.

Effects not very dissimilar are, in France and Italy, produced from a redundancy of it. Though these are the politest countries in Europe, women there set themselves

themselves above shame, and despise delicacy. It is laughed out of existence, as a silly and unfashionable weakness.

But in China, one of the politest countries in Asia, and perhaps not even, in this respect, behind France or Italy, the case is quite otherwise. No human being can be more delicate than a Chinese woman, in her dress, in her behaviour, and in her conversation; and should she ever happen to be exposed in any unbecoming manner, she feels with the greatest poignancy the awkwardness of her situation, and if possible covers her face, that she may not be known.

In the midst of so many discordant appearances, the mind is perplexed, and can hardly fix upon any cause to which female delicacy is to be ascribed. If we attend, however, to the whole animal creation, if we consider it attentively wherever it falls under our observation, it will discover to us, that in the female there is a greater degree of delicacy or coy reserve than in the male. Is not this a proof, that, through the wide extent of creation, the seeds of delicacy are more liberally bestowed upon females than upon males?

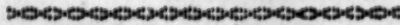
In the remotest periods of which we have any historical account, we find that the women had a delicacy to which the other sex were strangers. Rebecca veiled herself when she first approached Isaac, her future husband. Many of the fables of antiquity mark, with the most distinguishing characters, the force of

female delicacy. Of this kind is the fable of Actæon and Diana. Actæon, a famous hunter, being in the woods with his hounds, beating for game, accidentally spied Diana and her nymphs bathing in a river. Prompted by curiosity, he stole silently into a neighbouring thicket, that he might have a nearer view of them. The goddess discovering him, was so affronted at his audacity, and so much ashamed to have been seen naked, that in revenge she immediately transformed him into a stag, set his own hounds upon him, and encouraged them to overtake and devour him. Besides this and other fables, and historical anecdotes of antiquity, their poets seldom exhibit a female character, without adorning it with the graces of modesty and delicacy. Hence we may infer, that these qualities have not only been always essential to virtuous women in civilized countries, but were also constantly praised and esteemed by men of sensibility; and that delicacy is an innate principle in the female mind.

There are so many evils attending the loss of virtue in women, and so greatly are the minds of that sex depraved when they have deviated from the path of rectitude, that a general contamination of their morals may be considered as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a state, as in time it destroys almost every public virtue of the men. Hence all wise legislators have strictly enforced upon the sex a particular purity of manners; and not satisfied that
they

they should abstain from vice only, have required them even to shun every appearance of it.

Such, in some periods, were the laws of the Romans; and such were the effects of these laws, that if ever female delicacy shone forth in a conspicuous manner, it was perhaps among those people, after they had worn off much of the barbarity of their first ages, and before they became contaminated by the wealth and manners of the nations which they plundered and subjected. Then it was that we find many of their women surpassing in modesty almost every thing related by fable; and then it was that their ideas of delicacy were so highly refined, that they could not even bear the secret consciousness of an involuntary crime, and far less of having tacitly consented to it.



C H A P. XL.

ON FEMALE WIT.

WIT has been well compared to the dancing of a meteor, that blazes, allures, and misleads. Most certainly it alone can never be a steady light; and too probably it is often a fatal one. Of those who have resigned themselves to its guidance, how few has it not betrayed into great indiscretions at least, by inflaming their thirst of applause; by rendering them

them little nice in their choice of company ; by seducing them into strokes of satire, too offensive to the persons against whom they were levelled, not to be repelled upon the authors with full vengeance ; and, finally, by making them, in consequence of that heat which produces, and that vanity which fosters it, forgetful of those cool and moderate rules that ought to regulate their conduct !

A very few there may have been endowed with judgment and temper sufficient to restrain them from indulging “ the rash dexterity of wit,” and to direct it to purposes equally agreeable and beneficial. But one thing is certain—that witty men, for the most part, have had few friends, though many admirers. Their conversation has been courted, while their abilities have been feared, or their characters hated—or both. In truth, the last have seldom merited affection, even when the first have excited esteem. Sometimes their hearts have been so bad, as at length to bring their heads into disgrace.

At any rate, the faculty termed *wit* is commonly looked on with a suspicious eye, as a two-edged sword, from which not even the sacredness of friendship can secure.

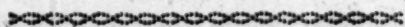
It is generally more dreaded in *women* than in men. In a Mrs. Rowe, we may presume, it was not. To great brilliancy of imagination, that angelic female joined yet greater goodness of disposition ; and never wrote, nor was ever supposed to have said, in her whole

whole life, an ill-natured, or even an indelicate thing. Of such a woman, with all her talents, none could be afraid. In her company, it must have been impossible not to be so. If aught on earth can present the image of celestial excellence in its softest array, it is such an accomplished woman; in whom purity and modesty, intelligence and modesty, mingle their charms.

Men of the best sense, however, have been usually averse to the thought of marrying a *witty* female. Were they afraid of being outshone? Some of them perhaps might be so, but many of them acted on different motives. Men who understand the science of domestic happiness, know that its very first principle is ease. Of that indeed we grow fonder, in every condition, as we advance in life, and as the heat of youth abates. But we cannot be easy where we are not safe. We are never safe in the company of a *critic*; and almost every wit is a critic by profession. In such company we are not at liberty to unbend ourselves. All must be the straining of study, or the anxiety of apprehension. How painful! Where the heart may not expand and open itself with freedom, farewell to real friendship, farewell to convivial delight! But to suffer this restraint at home, what misery! From the brandishings of wit in the hand of ill-nature, of imperious passion, or of unbounded vanity, who would not flee? But when that weapon is brandished at a husband, is it to be wondered if, from his own house,

he take shelter in the tavern? He sought a friend, he expected to be happy in a reasonable companion; he has found a perpetual satirist, or a self-sufficient prattler. How does one pity such a man, when one sees him in continual fear on his own account, and that of his friends, and for the poor lady herself; left, in the run of her discourse, she should be guilty of some petulance, or some indiscretion, that would expose her, and hurt them all!

But, take the matter at the best, there is still all the difference in the world between the entertainer of an evening, and a partner for life. Of the latter, a sober mind, steady attachment, and gentle manners, joined to a good understanding, will ever be the chief recommendations; whereas the qualities that sparkle will be often sufficient for the former.



C H A P. XLI.

ON FEMALE CREDULITY.

OF some females, credulity is a very striking characteristic. A credulous woman is supremely skilled in the ingenious and happy art of building castles in the air; and, as often as one fabric of illusion is demolished, she erects another in its place. Her life is a scene of perpetual and ever-varying hope; and, as hope is one of the most lively passions, her
temper

temper is naturally gay. Her head may be compared to one of those raree-show boxes, which are filled with splendid and successive pictures of one magnificent object. At the first peep you may discern the temple of Hymen. The structure presently vanishes; but disappears only to make room for a more captivating view, either of the temple itself, or of some delightful avenue which is terminated by the same noble edifice.

She can recollect a thousand instances in real life, as well as romance, of ladies who have made the most sudden and fortunate conquests, by the simple and natural circumstance of looking out of window; and she therefore devotes herself, with particular assiduity, to this favourite amusement. She sees a lover in every man by whom she is civilly accosted; and hears a hint at least, if not an offer of marriage, in every common compliment that is casually addressed to her.

There is one danger to which a credulous lady, if she happens to be rich, is particularly exposed; I mean, the very serious danger arising from those vigilant and assiduous gentlemen, 'ycleped fortune-hunters, who think themselves entitled to plunder an opulent female, in the character of a bridegroom.

Flaccilla was an unfortunate example of this fatal credulity. She inherited an ample fortune, and possessed from her childhood a romantic turn of mind. She happened to pass some months in autumn at the seat of a nobleman to whom she was distantly related. The peer had lately received a new game-keeper

keeper into his service—a stout and enterprising son of Hibernia, who had seen, though under thirty, many vicissitudes of life; and had sustained the active parts of a travelling valet, a common soldier, and a strolling player, before he engaged in his present occupation. The lively Patrick soon contracted a great intimacy with the fair attendant of Flaccilla; who diverted him, in their vacant moments, by relating with ludicrous humour the whimsies of her lady.

The ingenious Hibernian, who had founded his amusement on the foibles of the maid, now determined to build his fortune on the foibles of the mistress. Having arrayed himself in his new suit of green, he surprised the tender Flaccilla alone, in a sequestered spot of her favourite wood, to which she delighted to retire, for the convenience of *devouring* a new novel without interruption.

Patrick soon prevailed on her to quit the visionary tale for a more engaging romance. In short, he persuaded her that he was the son of an Irish peer in disguise, who had only submitted to his present humiliation, to secure the ecstatic delight, which he now enjoyed, of throwing himself at her feet. The steady impostor played his part with dexterity and success. The lady consented to elope, was married, and made miserable, before the activity of her friends could undeceive her. All, indeed, that they were at last able to do for her was, to prevail on the reasonable Patrick to leave his wife to reflect on her credulous imprudence,

dence, and to bargain for a chance of future tranquillity at the expence of her fortune. Some inconsiderable share of this, indeed, she was lucky enough to recover and retain; but her health and spirits were impaired by the disgrace of her adventure, and her latter years were embittered by unavailing repentance for her absurd credulity.

This foible, however, though rising to a high degree of absurdity, may still, in some instances, be an object more worthy of tenderness and pity, than of contempt and derision. Instead of being the offensive offspring of arrogance and vanity, it is frequently the mere baby of simplicity and benevolence. It often arises solely from the most natural and the most amiable of human wishes, the wish of being beloved; and, when its origin is such, who would not be tender to the child for the sake of the parent?

As hope is one of the most potent of our illusive passions, we cannot wonder that the just and laudable hope of finding a husband, should often cheat the most sensible of ladies into an erroneous belief of having found him. How often does the philosopher delude himself in much clearer matters, and where the silence of his heart affords him not so good an excuse for the confusion of his judgment!

This easiness of belief, with regard to many, is so perfectly free from every other blemish, that one cannot but lament the raillery to which it is exposed. It has been perceived to be united with such frames,
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that, instead of deriding it as a weakness, some have been almost led to regard it as a gift from heaven, to compensate for the misfortunes of deformity. The young and inconsiderate cannot be expected to view it in so serious a light. But, to caution them from the danger of treating it with such unintended cruelty as they may afterwards regret, I shall relate the brief history of a lady, whose fate was as singular as her person was unfortunate, and her character deserving.

Harriot Aspin was the youngest of four sisters, who in their childhood had all a prospect of passing through life with every advantage that beauty and fortune can bestow. But destiny ordained it otherwise; the extravagance of their father abridged the portion of each; and the little Harriot had the additional affliction of personal calamities.

From a fall which her nurse occasioned, and concealed, she contracted a great degree of deformity; and the injuries that her frame had received from accident, were completed in what her countenance suffered from that cruel distemper, by which beauty was so frequently destroyed before the happy introduction of inoculation. Her countenance and person were wretchedly disfigured; but her mind still possessed the most valuable of mental powers, and her heart was embellished by every generous affection. Her friends were many; but she had passed her fortieth year without once hearing the addresses of a single lover. Yet the fancied whisper of this enchanting passion
often.

often vibrated in her ear ; for, with a solid and brilliant understanding, she was deeply tinctured with this credulous foible. As she advanced towards fifty, finding her income very narrow, and her situation unpleasant, she took shelter in the family of her favourite sister, married to a good-natured man of easy fortune ; who, though he had several children, very readily allowed his wife to afford an asylum, and administer all the comforts in her power, to this unfortunate relation.

The good deeds of benevolence rarely pass unrewarded. The obliging temper of Harriot, united to infinite wit and vivacity, contributed to restore the declining health of her sister, and enlivened the house into which she was so kindly admitted. She endeared herself to every branch of it ; but her second nephew, whose name is Edward, became her principal favourite, and returned her partiality with more esteem and affection than nephews are used to feel for an old maiden aunt. Indeed, there was a striking similarity in their characters ; for they both possessed a very uncommon portion of wit, with extreme generosity and good-nature. Harriot had the most perfect penetration into the foibles of every character but her own ; and had the art of treating them with such tender and salutary mirth, that she preserved her nephew, whose constitution was amorous and vain, from a thousand follies into which the giddiness of his passions would otherwise have betrayed him ; and, what is still more

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to her honour, when he was really fallen into some juvenile scrape, which sometimes would happen, she never failed to assist him, both with secret advice, and the private aid of such little sums of money, as she always contrived to save from her slender income, for the most generous of purposes.

By her last beneficence of this nature, she had enabled her nephew to redeem his gold watch, which Edward, who stood in awe of his father, had actually pawned, to deliver a poor and unfortunate girl from a spunging-house.

It was almost impossible not to love a maiden aunt of so engaging a character; and Edward, whose affections were naturally ardent, loved her indeed most sincerely. But his penetration discovered her foible, and the vivacity of his spirit often tempted him to sport with it.

Hitherto, however, he had done so in the most harmless manner; but a circumstance arose, which fully proved the danger of this ordinary diversion. Edward, being a younger brother, was designed for the profession of physic. He had studied at Edinburgh; and, returning from thence to London, had brought with him a medical friend, who was a native of Savoy, and was preparing to settle as a physician at Turin. In the gaiety of his heart, Edward informed his aunt Harriot that he had provided her with a husband; and he enlarged on the excellent qualities of his friend. The Savoyard was extremely
polite:

polite : and, either attracted by the pleasantry of her conversation, or touched with medical pity for the striking infelicity of her distorted frame, he had paid particular attention to Miss Aspin ; for, being yet under fifty, she had not assumed the title of Mrs.

This particular attention was fully sufficient to convince the credulous Harriot that her nephew was serious. But she was unluckily confirmed in that illusion, by his saying to her, one evening, “ Well, my dear aunt, my friend is to leave England on Monday. Consider, upon your pillow, whether you will pass the Alps, to settle with him for life ; and let me know your decision before the week expires.”

The sportive Edward was very far from supposing that these idle words could be productive of any fatal event ; for the health of his aunt was such, that he considered his proposal of crossing the Alps full as extravagant as if he had proposed to her to settle in the moon. But let youth and vigour remember, that they seldom can form a just estimate of the wishes, thoughts, and feelings of infirmity.

Poor Harriot had no sooner retired to her chamber, than she entered into a profound debate with a favourite maid, who used to sleep in her room, concerning the dangers of crossing the Alps, and the state of her health. In this debate, both her heart and her fancy played the part of very able advocates, and defended a weak cause by an astonishing variety of arguments in its favour. They utterly overpowered her judgment.

ment. But they could not bias the sounder sense of Molly, who was seated on the bench on this occasion.

This honest girl, who happened to have a *real* lover in England, had many motives to dissuade her mistress from an extravagant project of settling in a foreign country; and she uttered as many reasons to poor Harriot against the passage of the Alps, as were urged to the son of Hamilcar by his Carthaginian friends, when he first talked of traversing those tremendous mountains. The debate was very warm on both sides, and supported through the greatest part of the night. The spirited Harriot was horribly fatigued by the discourse, but utterly unconvinced by the forcible arguments of her opponent. She even believed that the journey would prove a remedy for her asthmatic complaints. Her desire of a matrimonial establishment was full as efficacious as the vinegar of Hannibal; and the Alps *melted* before it.

At the dawn of day, she had positively determined to follow the fortunes of the amiable Savoyard. The peace of mind which this decision produced, afforded her a short slumber: but, on waking, she was very far from being refreshed; and found that her unhappy frame had suffered so much from the agitation of her spirit, and the want of her usual sleep, that she was unable to appear at breakfast. This, however, was a circumstance too common to alarm the family: for, though her cheerfulness never forsook her, yet her
little

little portion of strength was frequently exhausted; and her breath often seemed at the very point of departing from her diminutive body.

Towards noon, her sister entered her chamber, to make a kind enquiry concerning her health. It was a warm day in spring; yet Harriot, who was extremely chilly, had seated herself in a little low chair, by the side of a large fire. Her feet were strangely twisted together, and, leaning forward to rest her elbow on her knee, she supported her head on her right hand. To the affectionate questions of her sister she made no reply, but, starting from her reverie, walked with apparent difficulty across the chamber, and, saying with a feeble and fainting voice, "I can never pass the Alps," sunk down on the side of her bed, and with one deep sigh, but without any convulsive struggle, expired.

Whether the much-injured and defective organs of her life were completely worn out by time, or whether the conflict of different affections, which had harassed her spirit through the night, really shortened her existence, the all-seeing Author of it alone can determine. It is certain, however, that her death, and the peculiar circumstances attending it, produced among her relations the most poignant affliction. As she died without one convulsive motion, her sister could hardly believe her to be dead; and as this good lady had not attended to the levities of her son Edward, she could not comprehend the last words of Harriot, till her

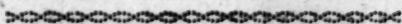
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faithful

faithful servant gave a full and honest account of the nightly conversation which had passed between herself and her departed mistress.

An intimate friend of her nephew Edward, who well knew his regard for this singular little being, hastened to him the first moment that he heard she was no more. He found him under the strongest impression of recent grief, and in the midst of that self-accusation so natural to a generous spirit upon such an occasion. He endeavoured to comfort him, by observing that death, which ought, perhaps, never to be considered as an evil, might surely be esteemed a blessing to a person, whose unfortunate infirmities of body must undoubtedly have been a source of incessant suffering. "Alas! my dear friend," he replied, "both my heart and my understanding refuse to subscribe to the ideas, by which you so kindly try to console me. I allow, indeed, that her frame was unhappy, and her health most delicate. But who had a keener relish of all the genuine pleasures which belong to a lively and cultivated mind, and still more of all those higher delights, which are at once the test and the reward of a benevolent heart? It is true, she had her foibles; but what right had I to sport with them? To me they ought to have been particularly sacred, for she never looked upon mine, but with a most generous indulgence." "Poor Harriot!" he would frequently exclaim; "poor aunt Harriot! I have basely abridged thy very weak, but not unjoyous existence, by the most unthinking barbarity. I will, however, be tender to thy

thy memory ; and I wish that I could warn the world against the dangerous cruelty of jesting with the credulity of every being who may resemble thee."



C H A P. XLII.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

THE company of ladies has a very powerful influence on the sentiments and conduct of men. Women, the fruitful source of half our joys, and perhaps of *more* than half our sorrows, give an elegance to our manners, and a relish to our pleasures. They sooth our afflictions, and soften our cares. Too much of their company will render us effeminate, and infallibly stamp upon us many signatures of the female nature. A rough and unpolished behaviour, as well as slovenliness of person, will certainly be the consequence of an almost constant exclusion from it. By spending a reasonable portion of our time in the company of the women, and another in the company of our own sex, we shall imbibe a proper share of the softness of the female, and at the same time retain the firmness and constancy of the male.

"We believe that it is proper," says an amiable writer, who has studied the human heart with success, for persons of the same age, of the same sex, of similar dispositions and pursuits, to associate together. But here we seem to be deceived by words. If we consult nature

and common sense, we shall find, that the true propriety and *harmony* of social life depend upon the connection of people of *different* dispositions and characters judiciously blended together. Nature hath made no individual, nor no class of people, independent of the rest of their species, or sufficient for their own happiness.

“Each sex, each character, each period of life, have their several advantages and disadvantages; and that union is the happiest and most proper where wants are mutually supplied.

“The fair sex should naturally hope to gain from our conversation, knowledge, wisdom, and sedateness; and they should to give us, in exchange, humanity, politeness, cheerfulness, taste, and sentiment.

“The levity, the rashness, and folly of early life are tempered with the gravity, the caution, and the wisdom of age; while the timidity, coldness of heart, and languor incident to declining years, are supported and assisted by the courage, the warmth, and the vivacity of youth.”

As little social intercourse subsisted between the two sexes, in the more early ages of antiquity, we find the men less courteous, and the women less engaging. Vivacity and cheerfulness seem hardly to have existed. Even the Babylonians, who appear to have allowed their women more liberty than any of the ancients, seem not to have lived with them in a friendly and familiar manner. But, as their intercourse with them was considerably greater than that of the neighbouring nations, they acquired thereby a polish and refinement
unknown

unknown to any of the people who surrounded them. The manners of both sexes were softer, and better calculated to please.

They likewise paid more attention to cleanliness and dress.

After the Greeks became famous for their knowledge of the arts and sciences, their rudeness and barbarity were only softened a *few degrees*. It is not therefore arts, sciences, and *learning*, but the company of the other sex, that forms the manners and renders the man *agreeable*.

The Romans were, for some time, a community without women, and consequently without any thing to soften the ferocity of male nature. The Sabine virgins, whom they had stolen, appear to have infused into them the first ideas of politeness. But it was many ages before this politeness banished the roughness of the warrior, and assumed the refinement of the gentleman.

During the times of chivalry, female influence was at the zenith of its glory and perfection. It was the source of valour, it gave birth to politeness, it awakened pity, it called forth benevolence, it restricted the hand of oppression, and meliorated the human heart. "I cannot approach my mistress," said one, "till I have done some glorious deed that may deserve her notice. Actions should be the messengers of the heart; they are the homage due to beauty, and they only should discover love."

Marfan, instructing a young knight how to behave

so as to gain the favour of the fair, has these remarkable words :—" When your arm is raised, if your lance fail, draw your sword directly ; and let heaven and hell resound with the clash. Lifeless is the soul which beauty cannot animate, and weak is the arm which cannot fight valiantly to defend it."

The Russians, Poles, and even the Dutch, pay less attention to their females than any of their neighbours, and are, by consequence, less distinguished for the graces of their persons, and the feelings of their hearts.

The lightness of their food, and the salubrity of their air, have been assigned as reasons for the vivacity and cheerfulness of the French, and their fortitude in supporting their spirits through all the adverse circumstances of this world. But the constant mixture of the young and old, and of the two sexes, is no doubt one of the *principal* reasons, why the cares and ills of life sit lighter on the shoulders of that fantastic people, than on those of any other country in the world.

The French reckon an excursion dull, and a party of pleasure without relish, unless a mixture of both sexes join to compose it. The French women do not even withdraw from the table after meals ; nor do the men discover that impatience to have them dismissed, which they so often do in England.

It is alleged by those who have no relish for the conversation of the fair sex, that their presence curbs the freedom of speech, and restrains the jollity of mirth. But, if the conversation and the mirth are decent,

decent, if the company are capable of relishing any thing but wine, the very reverse is the case. Ladies, in general, are not only more cheerful than gentlemen, but more eager to promote mirth and good humour.

So powerful, indeed, are the company and conversation of the fair, in diffusing happiness and hilarity, that even the cloud, which hangs on the *thoughtful brow* of an Englishman, begins in the present age to brighten, by his devoting to the ladies a larger share of time, than was formerly done by his ancestors.

Though the influence of the sexes be reciprocal, yet that of the ladies is certainly the greatest. How often may one see a company of men, who were disposed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charms them into at least a temporary conviction, that there is nothing so beautiful as female excellence, nothing so delightful as female conversation, in its best form! Were such conviction frequently repeated, what might we not expect from it at last?

"Were Virtue," said an ancient philosopher, "to appear amongst men in visible shape, what vehement desires would she enkindle!" Virtue exhibited without affectation, by a lovely young person, of improved understanding and gentle manners, may be said to appear with the most alluring aspect, surrounded by the *Graces*.

It would be an easy matter to point out instances of the most evident reformation, wrought on particular

men, by their having happily conceived a passion for virtuous women.

To form the manners of men, various causes contribute ; but nothing, perhaps, so much as the turn of the women with whom they converse. Those who are most conversant with women of virtue and understanding, will be always found the most amiable characters, other circumstances being supposed alike. Such society, beyond every thing else, rubs off the corners that give many of our sex an ungracious roughness. It produces a polish more perfect, and more pleasing, than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial. The other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity. The heart itself is moulded. Habits of undissembled courtesy are formed. A certain flowing *urbanity* is acquired. Violent passions, rash oaths, coarse jests, indelicate language of every kind, are precluded and disrelished.

Understanding and virtue, by being often contemplated in the most engaging lights, have a sort of assimilating power. Let it not be supposed, however, that the men, here described, will become feminine. Their sentiments and deportment will only contract a grace: their principles will have nothing ferocious or forbidding: their affections will be chaste and soothing at the same instant. In that case, the *gentleman*, the man of *worth*, and the *religious* man, will all melt insensibly and sweetly into one another.

The

The French and Italian nobility are generally educated in the drawing-room, at the toilette, and places of public amusement, where they are constantly in the company of women.

The English nobility and gentry receive their education at the university, and at Newmarket, where books, grooms, and jockeys must, of course, be their companions.

Some mode of education, between these two extremes, would have a tendency to preserve the dignity of the man, as well as to infuse a sufficient quantity of the address of the woman.

Female society gives men a taste for cleanliness and elegance of person. Our ancestors, who kept but little company with their women, were not only slovenly in their dress, but had their countenances disfigured with long beards. By female influence, however, beards were, in process of time, mutilated down to mustaches. As the gentlemen found that the ladies had no great relish for mustaches, which were the relics of a beard, they cut and curled them into various fashions, to render them more agreeable. At last, however, finding such labour vain, they gave them up altogether. But as those of the three learned professions were supposed to be endowed with, or at least to stand in need of, more wisdom than other people, and as the longest beard had always been deemed to sprout from the wisest chin, to supply this mark of distinction, which they had lost, they contrived to

smother up their heads in enormous quantities of frizzled hair, that they might bear the greater resemblance to an owl, the bird sacred to wisdom and Minerva.

To female society it has been objected by the learned and studious, that it enervates the mind, and gives it such a turn for trifling, levity, and dissipation, as renders it altogether unfit for that application which is necessary in order to become eminent in any of the sciences. In proof of this they allege, that the greatest philosophers seldom or never were men who enjoyed, or were fit for, the company or conversation of women. Sir Isaac Newton hardly ever conversed with any of the sex. Bacon, Boyle, Des Cartes, and many others, conspicuous for their learning and application, were but indifferent companions to the fair.

It is certain, indeed, that the youth, who devotes his whole time and attention to female conversation, and the little offices of gallantry, never distinguishes himself in the literary world. But notwithstanding this, without the fatigue and application of severe study, he often obtains, by female interest, what is denied to the merited improvements acquired by the labour of many years.

C H A P. XLIII.

OF THE BRITISH LADIES AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

WHAT polished nations understand by society, appears to have been little known in England, before the reign of Henry VIII. This backwardness may in some measure be ascribed to our continental wars with France and with Scotland. By our quarrels with the one, we were shut out from foreign intercourse; and by our hostilities with both, we were diverted from cultivating the arts of peace.

The spirit of chivalry, which produced such amazing effects on the Continent, was more weakly felt here. Edward III. had indeed established the order of the garter. But real wars allowed the knights little time for the mock encounter, or the generous visions of romantic heroism. *Love* was still a simple passion, which led the shortest way to its gratification, and generally in conformity with law and custom. It partook little of imagination; and, consequently, required few perfections in its object. It aspired neither at angels nor goddesses.

The women, who still retained all their native innocence and modesty, were regarded only as wives and mothers. Where qualifications are not *demanded*, they will never be found. The accomplishments of the sex entitled them to no other character; and it had per-

haps been happy for both sexes, if they could have remained in such a state of simplicity.

The Scots, by means of their alliance with France, which had subsisted for several centuries, and that spirit of adventure, which has at all times led them abroad in quest of reputation, civil or military, may be supposed at this time to have been better acquainted with the elegancies of life, than their wealthy and powerful neighbours. Accordingly we find, in the court of James IV. a taste in music, in letters, and in *gallantry*, to which the great monarch of the house of Tudor and his haughty barons were yet strangers.

But the political state of both kingdoms was an insuperable bar to all liberal intercourse. The barons, or chiefs, were hostile to the court, from which they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. They were dreaded by it in their turn; they looked from the walls of their castles with a jealous eye on each other; they never went abroad, but attended by a numerous train of domestics. They visited each other with the state, and the diffidence, of neighbouring princes. Their *marriages* were contracted from family motives, and their courtships were conducted with the greatest *form*, and the most distant respect. They took liberties indeed with the women of inferior condition, and they rioted in thoughtless jollity with their dependents. But the ideas of inferiority and dependance are incompatible with those of society and gallantry.

Henry VII. by curbing the hostile spirit of the barons, by abridging their power, by diminishing their retainers, by extending commerce, by encouraging agriculture, by securing peace to his subjects, at home and abroad, prepared the way for learning, arts, and elegance. But the taste of the nation was not yet ripe for their reception; and the temper of his son, Henry VIII. was not highly favourable to such a revolution. That prince, however, by his taste for tournaments, fostered the spirit of chivalry. By his magnificence and profusion he drew the nobility to court; and, by his interviews with the emperor, and the French king, he roused their emulation of foreign elegance. They were smitten with the love of letters and of gallantry. The Earl of Surrey, in particular, celebrated his *mistress* in his verses, and defended her honour with his sword, against all who dared, with unhallowed lips, to profane her *immaculate* name.

The women in this reign likewise began to discover a taste for literature and politeness. The countess of Richmond, mother to Henry VII. and who survived him, had shewn the way. She translated two pious treatises from the French; and was a great patroness of learning. Elizabeth Blount, mistress to Henry VIII. was a woman of elegant *accomplishments*; and his last queen, Catharine Parr, wrote with facility both in Latin and English, and appears besides to have been a woman of address.

But the house of Sir Thomas More seems, in a
more

more particular manner, to have been the habitation of the Muses, and even of the Graces. He was possessed of all the learning of antiquity, and was pious even to weakness. But neither his religion, nor his learning, soured his temper, nor blunted his taste for society. His ideas of the *female* character would do honour to a gentleman of the present age. "May you meet with a wife not stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense. May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so. A woman, thus accomplished, will be always drawing sentiments and maxims out of the best authors. She will be *herself*, in all the changes of fortune. She will neither be blown up with prosperity, nor broken in adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their *milk*, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will *long* to be at home; and will retire with delight from the society of men, into the *bosom* of a woman, who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, and more particularly if she sings to it any of her own compositions, it will sooth your solitude, and her voice will sound sweeter in your ear, than the song of the nightingale. You will spend whole days and nights with pleasure in her company, and you will be always finding out new beauties in her mind. She will keep your soul in perpetual serenity. She will
restrain

restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from becoming painful."

According to these ideas, he educated his three daughters, whose virtues and talents appear to have merited all his care. They lived for some time in one house, with their father, their husbands, and their children, and formed a society, all things considered, which has seldom, if ever, been equalled, in any age or country; where morals were sublimed by religion; where manners were polished by a sense of elegance, and softened by a desire to please; where friendship was warmed by love, and strengthened by the ties of blood. Their conversation, animated by genius, enriched by learning, and moderated by respect, exulting in the dignity of its object, seemed to approach to that fine transport, which immortal beings may be supposed to feel, in pouring out their contemplations of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. When lighter matters were the subject of discourse, wit had a spring, humour a flow, and sentiment a poignancy, of which those who are always talking of trifles, who hover continually on the surface of the earth, and rove like butterflies from sense to sense, both in their lives and conversations, can have no conception.

The reign of Elizabeth is justly considered as one of the most shining periods in the English history. For purity of manners, vigour of mind, vigour of character, and personal address, it is perhaps unequalled.

The magnificent entertainments, which that illustrious

trious princess so frequently gave her court, and at which she generally appeared in person, with a most engaging familiarity, rubbed off the ancient reserve of the nobility, and increased the taste of society, and even of gallantry. The masculine boldness of her character, however, was unfavourable to female *graces*. The women of her court, like herself, were rather objects of respect than love. Their virtues were severe; their learning and their talents were often great; they had passions, but they knew how to suppress them, or to divert them into the channel of interest or ambition. They did not however want their admirers. Men were less *delicate* in those days.

Spenser, by writing his *Fairy Queen*, revived in Britain the spirit of chivalry, at a time, when it began to expire on the Continent; and Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, refined on that sentiment. The *Fairy Queen* was intended as a compliment to Elizabeth; and the *Arcadia* was dedicated by Sir Philip to his sister, the countess of Pembroke, the most amiable and accomplished woman of her time.

The following ingenious and well-known verses were intended as part of her epitaph:

- " Underneath this sable hearse
- " Lies the subject of all verse,
- " Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother—
- " Death! ere thou hast kill'd another,
- " Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
- " Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Elizabeth

Elizabeth herself was a great and singular character. But she had few qualities to recommend her as a woman, though passionately fond of personal admiration. Nor were her talents, as a writer, either striking or elegant, though she appears to have been ambitious of literary fame. Her ability as a sovereign has been already considered. Her virtues were those of her rank, and of her age; and her weaknesses, those of her sex. They failed, however, to render her amiable.

Mary queen of Scotland, the cotemporary of Elizabeth, and her rival in beauty, in letters, and in sway, though a less perfect, is a more attractive character. While we blame her conduct, she conciliates our affection. Even those who accuse her of guilt, must weep for her misfortunes; and will feel their bosoms swell with indignation against her *inhuman* subjects, and her perfidious protectress, while they read her unhappy story, as told by her enemies.

The return of Mary to her native kingdom, after the death of her husband Francis II. with all the elegancies of France, superadded to the finest natural endowments, made the Scots hope, and not without reason, that literature, arts, and politeness, would arrive at perfection among them, as soon as in any northern nation. But the spirit of fanaticism, that awaked in Scotland about this time, which was attended with such amazing effects, and which spread itself over the whole island—which produced the death of the *lovely* Mary, of the *pious* Charles, and which terminated

terminated in the expulsion of the royal house, threw a cloud over the manners and the studies of that country, which two centuries have scarcely been able to dispel.

The accession of James VI. to the throne of England, contributed still farther to obstruct the progress of civilization in Scotland, and to the decline of the arts in that country. The removal of the court drew the nobility to London, to spend their fortunes, or obtain preferment. Men of genius and learning likewise looked this way.

That event, however, must have contributed to the advancement of society in England; yet not so much as might be expected. The scantiness of James's revenue, together with his want of economy, rendered him unable to support the splendour of a court. It was besides inconsistent with his maxims of policy, and with his temper. He loved to be social with his friends, but hated a crowd; and had rather an aversion to the *company* of women. A mean jealousy, which took place of a generous emulation, between the Scotch and English courtiers, prevented still farther the refinement of manners; which can only be effected by a liberal intercourse.

The nobility and gentry of England are still fonder of a country life, than those of any polished nation in Europe. It prevailed much more then, and was highly encouraged by James. He even issued proclamations, containing severe threatenings, against the
gentry.

gentry who lived in town. By these means, the ancient pride of family was preserved. Men of birth were distinguished by a stateliness of carriage. Much ceremony took place in the ordinary commerce of life; and, as riches acquired by trade were still rare, little familiarity was indulged by the great.

The king's pacific, or rather pusillanimous disposition, though it sunk the national character, was favourable to commerce, and not altogether unfriendly to letters. James himself was a scholar; but he was unhappy in a bad taste, which infected his whole court, and indeed the whole nation. He was fond of metaphysical quibbles, the jingle of words, and every species of false wit. Such a taste is in some measure inseparable from the revival of letters. We admire what is glaring, before we can discern what is beautiful.

The theatre, that great former of manners, and which is formed by them, had been founded by Shakespeare, under the reign of Elizabeth. He was succeeded by Jonson and Fletcher. These writers have seldom painted the manners of their own country, and seldomer those of their own age. But, as they must have endeavoured to please the people to whom they wrote, and as they no doubt knew the taste of the public, we may discern that taste more perfectly in their compositions, than in the barren records of the times.

In the writings of Shakespeare, we find all the
noble

noble spirit of the virgin-reign. Love has its *native* importance, but little more. It is productive of the greatest events, when connected with circumstances; but, when a simple passion, its effects are feeble and transient. He seldom attempts to be wanton. But when he is so, he expresses his meaning in the plainest, and often in the broadest words.

In the writings of Fletcher, love has acquired an *imaginary* power. It is equal to every thing in *itself*, and seems to disregard those circumstances, which alone can give it consequence. He treats of the subject with a grace peculiar to himself; for a genteel education, and a good natural taste, conspired to render him the most elegant writer of his age.

From his comedies we may conclude that love was ambitious of being thought more *important* than it really was; that it had purposes to carry, which it durst not reveal; and which, consequently, suggested the disguise of delicate expression. The duel, we know, had taken place of the tournament; and the intrigue, we may be certain, would not be long behind.

Under Charles I. a good taste in letters, in arts, and in society, began to prevail. The king himself was both a judge and an example of fine writing. He was a lover of painting, music, and architecture; all which he liberally encouraged. But the religious and political disputes, which early in this reign divided the nation, and which brought about the death of the king, and the subversion of the monarchy, diverted

verted the thoughts of men from every elegant pursuit. The dread of popery and arbitrary power, and the hope of heaven and of liberty, threw the whole island into the most violent convulsions, and gave birth to some of the greatest geniuses, and called forth some of the greatest characters, in the history of mankind.

The cavaliers, or royal party, however, notwithstanding the horrors of civil war, maintained a gaiety of temper which was altogether astonishing, and a freedom of manners which too often bordered on licentiousness. But the republicans, though perhaps not infected with fewer vices, and those of a less amiable cast, discover so much vigour of mind, such a resolute spirit of action, a love of freedom, and a contempt of death, that we almost despise the polish of society, even while we detest the cant of hypocrisy.

The most distinguished women of this period, in Britain, were the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Pakington, and Lady Halket.

The Duchess of Newcastle has left us a variety of compositions, both in prose and verse, of no mean character.

Lady Pakington has long been reputed the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, and several other moral and divine treatises; which are written with so much temper, purity, piety, philosophy, and good sense, that she may be justly reckoned the glory of her sex, and an honour to human nature. What greatness of mind

mind and goodness of heart must the person be possessed of, who could deny herself the honour of such works, lest the name of a woman should render them of less service to mankind!

Under the commonwealth, the face of the nation was entirely changed. It experienced a revolution, as complete in manners as in policy. One would have imagined himself in a different world. The theatres were shut. Games, sports, shows, and amusements of every kind were prohibited. Instead of the voice of mirth and joy, nothing was to be heard but groans, sighs, prayers, and spiritual songs. All liberal knowledge, ornamental learning, gentility of manner, elegance of dress, and all superfluity in eating and drinking were proscribed, as carnal vanities, and as the accomplices of sin and Satan. All ranks, ages, and sexes were confounded. The illuminations of the spirit placed all on a level. The leaders of the republic prayed, or exhorted one while, and listened the next to the meanest of the people.

Women were often teachers. Those *fair divines*, by reason of their finer feelings and more vivid imaginations, were often carried into the most extraordinary severities, and the wildest enthusiasm. They were not contented with laying aside the allurements of their sex, but they condemned themselves to humiliation and fasting, for the wandering of their hearts.

Love, under the commonwealth, was a mixture of cant and hypocrisy. Never was beauty so much in disgrace.

disgrace. It was not only denied all adventitious ornaments and excellencies, but even the advantages of nature were subject of reproach. It was forbid to please : and it was criminal to consider it as an object of desire.

The emotions of nature were considered as the struggles of original guilt ; and beauty was viewed as a *spell* in the hands of Satan, to seduce the hearts of the faithful.

But the restoration of monarchy made ample amends to beauty for the indignities of the commonwealth. The reign of Charles II. may be considered, in one light, as the most glorious æra to women in the history of Britain, and as the most debasing in another. They were never so much *caressed* ; never so little *respected*.

Charles himself had a susceptible, but changeable heart ; a social temper, a genteel manner, and a lively wit. His courtiers partook much of the character of their master. They had all suffered the pressure of adversity, or felt the insolence of pious tyranny. They began to think that christianity was a fable ; that virtue was a cheat ; that friendship and generosity were but words of course ; and, in greedily enjoying their change of fortune, they sunk themselves beneath the dignity of men. In avoiding spiritual pride, and in retaliating selfishness, they departed from the essential principles of religion and morals ; and, by contrasting the language and the manners of hypocrisy,
the

they shamelessly violated the laws of decency and decorum.

Overjoyed at the return of their sovereign, the whole royal party dissolved in thoughtless jollity; and even many of the republicans, particularly the younger class, and the women, were glad to be relieved from the gloomy austerity of the commonwealth. A general relaxation of manners took place. *Pleasure* became the universal object, and love the prevailing taste; but that love was rather an *appetite* than a passion. Beauty, unconnected with virtue, was its object: it was therefore void of honour and attachment. In consequence of such manners, female virtue, robbed of its reward, became rather a mode of behaviour, to inflame desire, or procure elevation, than a sentiment or principle; and, of course, sooner or later, was either sacrificed to inclination or to caprice.

But these observations, in their full extent, must only be understood of the court. The greater part of the gentry still resided on their estates in the country, equally strangers to the pleasures of the court and town; and one half of the island was filled with indignation at the vices of Whitehall. The stage, which generally takes its complexion from the court, was a continued scene of sensuality, blasphemy, and absurdity.

The free intercourse, however, of all ranks of men, from the king to the commoner, improved the talent of society, and polished the language of conversation.

Gallantry,

Gallantry, licentious as it was, produced a habit of politeness; and from the irregular, and even impious freedom of writing and thinking, sprung many strokes of real genius, and a liberal spirit of enquiry, whose researches and experiments have benefited mankind, and carried philosophy and the sciences to a height that does honour to modern times.

The women of this reign, as may be expected from the taste of the men, were more solicitous about adorning their persons, than their minds. But the frequent intercourse between the sexes in some measure compensated that neglect. By such a commerce they became more easy, more free, more lively, and more capable of conversation, than the women of any preceding age. They had less learning, but more accomplishments; and, perhaps, more genius. They wanted nothing but virtue to have made their memories immortal; and, notwithstanding the general depravity, there were some who trod the narrow path, whose taste and sentiments were uncorrupted, and whose names still live in their writings, and in the verses of their cōtemporaries.

The reign of James II. was too short to have any distinct character. It is only singular for the blind bigotry, and blinder disposition of the prince, which roused the minds of men from the delirium of pleasure, in which they had been lost, and brought about the Revolution.

Under William III. the effects of that change were

visible on the manners. The nation returned to what may be called its natural state. An attention to just politics, to sound philosophy and true religion, characterise the æra of British liberty.

William himself was of a gloomy temper, and had a *dislike* to the company of women. The intercourse of the sexes, and those amusements which are its consequence, were therefore little countenanced during his reign. By these means the ladies had more time for the pursuits of learning and knowledge; and they made use of it accordingly. Many of them became adepts in the sciences. Lady Masham, and Mary Astell, in particular, discussed with judgment and ability the most abstract points in metaphysics and divinity.

These two ladies differed on a very delicate point. Mary affirmed that we ought to love with *desire* God only, every other love being *sinful*. Lady Masham opposed that doctrine as a dangerous refinement. Each had her abettors. Miss Astell was supported by Mr. Norris, and Lady Masham by Mr. Locke.—They were both great advocates for the learning of women; and their arguments and example appear to have roused many of the sex to a more serious attention to religion and morality.

The reign of Queen Anne may be said to have been the summer, of which William's was only the spring. Every thing was ripened; nothing was corrupted. It was a short, but glorious period of heroism and
national

national capacity, of taste and science, learning and genius, of gallantry without licentiousness, and politeness without effeminacy.

One is in doubt which most to admire in the women of this reign, the manners, the talents, or the accomplishments. They were religious without severity, and without enthusiasm. They were learned without pedantry. They were intelligent and attractive, without neglecting the duties of their sex. They were elegant and entertaining, without levity. In a word, they joined the graces of society to the knowledge of letters, and the virtues of domestic life. They were friends and companions, without ceasing to be wives and mothers.

In support of the foregoing character of the British ladies under the reign of Queen Anne, we need only add the names of Lady Chudleigh, Lady Winchelsea, the Honourable Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Bovey, and Stella.

Of these ladies, Mrs. Bovey is perhaps the least known, as she has left no writings, and had no poetical lover to spread her name. She is, however, very handsomely complimented by Sir Richard Steele, in the dedication of the second volume of the *Ladies Library*; and Mrs. Manley gives the following elegant character of her in *The New Atalantis*: “ Her person
“ has as many charms as can be desired. Her air, her
“ manner, her judgment, her wit, her conversation,
“ are admirable. Her sense is solid and perspicuous.
“ She is so perfect an œconomist, that, in taking in

“all the greater duties of life, she does not disdain to stoop to the most inferior. In short, she knows all that a man can know, without despising what, as a woman, she ought not to be ignorant of.”

Under George I. the manners of the nation were sensibly changed; but not so much as the national spirit. The South Sea scheme, and other mercenary projects, produced a passion of avarice, and a taste of luxury, which prepared the way for all the corruptions of the following reign.

The delirium of riches was beyond what the most extravagant imagination can conceive. Any scheme, however absurd, met with encouragement, if it only proposed sufficient advantages. All ranks and conditions, and even *women*, resorted to 'Change Alley, with the looks of harpies ready to seize upon their prey; but, in reality, the victims of their own credulity and sordid passions. The peers of the realm became stock-jobbers, and its ministers brokers. Public virtue was lost in the visions of private benefit. Letters fell into contempt, though supported by the greatest examples of successful genius. Love grew *covetous*, and beauty *venal*.

There were, however, in this reign, many women of liberal and elegant talents; among the first of whom may be ranked Lady Mary W. Montague, so well known for her spirited poems, and ingenious letters.

Under George II. the debasement of mind discovered

covered itself more fully in the manners. Corruption became general.

The Revolution had restrained the powers of the prince within such narrow limits, that a coalition of parties, or the absolute superiority of one, was essential to carry the measures of government; and, as the opposition, or country party, began to gather strength, the political machine was in danger of standing still by counteracting forces. It was therefore necessary that there should be an ascendancy. It was likewise, perhaps, necessary that it should be on the side of the court.

At this crisis Sir Robert Walpole, an artful and able minister, a lover of peace, and an encourager of commerce, found means to increase the influence of the crown, without enlarging the prerogative. But he did it at the expence of the virtues of the people; and his example has been followed by all succeeding ministers. He took advantage of that spirit of avarice and luxury which he had fostered. The treasury was let loose at elections. A majority was obtained of the refuse of both parties; of men determined to support the measures of the court, in defiance of conscience, honour, and honesty, and who were only formidable by the number of their voices. Places and pensions were multiplied to reward the mercenary tribe; and men of ability and integrity were deprived of their employments, to make way for those who were destitute of both.

When virtue and talents are no longer the means of honour and preferment, they naturally disappear in the public walks of life: they are only to be found in the solitary shade. Character ceased to create distinction. The effect of such a want of sentiment may easily be conceived. Patriotism became the common object of ridicule; and virtue and genius were made the butt of ignorance, dulness, and profligacy.

As the manners of the two sexes generally keep pace with each other, in proportion as the men grew *regardless* of character, the women *neglected* the duties of their sex. Though little inclined to *hoarding*, they are not perhaps less disposed to avarice than men. Gold to them is desirable, as the minister of vanity, voluptuousness, and show. It became their supreme object, and the only source of the matrimonial union, to the exclusion of that tender sentiment, which alone can give strength to the sacred tie, or pleasure to the nuptial state. The young, the beautiful, the healthful, were wedded, though not always with their own consent, to age, deformity, and disease. Virtue was joined to profligacy, and wantonness to severity.

Such marriages were necessarily destructive of domestic felicity. The want of cordiality at home, naturally leads us abroad; as the want of happiness in ourselves, leads us to seek it in externals, and to torture imagination for the gratification of appetites, which, undepraved, are simple and uniform. New
amusements

amusements and societies of pleasure were every day formed; new modes of dissipation were invented; the order of nature was changed; night and day were inverted; fancy and language were exhausted for names to the assemblies of politeness and gallantry.

Nothing is so oppressive as time to the unhappy, or thought to the vacant mind. These were not all enough. They seemed afraid of themselves, and of each other. The husband had one set of visitors; the wife another. He prosecuted his pleasures abroad: she entertained her friends at home; or resorted to some public amusement, or private pleasure.

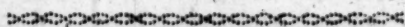
A spirit of gaming, which mingled itself with dissipation and pleasure, afforded a pretence for nocturnal meetings. And gaming, it must be acknowledged, discovers the temper, ruffles the passions, corrupts the heart, and breaks down the strongest barrier of virtue—a decent reserve between the sexes.

At present, we presume, that, notwithstanding the relaxation of manners, the aversion to whatever is ferocious, the thirst of admiration, and the neglect of those qualities which produce esteem, so conspicuous in some; yet the generality of our fair countrywomen possess the domestic virtues in a considerable degree of perfection. Infidelity is not so common as some *libertines* would endeavour to persuade us; and elopements are stronger proofs of sensibility than the want of shame.

In this island, and even in the *metropolis*, there are many women who would have done honour to any age

or country ; who join a refined taste and a cultivated understanding to a feeling heart, and who adorn their talents and their sensibility with sentiments of virtue, honour, and humanity. We have women who could have reasoned with Locke, who might have disputed the laurel with Pope, and to whom Addison would have listened with pleasure.

Even in the middle of opulence, and of that luxury which too often mingles avarice with state, which narrows the heart, and makes it at the same time vain and cruel, we see women who yearly set apart a portion of their substance for the poor ; who make it their business to find out the abodes of misery, and who number among their pleasures the relief of the orphan, and the tears shed in the consolation of the widow.



C H A P. XLIV.

ON THE PRIVILEGES OF BRITISH WOMEN.

THOUGH the French and Italians are superior to the inhabitants of Great Britain in politeness and in elegance, yet the condition of their women, upon the whole, is not preferable. Such privileges and immunities as they derive from the influence of politeness, the British derive from the laws of their country.

In France, the Salique law does not allow a female

female to inherit the crown. But in England, a woman may be the first personage in the kingdom, may succeed to the crown in her own right, and in that case, not bound by any of the laws which restrain women, she may enjoy the same powers and privileges as a king. Such a queen, if she marry, retains also the same power, issues the orders, and transacts the business of the state in her own name, and continues still the sovereign, while her husband is only a subject.

When a king succeeds in his own right to the crown, and marries, his queen is then only a subject, and her rights and privileges are not near so extensive. She is exempted, however, from the general laws, which exclude married women from having any property in their own right. She may sue any person at law, without joining her husband in the suit; she may purchase lands; she may sell and convey them to another person, without the interference of her husband; she may have a separate property in goods and in lands, and may dispose of these by will, as if she were a single woman. On the commission of any crime, however, she may be tried and punished by the peers of the realm.

To violate the chastity of the queen, of the consort of the prince of Wales, or of the eldest daughter of the king, although with their own consent, is high treason, and punishable accordingly. The younger *daughters*, as well as sons of the king, are hardly other-

wife distinguished by the laws, than by having the precedence of all other subjects in public ceremonies.

A peeress, when guilty of any crime, cannot be tried but by the house of peers.

A woman, who is noble in her own right, cannot lose her nobility by marrying the meanest plebeian. She communicates her nobility to her children, but not to her husband.

She who is only ennobled by marrying a peer, loses that nobility, if she afterwards marry a commoner.

She who first marries a duke or other peer of a superior order, and afterwards a simple baron, is still allowed to retain her first title, and the privileges annexed to it; for the law considers all peers as equals.

By the courtesy of this country, the wives of baronets are called ladies, a title superior to that of their husbands, but at the same time a title to which they have no legal right, being in all judicial writs and proceedings only denominated Dame such-a-one, according to the names of their husbands.

The law of England ordains, that if a man courts a woman, promises to marry her, and afterwards marries another, she may, by bringing an action against him, recover such damages, as a jury shall think adequate to the loss she has sustained. In Scotland, she may receive one half of the fortune he receives with his wife. On the other hand, as it sometimes happens that artful women draw on the more fond and silly part of our sex to make them valuable presents under pretence of marriage,

riage, and afterwards laugh at or refuse to marry them;—a man, who has been so bubbled, may sue the woman to return the presents he made her, because they were presumed to have been conditionally given, and she has failed in performing her part of the condition.

Wives cannot be imprisoned for debt, nor deprived of their personal liberty for any thing but crimes; and even such of these as subject the offender only to a pecuniary punishment must be expiated by the husband.

No married woman is liable to pay any debt, even though contracted without the knowledge, or against the consent, of her husband. And, what is still more extraordinary, whatever debts she may have contracted while single, devolve, the moment of her marriage, upon the hapless spouse, who, like the scape-goat, is loaded by the priest who performs the ceremony with all the sins and extravagances of his wife.

It is a common opinion among the vulgar, that a general warning in the Gazette, or in a news-paper, will exempt a man from the payment of such debts as are contracted by his wife without his knowledge. But this opinion is without any good foundation. Particular warnings, however, given in writing, have been held as good exemptions. But such are of little advantage to a husband, as his wife may always find people to give her credit, whom the husband has not cautioned against it.

When a husband forces his wife to leave him by

cruel usage, she may claim a separate maintenance. While she enjoys this, he is not liable to pay any of her debts.

If a husband, conscious of having used his wife ill, will not allow her to go out of his house, or carries her away, or keeps her concealed, in order to prevent her endeavouring to find redress of the evils that she suffers, her friends may, in that case, by applying to the court of King's Bench, obtain an order for the husband to produce his wife before the said court: and if she there swears the peace against him, she delivers herself from his jurisdiction, and he cannot compel her to live with him, but the court will grant her an order to live where she pleases.

Among the Romans, among several other ancient nations, and among some people in the present times, it is not deemed culpable for a husband to kill the man whom he surprises committing adultery with his wife. By the laws of England, he who kills such a man is reckoned guilty of manslaughter; but, in consequence of the great provocation given, the court commonly orders the sentence of burning on the hand to be inflicted in the slightest manner.

A husband is not allowed to leave his wife, without shewing sufficient cause. For if he does so, she may enter a suit against him for the restitution of the rights of marriage: and the spiritual court will compel him to return, to live with her, and to restore them.

A husband cannot devise by his will such of his wife's

ornaments

ornaments and jewels as she is accustomed to wear; though it has been held that he may, if he pleases, dispose of them in his lifetime.

A husband is liable to answer all such actions at law as were attached against his wife at the time of their marriage, and also to pay all the debts she had contracted previous to that period. But if his wife shall happen to die before he has made payment of such debts, the compact which made them one flesh, and blended their interests into one, being dissolved, the husband is thereby absolved from paying her antenuptial debts.

Though a woman marries the meanest plebeian, she does not lose the rank which she derived from her birth. But though she be descended of the lowest of the human race herself, she may by marriage be raised, in this country, to any rank beneath the sovereignty.

No woman can by marriage confer a settlement in any parish on her husband. But every man who has a legal settlement himself, confers the same settlement by marriage on his wife.

It is no uncommon thing, in the present times, for the matrimonial bargain to be made so, as that the wife shall retain the sole and absolute power of enjoying and disposing of her own fortune, in the same manner as if she were not married. But what is more inequitable, the husband is liable to pay all the debts which his wife may think proper to burden him with, even though she have abundance of her own to answer that purpose. He is, also, obliged to maintain her, though her circumstances

cumstances be more opulent than his; and if he die before her, she has a right to one third of his real estate. If, however, she die before him, he is not entitled to the value of one single halfpenny, unless she has devised it to him by will.

One of the most peculiar disadvantages in the condition of British women is, their being postponed to all males in the succession to the inheritance of landed estates, and generally allowed much smaller shares than the men even of the money and effects of their fathers and ancestors, when this money or those effects are given them in the lifetime of their parents, or devised to them by will. If the father, indeed, dies intestate, they share equally with sons in all personal property.

When an estate, in default of male heirs, descends to the daughters, the common custom of England is that the eldest shall not, in the same manner as an eldest son, inherit the whole, but all the daughters shall have an equal share in it. Westmoreland, however, and some other places, are exceptions to this general rule. The eldest daughter, there, succeeds to the whole of the land, in preference to all the other sisters.

Women are not allowed to be members of our senate, nor to concern themselves much with our trades and professions. Both in their virgin and married state, a perpetual guardianship is, in some measure, exercised over them: and she who, having laid a husband in the grave, enjoys an independent fortune, is almost the only woman among us, who can be called *entirely* free.

They

They derive the greater part of the power which they enjoy, from their charms; and these, when joined to sensibility, often fully compensate, in this respect, for the little disadvantages they are laid under by law and custom.



C H A P. XLV.

ON FEMALE KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE is to the mind what light is to the body; and a blind is just so much less shocking than an ignorant woman, as her mental are superior to her corporeal powers.

This species of accomplishment has been ridiculed, as raising the sex above that sphere where nature seems to have fixed their movements. - Such is the paradox which has occasioned so much illiberality and sarcasm, and on which every woman of more knowledge than ordinary has been so often represented as a pedant.

Learning, it is also said, would improve women's talents of address, and only make them worse by rendering them more artful. This is likewise an idea which no man, who enjoys the conversation and friendship of modest and good women, ever indulged. Whoever has the least regard for decency and truth, and is not destitute of all relish for the happiness which springs from the chaste sensibilities of an unpolluted heart, must

must own he has suffered much more from the selfishness and cunning of men than from any bad qualities in women. Indeed, the present situation of both, in this country, renders it impossible to be otherwise. The masculine character is peculiarly obnoxious to the petrifying influence of vulgar opinion. Our young men are soon intoxicated with the fallacious maxims either of the gay or the busy world; and both *extremes* are equally pernicious to *social* excellence. Ideas of the meanest and most sordid tendency absorb their minds at a very early period, which often render them ever after callous to the workings of humanity. With a strong predilection for wealth, independence, or libertinism, they cheerfully prostitute all the powers of their minds and all the feelings of their hearts, in acquiring one or all of these objects. This unavoidably plunges them into all the machinations of pride, all the intrigues of gallantry, all the intricacies, *risques*, and vicissitudes of business. *Sentiment* consequently loses its weight, and sensibility its edge. Interest triumphs in the absence of principle, and nature relinquishes her dominion to art.

The most engaging dispositions of the female mind seldom undergo such a total revolution. If we except a few of the most perverse and unrelenting tempers, women, who are not flagrantly vicious, have seldom bad hearts. Their attachments, which constitute the most comfortable circumstance in domestic life, when innocent and undissembled, are more lasting and fervent than ours.

Let

Let no ribaldry, therefore, however plausible and fallacious, divert the attention of females from intellectual improvement. In youth, all the powers of sensual or pleasurable enjoyments are mature, and decline only as the passions cool. Then let the fair furnish themselves with a stock of other and more durable materials, that they may live with satisfaction, when these are no more.

It is when her fibres, and juices, and salts are tender and genial, that the earth receives her seed, that the laws of vegetation operate, and that all those plants take root and spring, which afterwards fill her bosom with plenty, and her face with beauty. Nor is there one barren or blighted spot, or any part of her surface more perfectly bleak and dismal, than a mind involved in ignorance, or benumbed with insensibility.

In the season of youth, therefore, ladies should make it their study to cultivate their minds in such a manner, as to render their intrinsic value as *substantial*, as they wish their exterior to be *amiable*. Knowledge improves the human intellect, and endows it with all its excellence. It unmask's to our view our own natures. It shews us what we are, and discloses all that can be hoped or dreaded from the circumstances we are in. By the regulations it prescribes, and the delicacy it inspires, knowledge improves our taste for society, and imparts a finer relish to all our mutual attachments. It is the inseparable handmaid of happiness; opens a thousand avenues to indulgence of the purest and most exalted kind;

kind ; unlocks to human view the mysteries of Providence ; creates an heaven on earth ; adds to the joys of the present the hopes of futurity ; and when the objects of this world expire on the senses, fills the whole heart with the glorious and animating prospects of another.

Without knowledge the possessions of time were imperfect, and the presages of eternity unsatisfying. Speak, ye who are old and uninformed, do not all things appear insipid ? Your passions have lost their fire, your feelings their edge, your very senses the natural relish of their respective objects. Worse, not better, for all you have seen and heard, in the various stages of life, your every thought must be as insipid to others, as it is to yourselves. And, of all the empty prattle which fills an empty world, that of second childhood, because least natural and innocent, is most tiresome and impertinent. Yet, under a hoary head, the sacred and venerable emblem of wisdom and experience, how frequently do we meet with nothing but stupidity, puerility, insignificance, a mind continually out of humour, and a tongue that never is at rest !

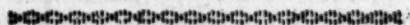
Women can never arrive at that importance seemingly designed them by nature, while their genius is not cultivated, and their latent qualities called forth into view. Visible qualities, such as beauty, and the art of shewing it to advantage, may, in those moments when the heart is softened by love, or the spirits elevated by wine, give the women a temporary ascendancy over
the

the men, and enable them to bend them at pleasure; as in the case of *Thais* and *Alexander*. Such an ascendancy, however, is commonly fleeting and transient. Cool reason soon resumes the place which passion had usurped; and the empire, which had been built on passion, tumbles like the baseless fabric of a vision; while that which is supported by *mental beauties*, stands the test of time, and the various incidents of life.

The sum of all human prudence is to provide against the worst. Personal beauty soon dies; but that which is intellectual is immortal. And though age be almost every where attended with gray hairs, shattered teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, and a shrivelled skin—there is a charm in wisdom, which, with all these melancholy circumstances, diffuses a pleasing serenity over the evening of our days. Indeed, nothing is so truly respectable as this period of humanity, when dignified, as it ought to be, by all the habits and principles of genuine benignity and honour. Age is then wisdom combined with experience. It is the very spirit or sum of all earthly perfection. It is an emblem, or earnest, of that future and divine fruition, which is the certain consequence, and happy consummation, of all mental and moral excellence.

Thus it is from knowledge alone, that the greatest and the best have found even solitude and retirement so singularly charming, and that the decline of life, with all its infirmities, so frequently glides away amidst the
sweetest

sweetest endearments and the serenest hopes. It is this which constitutes the only real and lasting distinction, which can subsist between mortals of the same species; which neither rank, nor title, nor fortune, however high or splendid, can destroy or confer; and which, on every emergency, gives an obvious and decided superiority to wealth, or power, or grandeur. By knowledge, women, as well as men, share the prerogative of intelligence, hold the dominion of the world, boast the lineaments of divinity, and aspire to an imitation of him who made them!



CHAP. XLVI.

OF FEMALE CULTURE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, IN DIFFERENT AGES.

AMONG the Greeks, their mothers, or other female relations, taught young ladies the common female employments and customs of their country, and instilled into the minds of such as would receive it, a tincture of that stoical pride and heroism, for which their men were so much renowned. In every thing else they were very deficient, and their constant confinement added want of knowledge of the world to their want of education.

In the earlier periods of the great republic of Rome, the Romans being poor, and surrounded with rude and ferocious neighbours like themselves, were obliged to learn

learn rigid œconomy, inflexible patriotism, and the art of war. These are all virtues of necessity in the infancy of almost every state.

The duties and employments of domestic life, such as cookery, spinning, weaving, and sewing, were taught the Roman women by their mothers or relations. These also superintended not only their serious studies, but even their amusements, which were always conducted with decency and moderation. But when the Romans became rich with the plunder of their neighbours, the taste for the arts and sciences became more general. The education of the women, therefore, began to be extended on a larger scale. To the domestic duties, taught them by their mothers, were added such parts of polite education as were thought necessary for cultivating their minds.

Cicero mentions, with high encomiums, several ladies, whose taste in eloquence and philosophy did honour to their sex; and Quintilian, with considerable applause, has quoted some of the letters of Cornelia.

There is a speech of Hortensia, preserved by Apian, which for elegance of language, and justness of thought, would have done honour to a Cicero, or a Demosthenes. What gave occasion to this speech, was the following circumstance: the triumvirs of Rome wanted a large sum of money for carrying on a war, and having met with great difficulties in raising it, they drew up a list of fourteen hundred of the richest of the ladies, intending to tax them. These ladies,
after

after having in vain tried every method to evade so great an innovation, at last chose Hortensia for their speaker, and went along with her to the market-place, where she thus addressed the triumvirs, while they were administering justice.

“ The unhappy women you see here imploring your justice and bounty, would never have presumed to appear in this place, had they not first made use of all other means, which their natural modesty could suggest to them. Though our appearing may seem contrary to the rules of decency prescribed to our *sex*, which we have hitherto observed with all strictness; yet the loss of our fathers, children, brothers, and husbands, may sufficiently excuse us, especially when their unhappy deaths are made a pretence for our further misfortunes. You pretend they had offended and provoked you. But what injury have we women done, that we must be impoverished? If we are blameable as the men, why do you not proscribe us too? Have we declared you enemies to your country? Have we suborned your soldiers, raised troops against you, or opposed you in the pursuits of those honours and offices which you claim? We pretend not to govern the republic; nor is it our ambition, which has drawn the present misfortunes on our heads. Empire, dignities, and honours are not for *us*. Why should we then contribute to a war, in which we have no manner of *interest*?

“ It is true, indeed, that in the Carthaginian war,

our mothers assisted the republic, which was, at that time, reduced to the utmost distress. But neither their houses, their lands, nor their moveables, were sold for that service. Some rings and a few jewels furnished the supply. Nor was it constraint, nor violence, that forced these from them. What they contributed was the voluntary offering of generosity.

“What danger at present threatens Rome? If the Gauls, or Parthians, were encamped on the banks of the Tiber, or the Anio, you should find us no less zealous in the defence of our country, than our mothers were before us. But it becomes not us; and we are resolved that we will not be any way concerned in civil war.

“Neither Marius, nor Cæsar, nor Pompey, ever thought of obliging us to take part in the domestic troubles, which their ambition had raised. Even Sylla himself, who first set up tyranny in Rome, never harboured such an intention. And yet you assume the glorious title of *Reformers of the State*! a title which will turn to your eternal infamy; if, without the least regard to the laws of equity, you persist in your wicked resolution of plundering those of their lives and fortunes, who have given you no just cause of offence.”

The triumvirs being offended at the boldness of the women, ordered them to be driven away. But the populace growing tumultuous, they were afraid of an insurrection, and reduced the list of the women to be taxed to four hundred.

During

During the reign of chivalry in Europe, women endeavoured only to acquire such accomplishments as would excite heroes to fight for, and lovers to adore them. So far were they from possessing any literary attainments, that they could hardly read the language of their respective countries.

In the following age, the ladies found that the same arts, which captivated a knight clad in armour and ignorance, were in vain practised upon the enlightened scholar and philosopher. Being conscious, therefore, that the way to please the men was to seem fond of what they approved of, and dislike what they disliked, they applied themselves to letters and philosophy, hoping to keep possession, by their talents, of what they had gained by their charms. Though these measures were not calculated to inspire love, and attract the heart, and consequently did not produce the effects which the ladies intended, yet they raised them in that period to a pitch of learning, unknown in any other.

A love of gaiety, expence, and parade, was introduced into Europe, by the immense treasures of gold and silver imported from America, after the discovery and conquest of that country; and, perhaps, by the still greater riches accumulated by commerce. The French took the lead in this new mode of life, and soon disseminated it all over Europe. The education of their women, which before consisted in reading their own language, and in learning needle-work, was by degrees changed to vocal and instrumental music,
7 dancing

dancing, and dressing in the most fashionable manner; to which may be added, the art of captivating and governing their men. This flimsy pattern was copied by every other nation.

In Asia and Africa, it is the interest of the men that almost no culture should be bestowed on the minds of their females, lest it should teach them to assert the rights of nature, and refuse to submit to the yoke of bondage so unjustly imposed upon them. They are, however, taught all the personal graces; and particular care is taken to instruct them in the art of conversing with elegance and vivacity. Some of them are also taught to write, and the generality to read, that they may be able to read the *Koran*. But, instead of this, they more frequently spend their time in reading tales and romances; which, being related in all the lively imagery of the east, seldom fail to corrupt the minds of creatures shut up from the world, and consequently forming to themselves extravagant and romantic notions of all that is transacted in it.

Though they are never permitted to attend public worship in a mosque, they are obliged to learn by heart some prayers in Arabic, which they assemble in a hall at certain hours to repeat. They are enjoined always to wash themselves before praying; and, indeed, the virtues of cleanliness, of chastity, and obedience, are so strongly and constantly inculcated on their minds, that, in spite of their general corruption

of manners, there are several among them who, in their common deportment, do credit to the instructions bestowed upon them. This indeed is not much to be wondered at, when we consider the tempting recompence that is held out to them. They are, in paradise, to flourish for ever, in the vigour of youth and beauty; and however old, ugly, or deformed, when they depart this life, are there to be immediately transformed into all that is fair, and all that is graceful.

It is a very laborious task to learn to read or write the Chinese language. Even among the men, it seems chiefly confined to such as aspire after employments of state. Women are seldom much instructed in it. Such as are rich, however, learn music, the modes of behaviour, and ceremonial punctilios of the country. The last of these cannot possibly be dispensed with. A failure in the least circumstance, as the number of bows, or the manner of making them, to a superior, would infallibly stamp the mark of ignorance on the person so failing. Women are, in general, also taught a bashfulness and modesty of behaviour, not to be met with in any other country.

In many parts of North America, they never beat their children of either sex. This, they say, would only weaken and dispirit their minds, without producing any good effect. When, therefore, a mother sees her daughter behave ill, instead of having recourse to a rod, she falls *a-crying*. The daughter naturally enquires the cause. The mother answers, because you disgrace

disgrace me. This reproach seldom fails to produce an amendment.

Gentle treatment of children, we are informed, is absolutely necessary. The punishments inflicted in most other nations, only make the Japanese more stubborn and refractory; and sometimes there, as well as in America, provoke them to commit suicide.

The sum of what has been said is this:—The education of women in Europe is perhaps too much calculated to inspire them with love of admiration, of trifling, and of amusement. In most other places of the globe it is infinitely worse. It tends to eradicate every moral sentiment, and introduce vice dressed up in the garb of voluptuous refinement.

That women should pore out their fair eyes in becoming adepts in learning, would be highly improper. Nature seems not to have intended them for the more intense and severe studies. The gaining of the laurels of literary fame would rob their brows of many of those charms, which to them are more valuable, as they are by men more esteemed. Ignorance makes a female contemptible, pedantry makes her ridiculous. Both extremes should be avoided.

C H A P. XLVII.

ON THE NECESSARY MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS
OF LADIES.

THE degree of those intellectual accomplishments, which women should aim at, it is not easy to determine. That must depend on the capacities, opportunities, and encouragements which they severally enjoy.

History, in which may be included biography and memoirs, ought to employ a considerable share of female attention. Those pictures which it exhibits, of the passions operating in real life, and genuine characters; of virtues to be imitated, and of vices to be shunned; of the effects of both on society and individuals; of the mutability of human affairs; of the conduct of divine providence; of the great consequences that often arise from little events; of the weakness of power, and the wanderings of prudence, in the human race; with the sudden, unexpected, and frequently unaccountable revolutions, that dash triumphant wickedness, or disappoint presumptuous hope—the pictures which *history* exhibits of all these, have been ever reckoned, by the best judges, among the richest sources of instruction and entertainment.

Voyages and travels, too, are very instructive and entertaining. How amusing are they to curiosity,
how

how enlarging to our prospects of mankind! They interest the mind as much as a novel. They make it usefully inquisitive, and furnish it with matter for reflection.

There is not a son nor daughter of Adam that has not occasion for *geography*. It is often useful in conversation; and a competent knowledge of it may be acquired with little application, but much amusement.

The principal facts or great outlines of *astronomy*, are beautiful, as well as improving. Some of them present the most interesting scenes. All contain the most pleasing discoveries. They open and enlarge the mind; they dilate and humanize the heart; they remind us that we are citizens of the universe; they shew us how small a part we fill in the immense orb of being. Amidst the amplitude of such contemplations, superfluous titles shrink away. Wealth and grandeur "hide their diminished heads." A generous ambition rises in the thoughtful mind, to approve itself to the all-inspecting eye of *him*, to whom none of his works are indifferent.

In *poetry* of all kinds, but chiefly of the sublimer forms, where nature, virtue, and religion are painted and embellished with all the beauties of a chaste, yet elevated imagination, what a field is opened within the reach, and adapted to the turn, of the female faculties! What a profusion of intellectual ornament is spread before them, for memory to collect, and for reflection to work upon! How many sprightly, de-

lightful, and lofty ideas do here pass before the mental eye, all dressed in the brightest colours! How strangely inexcusable must those be, who complain at any time of want of amusement, when the genius and invention of every illuminated age have taken such happy pains to supply the noblest.

How much are both sexes indebted to the elegant pens of the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *Connoisseur*, *Idler*, &c. for a species of instruction, better fitted perhaps than most others of human device, to delight and improve at the same moment! Such is its extent, its diversity, its familiarity, its ease, its playful manner, its immediate reference to scenes and circumstances, with which we are every day conversant.

There are few novels that can be read with safety; and fewer still that convey any useful instruction. But as ladies will read novels, the best and most innocent productions of this kind are those of *Mr. Richardson*, *Mr. Cumberland*, and *Miss Burney*; *Mrs. Helme's Louisa*, and *Miss Blower's Features from Life*; *the Recess*, *Caroline of Lichfield*, *the Vicar of Wakefield*, and a few others.

The most obvious branches both of *natural philosophy*, and *natural history*, should engage, at least, some portion of time. That they are so seldom and so slightly thought of, is rather a melancholy reflection. Does creation, through her infinitely extended and infinitely diversified scenery, display innumerable wonders? Have these been traced with skill and accuracy

racy by many learned and many laborious hands? Are they laid open to us, and almost pressed upon us, from every quarter? And can we, with a giddy eye, turn away from this noble and entertaining spectacle, to gaze on the meanest ornament of beauty, or the silliest pageant of vanity?

Whilst I am on this subject, I cannot help taking notice of *Mr. Dinwiddie's* superior talents, and laudable exertions, in this branch of science; who, at his lecture-room in Portugal-Street, Lincoln-Inn-Fields, blends the most ingenious remarks with the most useful and entertaining experiments, to a genteel, attentive, and often *astonished* audience of both sexes. Where can an evening be spent to better purpose?

The French and Italian, as well as the Latin and Greek languages, may be read by the fair sex with much pleasure and advantage. By this means their taste will be improved, and a never-failing source of instruction will be opened. Several ladies of *rank* and *fashion*, of the present day, make Virgil and Homer their *companions*, two or three mornings every week.

The *theatre*, which by the indefatigable labour of the late Mr. Garrick is brought to very great perfection, affords an equally rational and improving entertainment. The judgment of ladies is not now called in question, their understanding is not affronted, nor is their modesty offended, by the indecent ribaldry of those authors, who to their defect in wit have added the want of good sense and of good manners.

Faults of this kind, that, from a blameable compliance with a corrupted taste, have sometimes crept into the works of good writers, are now generally rectified or omitted on the stage. Since, however, there are some exceptionable plays, it is better to be present only at those, which are approved by persons of understanding and virtue, as calculated to answer the proper end of the theatre, namely, that of conveying instruction in the most pleasing method.

Tragedy is designed to ennoble, refine, and expand the best affections of the heart, to render our natures susceptible and sympathetic, and to teach by example the most interesting lessons of humanity.

Comedy has a tendency to familiarize the ductile minds of young ladies to what may be called the elegant and fashionable minutiae of life. The best definition of this species of the drama perhaps is, that, when properly executed, it consists in a just exhibition of the truest politeness, not extracted from the dull prescriptions of formal pedagogues, but as daily practised by the *genteelest* company.

One half hour, or more, either before or immediately after breakfast, should be constantly devoted to the attentive perusal of some part of *Holy Writ*. It is the basis on which our religion is founded. From this practice more real benefit will be reaped, than can be supposed by those who have never made the experiment.

The

The scriptures present religion to us in the most engaging dress. They communicate truths, which philosophy could never investigate, and in a style, which poetry can never equal. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of *Him*, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna that descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance. But the scriptures, those unfading plants of paradise, the more we are accustomed to them, become still more and more beautiful. Their bloom appears to be daily heightened. Fresh odours are diffused; and new sweets extracted from them.

The scriptures have been studied and admired by the greatest and best of men, as well as women. Whatever instruction or amusement may be derived from human compositions, let it always be remembered, that the sacred writings alone contain that wisdom, "which maketh wise unto salvation."

Controversy on religious subjects should never be meddled with. Such books only ought to be read as are addressed to the *heart*, inspire pious and devout affections, and tend to regulate the conduct.

C H A P. XLVIII.

ON THE MONASTIC LIFE.

THE venerable Bede has given us a very striking picture of monastic enormities, in his epistle to Egbert. From this we learn, that many young men, who had no title to the monastic profession, got possession of monasteries; where, instead of engaging in the defence of their country, as their age and rank required, they indulged themselves in the most dissolute indolence.

We learn from Dugdale, that, in the reign of Henry the Second, the nuns of Amsbury abbey in Wiltshire were expelled from that religious house, on account of their incontinence. And, to exhibit in the most lively colours the total corruption of monastic chastity, bishop Burnet informs us, in his *History of the Reformation*, that when the nunneries were visited by the command of Henry the Eighth, "whole houses almost were found, whose vows had been made in vain."

When we consider to what oppressive indolence, to what a variety of wretchedness and guilt, the young and fair inhabitants of the cloister were frequently betrayed, we ought to admire those benevolent authors, who, when the tide of religious prejudice ran very strong in favour of monastic virginity, had spirit enough to oppose the torrent, and to caution the de-
vout

weak and tender sex against so dangerous a profession. It is in this point of view that the character of Erasmus appears with the most amiable lustre; and his name ought to be eternally dear to the female world in particular. Though his studies and constitution led him almost to idolize those eloquent fathers of the church, who have magnified this kind of life, his good sense, and his accurate survey of the human race, enabled him to judge of the misery in which female youth was continually involved by a precipitate choice of the veil. He knew the successful arts by which the subtle and rapacious monks inveigled young women of opulent families into the cloister; and he exerted his lively and delicate wit in opposition to so pernicious an evil.

The writings of many eminent authors have been levelled against the abuses of the monastic life. But several of these, like the noted work of the humorous Rabelais, appear to have flowed from a spirit as wanton and licentious, as ever lurked in a convent. It is not thus with Erasmus. His productions are written with admirable pleasantry, and seem to have been dictated by a chaste and angelic desire to promote the felicity of the fair sex.

In those nations of Europe where nunneries still exist, how many lovely victims are continually sacrificed to the avarice or absurd ambition of inhuman parents! The misery of these victims has been painted with great force by some benevolent writers of France.

In most of those pathetic histories that are founded on the abuse of convents, the misery originates from the parent, and falls upon the child. The reverse has sometimes happened; and there are examples of unhappy parents, who have been rendered miserable by the religious perversity of a daughter. In the fourteenth volume of that very amusing work, *Les Causes Célèbres*, a work which is said to have been the favourite reading of Voltaire, there is a striking history of a girl under age, who was tempted by pious artifice to settle herself in a convent, in express opposition to parental authority. Her parents, who had in vain tried the most tender persuasion, endeavoured at last to redeem their lost child, by a legal process against the nunnery in which she was imprisoned. The pleadings on this remarkable trial may, perhaps, be justly reckoned among the finest pieces of eloquence that the lawyers of France have produced. Monsieur Gillet, the advocate for the parents, represented, in the boldest and most affecting language, the extreme baseness of this religious seduction. His eloquence appeared to have fixed the sentiments of the judges; but the cause of superstition was pleaded by an advocate of equal power, and it finally prevailed. The unfortunate parents of Marie Vernal (for this was the name of the deluded girl) were condemned to resign her for ever, and to make a considerable payment to those artful devotees who had piously robbed them of their child.

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When we reflect on the various evils that have arisen in convents, we have the strongest reason to rejoice and glory in that reformation, by which the nunneries of England were abolished. Yet it would not be candid or just to consider all these as the mere harbours of licentiousness; since we are told that, at the time of their suppression, some of our religious houses were very honourably distinguished by the purity of their inhabitants. "The visitors," says bishop Burnett, "interceded earnestly for one nunnery in Oxfordshire, Godstow, where there was great strictness of life, and to which most of the young gentlewomen of the country were sent to be bred; so that the gentry of the country desired the king would spare the house: yet all was ineffectual."

In this point of view, much, undoubtedly, may be said in favour of convents. Yet, when the arguments on both sides are fairly weighed, it is presumed, that every true friend to female innocence will rejoice in those sensible regulations which our Catholic neighbours have lately made respecting nunneries, and which seem to promise their universal abolition.

As convents, for many ages, were the treasures of all the learning that remained upon earth, one is rather surprised to find so few monastic ladies, who have bequeathed to the world any literary production. Perhaps, indeed, many a fair and chaste author has existed, whose name and works have been unjustly buried in sudden oblivion.

Juana

Juana Inez de la Cruz, a native of the New Hemisphere, was so eminent for her poetical talents, that she has been honoured with the title of a Tenth Muse.

A short account of this lady, not much known in Europe, with a specimen of her poetry, will no doubt be acceptable to female readers.

Juana was born, in November 1651, at the distance of a few leagues from the city of Mexico. Her father was one of the many Spanish gentlemen, who sought to improve a scanty fortune by an establishment in America, where he married a lady of that country, descended from Spanish parents. Their daughter Juana was distinguished in her infancy by an uncommon passion for literature, and a wonderful facility in the composition of Spanish verses. Her parents sent her, when she was eight years old, to reside with her uncle in the city of Mexico. She had there the advantage of a learned education; and, as her extraordinary talents attracted universal regard, she was patronised by the lady of the viceroy, the marquis de Mancera, and, at the age of seventeen, was received into his family. A Spanish encomiast of Juana relates a remarkable anecdote, which, he says, was communicated to him by the viceroy himself. That nobleman, astonished by the extensive learning of young Juana, invited forty of the most eminent literati that his country could afford, to try the extent and solidity of Juana's erudition. The young female scholar

was

was freely but politely questioned, on the different branches of science, by theologians, philosophers, mathematicians, historians, and poets; "and as a royal galleon," says our Spanish author, "would defend herself against a few scallops that might attack her, so did Juana Inez extricate herself from the various questions, arguments, and rejoinders, that each in his own province proposed to her."

The applause which she received, on this signal display of her accomplishments, was far from inspiring the modest Juana with vanity or presumption. Indeed, a pious humility was her most striking characteristic. Her life amounted only to forty-four years; and of these she passed twenty-seven, distinguished by the most exemplary exercise of all the religious virtues, in the convent of St. Geronimo. Her delight in books was extreme, and she is said to have possessed a library of four thousand volumes; but towards the close of her life she made a striking sacrifice to charity, by selling her darling books for the relief of the poor. Few female authors have been more celebrated in life, or in death more lamented. The collection of her works, in three quarto volumes, contains a number of panegyrics, in verse and prose, bestowed on this chaste poetess by the most illustrious characters both of Old and New Spain. The most sensible of the Spanish critics, father Feyjoo, has made this general remark on Juana's compositions—"that they excel in ease and elegance, but are deficient in energy;" a
failing

failing the more remarkable, as the pious enthusiasm of this poetical nun was so great, that she wrote in her own blood a profession of her faith. It may be observed, however, in answer to her critic, that most of Juana's verses are written on subjects, where poetical energy was not to be expected. Many of her poems are occasional compliments to her particular friends; and, in her sacred dramas, the absurd superstitions of her country were sufficient to annihilate all poetical sublimity.

In one of her short productions, she describes the injustice of men towards her own sex. An imitation of this performance, in English, is as follows:

I.

- “ * Weak men ! who without reason aim
 “ To lead poor woman with abuse,
 “ Not seeing that yourselves produce
 “ The very evils that you blame ;

II.

- “ You 'gainst her firm resistance strive ;
 “ And, having struck her judgment mute,
 “ Soon to her levity impute
 “ What from your labour you derive.

- Hombres necios, que acusais
 A la muger sin razon ;
 Sin ver, que sois la ocasion
 De lo mismo, que culpais, &c.

III. “ Of

III.

- " Of woman's weakness much afraid,
 " Of your own prowess still you boast ;
 " Like the vain child, who makes a ghost,
 " Then fears what he himself has made.

IV.

- " Her, whom your arms have once embrac'd,
 " You think presumptuously to find,
 " When she is woo'd, as Thais kind,
 " When wedded, as Lucretia chaste.

V.

- " How rare a fool must he appear,
 " Whose folly mounts to such a pass,
 " That first he breathes upon the glass,
 " Then grieves because it is not clear !

VI.

- " Still with unjust, ungrateful pride,
 " You meet both favour and disdain ;
 " The firm as cruel you arraign,
 " The tender you as weak deride.

VII.

- " Your foolish humour none can please ;
 " Since, judging all with equal phlegm,
 " One for her rigor you condemn,
 " And one you censure for her ease.

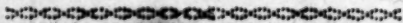
VIII.

- " What wondrous gifts must her adorn,
 " Who would your lasting love engage,
 " When rigorous nymphs excite your rage,
 " And easy fair ones raise your scorn !

IX. " But

IX.

" But while you shew your pride or pow'r,
 " With tyrant passions vainly hot,
 " She's only blest who heeds you not,
 " And leaves you all in happy hour."



C H A P. XLIX.

ON SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT.

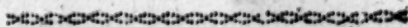
LOVE, perhaps, sweetens and expands the feelings more than any passion whatever. Being a composition of all the tender, of all the humane and disinterested virtues, it calls forth at once all their soft ideas, and exerts all their good offices.

The ingenious Mr. Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, used to say, that " he never felt the vibrations of his heart so much in unison with virtue, as when he was in love ; and that whenever he did a mean or unworthy action, on examining himself strictly, he found that at that time he was loose from every sentimental attachment to the fair sex."

The declaration of this social and benevolent passion to the object that inspires it, is what we commonly call courtship ; and the time of this courtship, notwithstanding the many embarrassments and uneasinesses which attend it, is generally considered as one of the happiest periods of human life, at least so long as the

the lover is supported by hope, that pleasing delirium of the soul.

The interference of parents, however, in order to prevent the union of lovers, is often attended with serious consequences; as the two following stories sufficiently evince.



CHAP. L.

HONORIO AND ELIZA:

A VERY PATHETIC STORY.

HONORIO was the son of a London merchant, bred up to the business of his father, to which he succeeded in his early youth: and in a little time distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart, and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments. His figure was remarkably agreeable; his address was engaging; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he first beheld, at a public assembly, the elegant and amiable Eliza, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumstances were well known. He was deeply struck with her external appearance;
and,

and, having found means to insinuate himself into her acquaintance, discovered a thousand charms in her understanding and disposition, which at once completed the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After some time spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception; and Honorio was admitted into the family, on the footing of a future son-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties; when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents at the close of the last war, Honorio was obliged to stop payment.

He communicated his distress to Eliza's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts, though they were so scattered that he could not collect them in time enough to support his credit.

The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of assistance. On the contrary, he told him bluntly that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house.

The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary

extraordinary share of sensibility. He retired to his own house, while his heart was bursting with grief and indignation.

The generous Eliza, being apprised of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Honorio, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms, assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage.

He made due acknowledgments to his amiable mistress for this mark of disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal, which might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish.

He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eliza, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever such a person existed.

Immediately after this address he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner. People, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair.

Eliza was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which entailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave.

Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which
settled

settled into a fixed melancholy, that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impress on her father's heart.

Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect.

At length, she plainly told her father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy; for she had made a solemn vow to heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection.

The merchant was thunder-struck at this declaration. He saw himself deprived, by his own cruel avarice, of that happiness with which he had flattered himself, in the hope of enjoying a rising generation of his own posterity. He became pensive and sullen, lost his senses, and in a few months expired.

Eliza purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow; while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence: witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced; witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless that are daily shed upon her tomb.

Honorio, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz, under the name
of

of Benson; and, as he understood the languages, as well as the management of accompts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota, bound for South America.

He settled at *La Vera Cruz*; and fortune so prospered his endeavours, that, in a few years, he was master of forty thousand pistoles.

But neither prosperity, nor the universal esteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could sooth the anguish of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eliza, whose charms still dwelt upon his imagination.

At length, impatient of living so long in ignorance of her situation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there, in a British bottom, took shipping for England.

At the Race of Portland the ship was attacked by a paltry French privateer; and Honorio had the misfortune to receive a shot in his neck, which appeared very dangerous.

After the privateer had sheered off, he desired that he might be put ashore at the nearest land, as there was no surgeon on board; and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eliza's dwelling.

He was obliged to take up his lodgings at a wretched public house, and dispatched an express to the next town for a surgeon; but, before he arrived, the unfortunate

fortunate Honorio had lost his eye-sight in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased.

The humane Eliza, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming it was her beloved Honorio, desired a worthy old clergyman, who was rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded man to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated.

Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon; who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery.

He heard the sentence without emotion; and desired he might have an opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

The tender-hearted Eliza, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion.

Approaching his bed-side, she consoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own.

He no sooner heard her voice than he started; and raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around, as if in quest of some favourite object.

His ear was more faithful than his memory. He remembered and was affected by the strain, though he could

could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed.

After some pause he exclaimed, "Excellent lady !
" I could wish to live in order to express my gratitude.
" But it will not be.—You have given shelter to a
" poor wearied pilgrim, and your charity must be
" still farther extended, in seeing his body committed
" to the dust.

" I have, moreover, another favour to ask, namely,
" that you and this good clergyman will attest my last
" will, which is locked in a paper case, deposited in
" my portmanteau."

So saying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was desired to read it aloud in the hearing of all present.

The will was written by the hand of Honorio himself, who, in consideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eliza, which nothing but death should erase from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly substance, exclusive of some charitable legacies.

When the name of Honorio was pronounced, Eliza started, grew pale, and trembled with strong emotion. She considered, however, his situation, and restrained her transports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair shook under her, with the violence of her agony.

The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this scene. He had often heard the story of her unfor-

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tunate

tunate love, and by his sensible consolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and resignation.

He no sooner perceived the names of Honorio and Eliza in the will, than he was seized with extreme wonder and sympathizing sorrow. His voice faltered. The tears ran down his cheeks, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he read the paper to an end. Then observing the agitation of Eliza, he conducted her into another room, where, her grief and surprize becoming too strong for her constitution, she fainted away in the arms of her companion.

When she recovered from her swoon, she gave vent to her sorrow, in a loud passion of tears and exclamation. She afterwards became more calm; and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Honorio for an interview with his long lost Eliza. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confusion to communicate the discovery with discretion and composure.

Honorio, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's disorder, and was not a little surprised at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an assemblage of the most interesting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the mysterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the stranger, who, raising his head, and clasping his hand, exclaimed aloud—"O bountiful Heaven—it must be the incon-
parable Eliza!"

At

At that instant she entered the apartment, kneeled by the bed-side, and taking him by the hand, cried out,—“It is, indeed, the unfortunate Eliza—O my
“Honorio! Is it thus we meet!”

A long silence ensued, during which he bathed her hand with tears. At length he spoke to this effect:—
“These are not the tears of sorrow, but of joy.—
“Eliza then lives!—she remembers—she retains her
“regard for the hapless Honorio!—It was indeed the
“kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hospitable shore.—Could I once more behold those
“dear features, which I have so often contemplated with
“admiration and delight—But I am satisfied.”

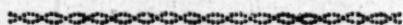
The sequel of this affecting scene I cannot pretend to describe. Honorio’s wound, at the next dressing, had the appearance of a gangrene. The ball, however, which had been lodged among the nerves and sinews of the neck, was now with ease extracted, and his eye-sight was immediately restored.

Having settled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with Heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eliza, who was the sole and last object on which his eyes were strained.

She did not long survive her unfortunate lover. Her grief at length exhausted her constitution, and brought her to the grave, after she had endowed alms-houses for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handsome fortune to her kinswoman, a considerable

rable present to the clergyman, and a large sum to the poor of the parish.

At her own desire, she was buried in the same grave with her lover, and over them is raised a plain unembellished tomb of black marble, with this modest inscription: "Dedicated to the memory of Honorio "and Eliza."



C H A P. LI.

HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

A MOST AFFECTING HISTORY.

UNDER the mastership of the celebrated Busby, there was a boy at school, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Henry, equally esteemed by his masters for the brilliancy of his talents, and beloved by his school-fellows for the various excellent qualities of his mind, and the sweetness of his disposition.

Before he had risen very high in the school, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, eminently beautiful, and differing from him in character, only as the natural delicacy and softness of her sex added a charm to every perfection of her lover.

From the many interviews they had had, the flame, which at first fired his bosom, quickly became mutual, and they already indulged themselves in romantic ideas
of

of celebrating their nuptials, when they scarce knew what love was, but from the fluttering it caused in each of their tender breasts.

Two years were now elapsed since they had declared their flame to each other. Henry had long pleaded his love to his dear Charlotte, with all the force, which a sincere, and daily increasing passion could inspire him with.

Marriage was what they both looked up to, but impossibilities dimmed the prospect; and though he loved her with a tenderness, which nought but various motives can implant, yet still his desires tended to that point of bliss, which nothing but the privilege of marriage can give sanction to.

His father, it seems, having long observed the close intimacy which existed between our hero and this amiable girl, and fearful of the consequence, namely marriage (for she had no fortune), resolved to separate them.

Accordingly he purchased him an ensigncy in a regiment just going abroad; and paying little regard to his son's disapprobation of a military life, sent him off to Jersey.

This precaution, however, proved fruitless; for Henry, as soon as he was acquainted with his father's cruel determination, having obtained Charlotte's full consent, had their marriage consummated unknown to any of his friends; and, as his regiment was detained in England, by unforeseen delays, a much longer time

than was expected, he found means to pass the greater part of his time in her company.

I shall pass over the tender scene, which took place at their parting. Suffice it to say, that never was a picture of grief displayed in more natural and affecting colours, than what this interview exhibited. With difficulty he dissuaded her from the earnest desire she had of accompanying him; but he knew the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties a woman is exposed to in a camp, too well to comply with her request. All he had to console her with was, an assurance of the most speedy return he could obtain.

Before he had been six months in Jersey, he received the news of her being brought to bed of a son. Since she had last seen her dear Henry, her constancy had been put to the trial by a thousand pressing calamities.

Just after he had set sail, she felt a severe shock in the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, her only surviving parent, and was now left an helpless orphan, exposed to all the dangers of the wide world, deprived of every comfort of life, and nearly destitute of all its necessities.

Her mother being the relict of a colonel, had, with some œconomy, made shift to support herself and daughter, in a genteel manner, on her pension. But this dropt at her death, and poor Charlotte, who, either from the too great indulgence or the pride of her parents, had not been brought up to any business,

was

was now reduced to the desperate alternative of either starving, or maintaining herself by the most desperate trade her sex is acquainted with.

Happily an old school-fellow of Henry's, learning the distressed state of her circumstances, flew to her assistance with all the ardour the thought of relieving his friend's dearer half could inflame him with, and (as she had too much virtue ever to become a prostitute) saved her from the rigour of a death she no ways merited, and which had long appeared to her inevitable.

Shortly after this timely rescue, she received the following letter from her Henry :

“ MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

“ Judge my happiness on hearing that Heaven has blest us with a token of our love ! That he may resemble his mother in every thing, is the only boon I crave now for him :—But I change my joy to a note of sorrow ! The pernicious effects of this climate have inflicted on me an illness, which I fear I never shall get over. Life, however, is a burthen to me, while thou art absent : — Nor could I have held it out thus long, but that I support myself on the prospect of that bliss, which will, I hope, crown the rest of our years, should I ever return to thee. I live, I breathe but for thee, and fear not death, but as it shall snatch thee from me.—But there is a place, a paradise, where we shall one day meet, to part no more !—Farewell ! May Heaven shed its choicest blessings on thee and thy in-

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fant,

fant, and render you both happy, as it made thee good!"

Equally alarmed at the severity of her Henry's disorder, and charmed with the sincerity of his passion, she resolved to set sail in quest of him. Accordingly, supplied by the kindness of his friend with every thing requisite for her voyage, she went on board a transport bound for the place of her husband's destination. But the bitterest scene of her affliction remained as yet unaccomplished. All those flattering images of joy, which the thought of quickly seeing her Henry had presented to her, were suddenly overclouded by the storm, which intercepted them in their passage.

After every exertion of the crew had proved vain, they were driven to the last resource, and fired the signal of distress. This was instantly answered by another ship, which had long been near, but, from the darkness which reigned around, without the knowledge of either. It was, however, too late to save their vessel. The leak, which had so long distressed them, now took in so fast, that it was impossible to keep her above water; and just as the ship made up to her, she sunk. Her long-boat, flowed full, was now approaching the side of the ship, when a cruel wave snatched it under, and Charlotte, with her dear infant close clasped to her breast, floated at the mercy of a stormy sea.

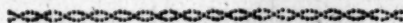
Must I stop my reader to tell him, that Henry, having procured leave of absence, was returning in the other ship?

He

He had long fixed his eyes on the boat, struck with the beauty of his unknown wife. Unable any longer to be witness to such a scene of distress, without taking an active part in it, he plunged in at the hazard of his own life, and catching her as she rose on the back of a billow, bore her to her own ship's boat.

But what were his feelings, when he beheld the face of his Charlotte! Her benumbed arm had dropt its tender charge. The horror of her distress had deprived her cheeks of their roseate hue, and plundered her ruby lips of all their melting beauties. Dead was the lustre of her glossy eye, and cold her lily hand.

He pressed her to his breast in the agonies of despair, and strove to recal her affrighted spirits to their gay abode. She at length awoke almost from the shades of death: but seeing her Henry's face, shrieked astonishment, and sunk into his arms a breathless corse!



C H A P. LII.

ON THE DEGREES OF SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

IN the earlier ages, sentiment in love does not appear to have been much attended to. When Abraham sent his servant to court a bride for his son Isaac, we do not so much as hear, that Isaac was consulted

on the matter; nor is there even a suspicion, that he might refuse or dislike the wife which his father had selected for him.

From the manner in which Rebecca was solicited, we learn, that women were not then courted in person by the lover, but by a proxy, whom he, or his parents, deputed in his stead. We likewise see, that this proxy did not, as in modern times, endeavour to gain the affection of the lady he was sent to, by enlarging on the personal properties, and mental qualifications of the lover; but by the richness and magnificence of the presents he made to her and her relations.

Presents have been, from the earliest ages, and are to this day, the mode of transacting all kinds of business in the East. When a favour is to be asked of a superior, one cannot hope to obtain it without a present. Courtship, therefore, having been anciently transacted in this manner, it is plain, that it was only considered in the same light as any other negotiable business, and not as a matter of sentiment, and of the heart.

In the courtship, however, or rather purchase of a wife by Jacob, we meet with something like sentiment; for when he found that he was not possessed of money or goods, equal to the price which was probably set upon her, he not only condescended to purchase her by servitude, but even seemed much disappointed; when the tender-eyed Leah was faithlessly imposed upon him instead of the beautiful Rachel.

The

The ancient Gauls, Germans, and neighbouring nations of the North, had so much veneration for the sex in general, that in courtship they behaved with a spirit of gallantry, and shewed a degree of sentiment, to which *those*, who called them Barbarians, never arrived. Not contented with getting possession of the person of his mistress, a northern lover could not be satisfied without the sincere affection of her heart; nor was his mistress ever to be gained but by such methods, as plainly indicated to her the tenderest attachment from the most deserving man.

The women of Scandinavia were not to be courted but by the most assiduous attendance, seconded by such warlike achievements as the custom of the country had rendered necessary to make a man deserving of his mistress. On these accounts, we frequently find a lover accosting the object of his passion, by a minute and circumstantial detail of all his exploits, and all his accomplishments. "We fought with swords," says King Regner, in a beautiful ode composed by himself, in memory of the deeds of his former days, "that day wherein I saw ten thousand of my foes rolling in the dust, near a promontory of England. A dew of blood distilled from our swords. The arrows, which flew in search of the helmets, bellowed through the air. The pleasure of that day was truly exquisite.

"We fought with swords. A young man should march early to the conflict of arms. Man should

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"attack

“attack map, or bravely resist him. In this hath always consisted the nobility of the warrior. He who aspires to the love of his mistress, ought to be dauntless in the clash of swords.”

The descendants of the northern nations, long after they had plundered and repeopled the greatest part of Europe, retained nearly the same ideas of love, and practised the same methods in declaring it, that they had imbibed from their ancestors. “Love,” says William of Montagnogout, “engages to the most amiable conduct. Love inspires the greatest actions. Love has no will but that of the object beloved, nor seeks any thing but what will augment her glory. You cannot love, nor ought to be beloved, if you ask any thing that virtue condemns. Never did I form a wish, that could wound the heart of my beloved, nor delight in a pleasure that was inconsistent with her delicacy.”

The method of addressing females, among some of the tribes of American Indians, is the most simple that can possibly be devised. When the lover goes to visit his mistress, he only begs leave, by signs, to enter her hut. After obtaining this, he goes in, and sits down by her in the most respectful silence. If she suffers him to remain there without interruption, her doing so is consenting to his suit. If, however, the lover has any thing given him to eat and drink, it is a refusal: though the woman is obliged to sit by him till he has finished his repast. He then retires in silence.

In:

In Canada, courtship is not carried on with that coy reserve, and seeming secrecy, which politeness has introduced among the inhabitants of civilized nations. When a man and woman meet, though they never saw each other before, if he is captivated with her charms, he declares his passion in the plainest manner; and she, with the same simplicity, answers, Yes, or No, without further deliberation. "That female reserve," says an ingenious writer, "that seeming reluctance to enter into the married state, observable in polite countries, is the work of art, and not of nature. The history of every uncultivated people amply proves it. It tells us, that their women not only speak with freedom the sentiments of their hearts, but even blush not to have these sentiments made as public as possible*."

In Formosa, however, they differ so much from the simplicity of the Canadians, that it would be reckoned the greatest indecency in the man to declare, or in the woman to hear, a declaration of the passion of love. The lover is, therefore, obliged to depute his mother, sister, or some female relation; and from any of these the soft tale may be heard without the least offence to delicacy.

When two Pensylvanian lovers meet with any remarkable opposition from their friends, they go off together on horseback; the woman riding before, and the man behind. In this situation they present them-

* Dr. Alexander.

selves before a magistrate, to whom she declares that she has run away with her lover, and has brought him there to be married. So solemn an avowal the magistrate is not at liberty to reject, and he marries them accordingly.

In Spain, the women had formerly no voice in disposing of themselves in matrimony. But as the empire of common sense began to extend itself, they began to claim a privilege, at least of being consulted in the choice of the partners of their lives. Many fathers and guardians, hurt by this female innovation, and puffed up with Spanish pride, still insisted on forcing their daughters to marry according to their pleasure, by means of duennas, locks, hunger, and even sometimes of poison and daggers. But as nature will revolt against every species of oppression and injustice, the ladies have for some time begun to assert their own rights. The authority of fathers and guardians begins to decline, and lovers find themselves obliged to apply to the affections of the fair, as well as to the pride and avarice of their relations.

The nightly musical serenades of mistresses by their lovers are still in use. The gallant composes some love sonnets, as expressive as he can, not only of the situation of his heart, but of every particular circumstance between him and the lady, not forgetting to lard them with the most extravagant encomiums on her beauty and merit. These he sings in the night below her window, accompanied with his lute, or sometimes with a whole band

band of music. The more piercingly cold the air, the more the lady's heart is supposed to be thawed with the patient sufferance of her lover, who, from night to night, frequently continues this exercise for many hours, heaving the deepest sighs, and casting the most piteous looks towards the window; at which if his goddess at last deigns to appear, and drop him a curtsy, he is superlatively paid for all his watching; but if she blesses him with a smile, he is ready to run distracted.

In Italy, the manner of addressing the ladies, so far as it relates to serenading, nearly resembles that of Spain. The Italian, however, goes a step farther than the Spaniard. He endeavours to blockade the house, where his fair one lives, so as to prevent the entrance of any rival. If he marries the lady who cost him all this trouble and attendance, he shuts her up for life. If not, she becomes the object of his eternal hatred, and he too frequently endeavours to revenge by poison the success of his happier rival.

In one circumstance relating to courtship, the Italians are said to be particular. They protract the time of it as long as possible, well knowing that, even with all the little ills attending it, a period thus employed is one of the sweetest of human life.

A French lover, with the word sentiment perpetually in his mouth, seems by every action to have excluded it from his heart. He places his whole confidence

fidence in his exterior air and appearance. He dresses for his mistress, dances for her, flutters constantly about her, helps her to lay on her rouge, and to place her patches. He attends her round the whole circle of amusements, chatters to her constantly, whistles and sings, and plays the fool with her. Whatever be his station, every thing gaudy and glittering within the sphere of it is called in to his assistance, particularly splendid carriages and tawdry liveries; but if, by the help of all these, he cannot make an impression on the fair one's heart, it costs him nothing but a few shrugs of his shoulders, two or three silly exclamations, and as many stanzas of some satirical song against her; and, as it is impossible for a Frenchman to live without an amour, he immediately betakes himself to another.

There is hardly any such thing among people of fashion as courtship. Matters are generally so ordered by parents and guardians, that to a bride and bridegroom the day of marriage is often the second time of their meeting. In many countries, to be married in this manner would be reckoned the greatest of misfortunes. In France it is little regarded. In the fashionable world few people are greater strangers to, or more indifferent about, each other than husband and wife; and any appearance of fondness between them, or their being seen frequently together, would infallibly make them forfeit the reputation of the *ton*, and be laughed at by all polite company. On this account, nothing

is

is more common than to be acquainted with a lady without knowing her husband, or visiting the husband without ever seeing his wife.

CH A P. LIII.

MINDS AND TEMPERs IN UNISON ARE RARELY TO
BE FOUND.

I.

SAY, mighty Love! and teach my song
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move!
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV. Not

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer blifs destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning drefs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting paffions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married juft like Stoic fouls,
With ofiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ftrain,
Still filent, or that ftill complain,
Can the dear bondage blefs :
As well may heav'nly concerts fpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ftring,
Or none befides the bafs.

VII.

Nor can the foft enchantments hold
Two jarring fouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Samfon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a favage mind,
For love abhors the fight :

Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rife and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus, on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.



C H A P. LIV.

A VIEW OF MATRIMONY IN THREE DIFFERENT
LIGHTS.

THE marriage-life is always an insipid, a vexatious,
or an happy condition. The first is, when two
people of no taste meet together, upon such a settle-
ment as has been thought reasonable by parents and
conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and
cash of both parties. In this case, the young lady's
person is no more regarded than the house and im-
provements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with
her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These
make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up
the lumber of the human race, without beneficence
towards those below them, or respect towards those
above

above them ; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty ; and ensure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and, when alone, revile each other's person and conduct. In company, they are in purgatory ; when by themselves, in hell.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness. The former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from ; the other is the common lot of humanity. Love has nothing to do with riches or state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp.

CHAP. LV.

OF BETROTHING AND MARRIAGE.

AT a very early period, families who lived in a friendly manner, fell upon a method of securing their children to each other, by what is called in the sacred writings betrothing. This was agreeing on a price to be paid for the bride, the time when it should be paid, and when she should be delivered into the hands of her husband.

There were, according to the Talmudists, three ways of betrothing. The first, by a written contract. The second, by a verbal agreement, accompanied with a piece of money. And the third, by the parties coming together, and living as husband and wife; which might have been as properly called marriage as betrothing.

The written contract was in the following manner:
“On such a day, month, and year, A. the son of B. has said to D. the daughter of E. be thou my spouse according to the law of Moses and of the Israelites; and I will give thee as a dowry, the sum of two hundred shekels, as it is ordered by our law. And the said D. hath promised to be his spouse upon the conditions aforesaid, which the said A. doth promise to perform on the day of marriage. And to this the said A. doth hereby bind himself, and all
that

that he hath, to the very cloak upon his back ; engages himself to love, honour, feed, clothe, and protect her, and to perform all that is generally implied in contracts of marriage in favour of the Israelitish wives."

The verbal agreement was made in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, by the man saying to the woman, " Take this money as a pledge, that at such a time I will take thee to be my wife." A woman, who was thus betrothed or bargained for, was almost in every respect by the law considered as already married.

Before the legislation of Moses, " marriages among the Jews," say the Rabbies, " were agreed upon by the parents and relations of both sides. When this was done, the bridegroom was introduced to his bride. Presents were mutually exchanged, the contract signed before witnesses, and the bride, having remained some time with her relations, was sent away to the habitation of her husband, in the night, with singing, dancing, and the sound of musical instruments."

By the institution of Moses, the Rabbies tell us, the contract of marriage was read in the presence of, and signed by, at least ten witnesses, who were free and of age. The bride, who had taken care to bathe herself the night before, appeared in all her splendor, but veiled, in imitation of Rebecca, who veiled herself when she came in sight of Isaac. She was then given to the bridegroom by her parents, in words to this purpose :

purpose : "Take her according to the law of Moses :"
And he received her, by saying, "I take her according
"to that law." Some blessings were then pronounced
upon the young couple, both by the parents and the
rest of the company.

The blessings or prayers generally ran in this style :
"Blessed art thou, O Lord of heaven and earth, who
hast created man in thine own likeness, and hast ap-
pointed woman to be his partner and companion !
Blessed art thou, who fillest Sion with joy for the mul-
titude of her children ! Blessed art thou, who sendest
gladness to the bridegroom and his bride ! who hast
ordained for them love, joy, tenderness, peace, and
mutual affection. Be pleased to bless, not only this
couple, but Judah and Jerusalem, with songs of joy,
and praise for the joy that thou givest them, by the
multitude of their sons and of their daughters."

After the virgins had sung a marriage song, the
company partook of a repast, the most magnificent that
the parties could afford ; after which they began a
dance, the men round the bridegroom, the women
round the bride. They pretended that this dance
was of divine institution, and an essential part of the
ceremony. The bride was then carried to the nuptial
bed, and the bridegroom left in the chamber with her.
The company again returned to their feasting and re-
joicing ; and the Rabbies inform us, that this feasting,
when the bride was a widow, lasted only three days,
but seven if she was a virgin.

At

that he hath, to the very cloak upon his back ; engages himself to love, honour, feed, clothe, and protect her, and to perform all that is generally implied in contracts of marriage in favour of the Israelitish wives."

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joicing ; and the Rabbies inform us, that this feasting,
when the bride was a widow, lasted only three days,
but seven if she was a virgin.

At

At the birth of a son, the father planted a cedar ; and at that of a daughter, he planted a pine. Of these trees the nuptial bed was constructed, when the parties, at whose birth they were planted, entered into the married state.

The Assyrians had a court, or tribunal, whose only business was to dispose of young women in marriage, and to see the laws of that union properly executed. What these laws were, or how the execution of them was enforced, are circumstances which have not been handed down to us. But the erecting a court solely for the purpose of taking cognizance of them, suggests an idea that they were many and various.

Among the Greeks, the multiplicity of male and female deities who were concerned in the affairs of love, made the invocations and sacrifices, on a matrimonial occasion, a very tedious affair. Fortunate omens gave great joy ; and the most fortunate of all others, was a pair of turtles seen in the air, as those birds were reckoned the truest emblems of conjugal love and fidelity. If, however, one of them was seen alone, it infallibly denoted separation, and all the ills attending an unhappy marriage.

On the wedding-day, the bride and bridegroom were richly dressed, and adorned with garlands of herbs and flowers. The bride was conducted in the evening to the house of her husband in a chariot, seated between the husband and one of his relations. When she alighted from the chariot, the axle-tree of it was burnt,

to

to signify that there was no method left for her to return back. As soon as the young couple entered the house, figs and other fruits were thrown upon their heads to denote plenty; and a sumptuous entertainment was ready for them to partake of, to which all the relations on both sides were invited.

The bride was lighted to bed by a number of torches, according to her quality; and the company returned in the morning, to salute the new-married couple, and to sing *epithalamia* at the door of their bed-chamber.

Epithalamia were marriage-songs, anciently sung in praise of the bride or bridegroom, wishing them happiness, prosperity, and a numerous issue.

Among the Romans there were three different kinds of marriage. The ceremony of the first consisted, in the young couple eating a cake together, made only of wheat, salt, and water. The second kind was celebrated by the parties solemnly pledging their faith to each other, by giving and receiving a piece of money. This was the most common way of marrying among the Romans. It continued in use, even after they became Christians. When writings were introduced to testify that a man and woman had become husband and wife, and also, that the husband had settled a dower upon his bride, these writings were called *Tabulae Dotales* (dowry tables); and hence, perhaps, the words in our marriage ceremony, "I thee endow."

The third kind of marriage was, when a man and woman, having cohabited for some time and had chil-

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dren, found it expedient to continue together. In this case, if they made up the matter between themselves, it became a valid marriage, and the children were considered as legitimate.

Something similar to this is the present custom in Scotland. There, if a man live with, and have children by a woman, though he do not marry her till he be upon his death-bed, all the children are thereby legitimated, and become entitled to the honours and estates of their father. The case is the same in Holland, and some parts of Germany; with this difference only, that all the children to be legitimated must appear with the father and mother in church, at the ceremony of their marriage.



C H A P. LVI.

A PICTURE OF MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

CLEON and Calista had lived together in all the harmony of married minds for the space of seventeen months, during which time they had shared together an infinite variety of changes in their fortune. But, as if they were originally designed for one another, every action of life afforded both of them some beautiful instance of the strength and tenderness of this attachment.

When Cleon was absent, the bosom of Calista felt
some-

something always wanting to complete her happiness. When Calista was away, the heart of Cleon was destitute of its principal support, and, like a bird which had lost its companion, sorrowed for her return.

It often happens, that, in human life, the spirits will yield to unbidden dejection, and the breast throb with oppression, it scarce knows why. In these moments, the balm of affection is of particular influence, and affords a comfort, which nothing in this world can so adequately bestow.

Whenever Cleon chanced to fall into a melancholy of this kind, the gentle Calista would yield up her entire attention to restore her lover to himself. Tranquillity is wounded and cured sometimes by imperceptible causes. Calista would soothe her Cleon with a delicate persuasiveness, inspired by the generous passion that she bore him. Instead of complaining of his fretfulness, her only hope and endeavour was to remove it; and her endeavours were generally successful. For what is there so distressing in life, which the smiles and caresses of a loving and beloved woman cannot alleviate?

Behold poverty on the one hand, and distemper on the other; yet, if the kind partner of our fates is resolved to share the lot with us, and is smiling, like the angel of patience, on our sick pillows, we may then defy the utmost malice of ill-fortune, and receive from the obliging assiduities of love, those blessings which are denied us abroad, in a bustling, malicious, and ungenerous world.

C H A P. LVII.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

ASSIST me, ye Nine,
 Whilst the youth I define,
 With whom I in wedlock would class;
 And ye blooming fair,
 Lend a listening ear,
 To approve of the man as you pass.

Not the changeable fry
 Who love, nor know why,
 But follow bedup'd by their passions:
 Such vot'ries as these
 Are like waves of the seas,
 And steer'd by their own inclinations.

The heftoring blade
 How unfit for the maid,
 Where meekness and modesty reigns!
 Such a thundering bully
 I'll speak against truly,
 Whatever I get for my pains.

Not the dogmatic elf,
 Whose great all is himself,
 Whose alone *ipse dixit* is law:
 What a figure he'll make,
 How like Momus he'll speak
 With sneering burlesque, a pshaw! pshaw!

Not

Not the covetous wretch
 Whose heart's at full stretch
 To gain an inordinate treasure ;
 Him leave with the rest,
 And such mortals detest,
 Who sacrifice life without measure.

The fluttering fop,
 How empty his top !
 Nay but some call him coxcomb, I trow ;
 But 'tis losing your time,
 He's not half worth a rhyme,
 Let the sag ends of prose bind his brow.

The guttling sot,
 What a conduit his throat !
 How beastly and vicious his life !
 Where drunkards prevail,
 Whole families feel,
 Much more an affectionate wife.

One character yet,
 I with sorrow repeat,
 And oh ! that the number were less ;
 'Tis the blasphemous crew :
 What a pattern they'll shew
 To their hapless and innocent race !

Let wisdom then shine
 In the youth that is mine,
 Whilst virtue his footsteps impress ;
 Such I'd choose for my mate,
 Whether sooner or late :
 Tell me, Ladies, what think you of this ?

“The chief point to be regarded,” says Lady Pennington in her *Advice to her Daughters*, “in the choice of a companion for life, is a really virtuous principle—an unaffected goodness of heart. Without this, you will be continually shocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, *a reformed libertine makes the best husband*—that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impossible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common understanding, to be made the dupe of so erroneous a position, which has not the least shadow of reason for its foundation, and which a small share of observation will prove to be false in fact. A man, who has been long conversant with the worst sort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and a contempt for, the sex in general. Incapable of esteeming any, he is suspicious of all; jealous without cause, angry without provocation, and his own disturbed imagination is a continual source of ill-humour. To this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural consequence of an irregular life, which gives an additional sourness to the temper. What rational prospect of happiness can there be with such a companion? And, that this is the general character of those who are called *reformed rakes*, observation will certify. But, admit there may be some exceptions, it is a hazard, upon which no considerate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life. The vanity of those
girls,

girls, who believe themselves capable of working miracles of this kind, and who give up their persons to men of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming them, justly deserves the disappointment which it will generally meet with ; for, believe me, a wife is, of all persons, the least likely to succeed in such an attempt.—Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover, which you must never hope to form in a husband. Good sense, and good nature, are almost equally requisite. If the former is wanting, it will be next to an impossibility for you to esteem the person, of whose behaviour you may have cause to be ashamed. Mutual esteem is as essential to happiness in the married state, as mutual affection. Without the latter, every day will bring with it some fresh cause of vexation, until repeated quarrels produce a coldness, which will settle into an irreconcilable aversion, and you will become, not only each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family, and to your acquaintance.

“ This quality of good-nature is, of all others, the most difficult to be ascertained, on account of the general mistake of blending it with good-humour, as if they were in themselves the same ; whereas, in fact, no two principles of action are more essentially different. But this may require some explanation.—By good-nature, I mean that true benevolence, which partakes the felicity of all mankind, which promotes the felicity of every individual within the reach of its abi-

lity, which relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, diffuses blessings, and communicates happiness, far as its sphere of action can extend ; and which, in the private scenes of life, will shine conspicuous in the dutiful son, in the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and in the compassionate master both to man and beast. Good-humour, on the other hand, is nothing more than a cheerful, pleasing deportment, arising either from a natural gaiety of mind, or from an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behaviour, the result of good-breeding, and from a ready compliance with the taste of every company. This kind of mere good-humour is, by far, the most striking quality. It is frequently mistaken for, and complimented with the superior name of, *real good-nature*. A man, by this specious appearance, has often acquired that appellation, who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a morose, cruel, revengeful, fullen, haughty tyrant. Let them put on the cap, whose temples fit the galling wreath !

“ A man of a truly benevolent disposition, and formed to promote the happiness of all around him, may sometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or from a commendable openness of heart, above the meanness of disguise, be guilty of little sallies of peevishness, or of ill-humour, which, carrying the appearance of ill-nature, may be unjustly thought to proceed from it, by persons who are unacquainted with his true character, and who take ill-humour

mour and ill-nature to be synonymous terms, though in reality they bear not the least analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is absolutely necessary to observe this distinction, which will effectually secure you from the dangerous error of taking the shadow for the substance, an irretrievable mistake, pregnant with innumerable consequent evils!

“ From what has been said, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue is not to be taken from the general opinion; mere good-humour being, to all intents and purposes, sufficient, in this particular, to establish the public voice in favour of a man utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the less conspicuous scenes of life, the more retired sphere of action, from the artless tenor of domestic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn. These, undisguised, proclaim the man. But, as they shun the glare of light, nor court the noise of popular applause, they pass unnoted, and are seldom known till after an intimate acquaintance. The best method, therefore, to avoid the deception in this case, is to lay no stress on outward appearances, which are too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the simple unpolished sentiments of those, whose dependent connections give them undeniable certainty; who not only see, but who hourly feel, the good or bad effect of that disposition, to which they are subjected. By this, I mean, that if a man is equally respected, esteemed, and be-
N 5 loved

loved by his dependents and domestics, you may justly conclude, he has that true good-nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the satisfaction it diffuses. But if by these he is despised and hated, served merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is ever easily discoverable, whatever may be his public character, however favourable the general opinion, be assured, that his disposition is such as can never be productive of domestic happiness.—I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the most essential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the most liable to be mistaken.

“Never be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a person defective in these material points. Secure of virtue, of good-nature, and understanding, in a husband, you may be secure of happiness. Without the two former it is unattainable. Without the latter, in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

“Remember, however, that infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found. The best men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves. They are liable to be hurried, by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions, which their cooler reason will condemn. They may have some oddities of behaviour, and some peculiarities of temper. They may be subject to accidental ill-humour, or to whimsical complaints. Blemishes of this kind often

shade the brightest character; but they are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless when they are made so by an improper resentment, or by an ill-judged opposition. When cooled, and in his usual temper, the man of understanding, if he has been wrong, will suggest to himself all that could be urged against him. The man of good-nature will, unupbraided, own his error. Immediate contradiction is, therefore, wholly unserviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repetition is equally unnecessary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behaviour ought to be properly represented in the tenderest and in the most friendly manner. If the representation of them is made discreetly, it will generally be well taken. But, if they are so habitual, as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string. Rather let them pass as unobserved. Such a cheerful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities, by which these trifling faults are so greatly overbalanced.

“ You must remember, my dear, these rules are laid down, on the supposition of your being united to a person, who possesses the three qualifications for happiness before mentioned. In this case, no farther direction is necessary, but that you strictly perform the duty of a wife, namely, to love, to honour, and obey. The two first articles are a tribute so indispensably due to *merit*, that they must be paid by *inclination*;—and

they naturally lead to the performance of the last, which will not only be an easy, but a pleasing task, since nothing can ever be enjoined by such a person that is in itself improper, and few things will, that can, with any reason, be disagreeable to you.

“ The being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impossible to discharge a great part of the proper duty of a wife. To name but one instance, obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconsistent with, and contrary to, the higher obligations of morality. This is not a supposition, but is a certainty founded upon facts, which I have too often seen and can attest. Where this happens, the reasons for non-compliance ought to be offered in a plain, strong, good-natured manner. There is at least the chance of success from being heard. But should those reasons be rejected, or the hearing them refused, and silence on the subject enjoined, which is most probable, few people caring to hear what they know to be right, when they are determined not to be convinced by it,—obey the injunction, and urge not the argument farther. Keep, however, steady to your principles, and suffer neither persuasion nor threats to prevail on you to act contrary to them. All commands repugnant to the laws of christianity, it is your indispensable duty to disobey. All requests that are inconsistent with prudence, or incompatible with the rank and character which you ought to maintain in life, it is your interest to refuse. A compliance with
the

the former would be criminal, a consent to the latter highly indiscreet; and it might thereby subject you to general censure. For a man, capable of requiring, from his wife, what he knows to be in itself wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of such misconduct on her, and of afterwards upbraiding her for a behaviour, to which he will, upon the same principle, disown that he has been accessory. Many similar instances have come within the compass of my own observation. In things of a less material nature, that are neither criminal in themselves, nor pernicious in their consequences, always acquiesce, if insisted on, however disagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination. Such a compliance will evidently prove, that your refusal, in the other cases, proceeds not from a spirit of contradiction, but merely from a just regard to that superior duty, which can never be infringed with impunity.

“As the want of understanding is by no art to be concealed, by no address to be disguised, it might be supposed impossible for a woman of sense to unite herself to a person, whose defect, in this instance, must render that sort of rational society, which constitutes the chief happiness of such an union, impossible. Yet here, how often has the weakness of female judgment been conspicuous! The advantages of great superiority in rank or fortune have frequently proved so irresistible a temptation, as, in opinion, to outweigh, not only the folly, but even the vices of its possessor—a grand
mistake,

mistake, ever tacitly acknowledged by a subsequent repentance, when the expected pleasures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pomp of useless pageantry, have been experimentally found insufficient to make amends for the want of that constant satisfaction, which results from the social joy of conversing with a reasonable friend !

“ But however weak this motive must be acknowledged, it is more excusable than another, which, I fear, has sometimes had an equal influence on the mind ;—I mean so great a love of sway, as to induce her to give the preference to a person of weak intellects, in hopes of holding, uncontrolled, the reins of government. The expectation is, in fact, ill grounded. Obstinacy and pride are generally the companions of folly. The silliest people are often the most tenacious of their opinions, and, consequently, the hardest of all others to be managed. But, admit the contrary, the principle is in itself bad. It tends to invert the order of Nature, and to counteract the design of Providence.

“ A woman can never be seen in a more ridiculous light, than when she appears to govern her husband. If, unfortunately, the superiority of understanding is on her side, the apparent consciousness of that superiority betrays a weakness, that renders her contemptible in the sight of every considerate person, and it may, very probably, fix in his mind a dislike never to be eradicated. In such a case, if it should ever be your own,
remember

remember that some degree of dissimulation is commendable, so far as to let your husband's defects appear unobserved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him insensibly into another opinion, in so discreet a manner, that it may seem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of every prudent determination rest on him, without indulging the foolish vanity of claiming any merit to yourself. Thus a person, of but an indifferent capacity, may be so assisted, as, in many instances, to shine with borrowed lustre, scarce distinguishable from the native, and by degrees he may be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly, in all the common occurrences of life. Odd as this position may seem, it is founded in fact. I have seen the method successfully practised by more than one person, where a weak mind, on the governed side, has been so prudently set off as to appear the sole director; like the statue of the Delphic god, which was thought to give forth its own oracles, whilst the humble priest, who lent his voice, was by the shrine concealed, nor sought a higher glory, than a supposed obedience to the power he would be thought to serve."

C H A P. LVIII.

ON CONJUGAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

FLORIO and Camilla, though in reality they had a regard for one another, were so unfortunate in an impatience of temper, that they continually rendered each other miserable. Florio was a man too easily dejected, and Camilla interpreted this into sullenness. In consequence of which, she would accuse him of peevishness, or else sit whole hours with a book in her hand, as regardless of his sighs, as if they were the puffs of an old pair of bellows. If Florio desired her to avoid a particular thing, she directly considered him as laying a sort of command upon her, and therefore thought it incumbent on her pride to do the very thing prohibited. If Florio begged of her to observe any point of good-breeding, which Camilla might through accident have forgot, she reproached him as a squeamish creature. If he appeared particularly desirous to polish her in the art of eloquence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus two people, really lovers at bottom, tortured one another without any solid cause.

C H A P. LIX.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house !

By no means large enough ; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.

Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark :
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door,
Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear ?

Dismiss poor Harry ! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wife ;
For one slight trespass all this stir !
What if I did ride, whip, and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.

Well,

Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing !
Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl :
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas ! and is domestic strife,
That forest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd ;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation ?

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd ;
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state :
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame decays.

'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
 To faults compassionate or blind,
 And will with sympathy endure
 Those evils it would gladly cure ;
 But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
 Shews love to be a mere profession,
 Proves that the heart is none of his,
 Or soon expels him, if it is.

COWPER.

C H A P. LX.

ON ECONOMY.

A GENTLEMAN, whose situation gave him frequent opportunities of visiting those places, where a variety of characters may be daily seen, languishing under all the rigour of confinement, and all the wretchedness of penury, took particular notice of one prisoner, whose aspect and manner were singularly characteristic. He was nearly a skeleton, and looked the very picture of sadness and want. Yet, in all this distressful extremity, nothing about him had an appearance of meanness. While his fellow-sufferers kept teasing every one for money, he never did. This disposed the gentleman and his companion to exert themselves, and make up a little sum for him. When they begged his acceptance of it, they signified, at the same time, a desire of hearing how he had been reduced.

" My

"My story," said he, "is but short, and has nothing in it that is very extraordinary. I was the only son, and consequently the sole heir of rich and respectable parents, who gave me a liberal education, and left me in possession of an ample fortune. I married the daughter of a reputable citizen, who, from his mode of life, was thought very wealthy. His family, who knew nothing of his affairs, were accustomed to live in the greatest splendor. My wife had a thousand amiable qualities. There are few genteel accomplishments in which she did not excel. Her sweetness of temper endeared her to all who knew her. Her vivacity never forsook her, and was always pleasing. No heart was ever more tender, more generous, or more uniformly alive to all the delicacies of conjugal affection, than hers. Yet, what with the extreme sensibility of her nature, the superfluity in which she was bred, and her peculiar fondness for every species of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, her habit of squandering was unconquerable and unbounded. She always had what money she wanted, and spent it as she pleased; for my heart never permitted me to lay her under the least restraint. Her extravagance, however romantic and distressing, arose from principles originally good, but ill directed. Nor could I retrench her expence, without occasioning such a shock, as might have injured her health. The moment I was involved, I stretched every point to keep it from her knowledge. I had still great expectations from her father, in whose hands
the

the whole residue of my property was now lodged. My situation soon became too critical to be much longer concealed. But, in one fatal day, he failed, and I was at once arrested, and stript of every thing. My poor wife never left me, and never recovered the illness occasioned by our misfortune. Often did these walls, and these wretches, witness her lamentations. At last she grew quite frantic, and expired in my arms, muttering, with her last breath, curses on a conduct that had ruined me."

Economy is one of the best, and most necessary lessons that females can learn. With a little seasonable care and attention, what a world of misfortune and misery might often be avoided! For the giddiness, so frequently and hastily censured in the sex, is not a natural, but adventitious quality.

How amiable and valuable a partner for life must that lady be, who knows how to hit the happy medium between meanness and ostentation, plenty and superfluity, delicacy and refinement, liberality and excess! This beautiful and well-corrected temper of mind is her best ornament at home or abroad. It affects her whole arrangement, and regulates the minutest of her actions. She is not tawdry within, nor the ape of folly and finery when she goes out. The disposition of her furniture, whether superb or ordinary, is happy and commodious. She suffers nothing to be laid or continue out of its place. Her conduct is the result of thought, not of levity. She does nothing at random.

dom. Her very pleasures are selected with taste, and indulged on principle; and all her words are few, and well ordered.

One leading feature of reasonable beings is, a sense of order; and this is a quality which peculiarly marks the female temper. Women shew, by their very make and manners, how much more finely their minds are fashioned, and their feelings turned, than ours.

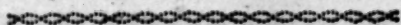
“Heav’n, when it strives to polish all it can,

“Its last best work, but forms a softer man.”

Our passions are by no means so delicate, our sensibilities so exquisite, our ideas of beauty and deformity, of reality and fiction, of right and wrong, so lively and acute as theirs. Nature seems to have endowed them with a general predilection for proportion in forms, delicacy in colours, harmony in sound, and elegance in motion. Their discernment of whatever pleases or disgusts their eyes, or ears, or feelings, is therefore peculiarly keen and sensible.

It is because proper use has not been made of this great master-spring in the female make, to influence their judgments, that women are universally fond of whatever is flashy and glaring, much more affected by our dress and manners than we are by theirs, and perpetually the dupes of flattery and detraction; that the maxims of fashion, however temporary and preposterous, are adopted by most of them uniformly and implicitly; that their pursuits in general are trivial, visionary,

sionary, and capricious; that their homage to the merest shadows is every where serious and profound; and that apes, fops, and sycophants, with the whole tribe of coxcombs, have more of their good graces, perhaps possess more of their hearts, and always more of their company, than men of sense and virtue.



C H A P. LXI.

MRS. PIOZZI'S ADVICE TO A NEW-MARRIED MAN.

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight; and hope that the sincerity, with which I wish you happiness, may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are. But after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible, and experience
informs

informs us that it never was so ; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy ; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing are said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree ; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth : you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quickly upon the heels of possession ; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similitude of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity

cessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other: endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator; and for the greater ones, they only regard our

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wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. —This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgcombe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientalist leads up the ball.

I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at least that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man

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in company can treat her with more complaisance than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress.— If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinction that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the computing-house was shut: this practice produced the

ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly—but never tease her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain of all things—nor do your business nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so little need of, unless your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

C H A P.

CHAP. LXII.

GARRICK'S ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.

I.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest is a lover no more ;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

II.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh ;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

III.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

IV.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command :
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

V.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind ;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

C H A P. LXIII.

ON WIDOWHOOD.

THE history of all antiquity gives the strongest reasons to suspect, that widows were often the prey of the lawless tyrant, who spoiled them with impunity, because they had none to help them. In many places of scripture, we frequently find the state of the widow and the fatherless depicted as of all others the most forlorn and miserable; and men of honour and probity, in enumerating their own good actions, placing a principal share of them in not having spoiled the widow and the fatherless. "If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless," says Job, "or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, then let mine arm fall from my shoulder, and be broken from the bone." In the book of Exodus it is declared as a law, "that ye shall not afflict the widow, or the fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any ways, and they cry unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless."

In the eighth century, one of the canon laws enacted, that none shall presume to disturb widows, orphans, and weak people; and no sentence could be executed against a widow, without advising the bishop of the diocese

diocese of it. These circumstances create a strong suspicion, that widows were often oppressed; otherwise, why so many laws for their particular protection?

Among many of the ancients, widows were, by custom, restricted from having a second husband. Almost over all the East, and among many tribes of the Tartars, they believed that wives were not only destined to serve their husbands in this world, but in the next also; and as every wife there was to be the sole property of her first husband, she could never obtain a second, because he could only secure to himself her service in this life.

When the Greeks became sensible of the benefits arising from the regulations of Cecrops concerning matrimony, they conceived so high an idea of them, that they affixed a degree of infamy on the woman who married a second husband, even after the death of the first; and it was more than two centuries after the time of Cecrops before any woman dared to make the attempt. Their history has transmitted to posterity, with some degree of infamy, the name of her who first ventured on a second marriage. Gorgopha, the daughter of Perseus and Andromeda, began the practice; a practice which, though soon after followed by others, could not, even by the multitude of its votaries, be screened from the public odium. During a great part of the heroic ages, widows, who married again, were considered as having offended against public decency. To this custom Virgil plainly alludes, when

he describes the conflict in the breast of Dido, between her love for Æneas, and fear of wounding her honour by a second marriage. Nay, so scrupulous were the Greeks about second marriages, that in some circumstances even men were with difficulty allowed to enter into them. Charonidas excluded all those from the public councils of the state, who had children, and married a second wife. "It is impossible," said he, "that a man can advise well for his country, who does not consult the good of his own family. He, whose first marriage has been happy, ought to rest satisfied with that happiness; if unhappy, he must be out of his senses to risque being so again."

The Romans borrowed this custom of the Greeks, and considered it not only as a kind of breach of the matrimonial vow in the woman, but also as affecting the man nearly in the same manner, that her infidelity would have affected him while he was living. "The soul of a deceased husband," says Justinian, "is disturbed when his wife marries a second."

In Cumana, when a husband dies, it is said they make the widow swear, that she will preserve and keep by her his head during her life. This is intended as a monitor, to tell her that she is never to enter again into the married state.

Among the ancient Jews and Christians of the primitive ages, there were certain orders of men, who were not allowed to join themselves in marriage with widows. "A priest," says Moses, "shall not take to
"wife

“ wife a widow, or a divorced woman, or prophane,
“ or an harlot ; but he shall take a virgin of his own
“ people to wife.”

Pope Syricus, copying the example set by Moses, ordained, that if a bishop married a widow, he should be degraded. In the year 400, we find it decreed in the Cyprian council, that if a reader married a widow, he should never be preferred in the church ; and that if a subdeacon did the same, he should be degraded to a door-keeper or reader.

In the Doomsday book, we find the king exacted only a fine of ten shillings for liberty to marry a maiden ; but it cost twenty to obtain liberty of marrying a widow.

Several legislators have fixed a certain time, within which widows should not be allowed to marry. Among the Romans this was ten months. Among other nations it varied according to the regard they thought due to a deceased husband ; and the expression of that regard which ought to be shown by his wife.

In the eleventh century the church decreed, that a widow should not marry within the space of one year after her release from the bonds of matrimony. The laws of Geneva shorten this period to half a year. But as there are few countries, in which the matter is taken up by the legislature, it is more commonly regulated by custom than by law.

About a century ago, widows in Scotland, and in Spain, wore the dress of mourners till death, or a

second husband, put an end to the ceremony. In Spain the widow passed the first year of her mourning in a chamber hung with black, into which day-light was never suffered to enter. She then changed her dark and dismal scene for a chamber hung with grey, into which she sometimes admitted an intrusive sun-beam to penetrate. In neither of these apartments did custom allow her looking-glasses, nor plate, nor any thing but the most plain and necessary furniture. Nor was she to have any jewels on her person, nor to wear any colour but black.

We are so much accustomed in Europe to see mourners dressed in black, that we have affixed a melancholy idea to that colour. Black is not, however, universally appropriated to this purpose. The dress of Chinese mourners is white; that of the Turks blue; of the Peruvians a mouse-colour; of the Egyptians yellow, and in some of their provinces green. Purple is at present made use of as the mourning dress of kings and cardinals.

Some tribes of American savages allot a widow the tedious space of four years to chastity and to mourning. To this mourning and continency are added particular austerities. Every evening and morning, during the first year, a widow is obliged to lament her loss in loud and lugubrious strains. But, if her husband was a war-chief, she is then, during the first moon, to sit the whole day under his war-pole, and there incessantly to bewail her lost lord, without any shelter from the heat, the cold, or whatever weather shall happen.

This

This war-pole is a tree stuck in the ground, with the top and branches cut off. It is painted red, and all the weapons and trophies of war, which belonged to the deceased, are hung on it, and remain there till they rot.

In several parts of Africa, a country of tyranny and despotism, women are not only doomed to be the slaves of their husbands in this world, but, according to their opinion, in the next also. The husband is no sooner dead, than his wives, concubines, servants, and even sometimes horses, must be strangled, in order to render him the same services in a future life which they did in this.

At the Cape of Good Hope, in order that widows may not impose themselves on the men for virgins, they are obliged by law to cut off a joint from a finger for every husband that dies. This joint they present to their new husband on the day of their marriage.

The Hindoos do not bury their dead after the manner of many other nations, but burn their bodies upon a large pile of wood erected for the purpose. Upon this pile the most beloved wife, and in some places, it is said; all the wives of great men are obliged to devote themselves to the flames which consume the body of their husbands.

In the history of the Bucaniers of America, it is said, that a widow in the Carribee Islands is obliged every day, for the space of one year, to carry victuals to the grave of her deceased husband; and the year

being expired, she must dig up his bones, wash and dry them in the sun, put them in a satchel, carry them on her back all day, and sleep upon them all night, for the space of another year. Cruel custom ! if it really exists. But the anonymous author of the history abounds so much in the marvellous, that he deserves but little credit.

Herodotus informs us, that among the ancient Cretonians, a people of Thrace, widows, assisted by all their relations, made interest who should be preferred to the honour of being killed on the grave of the deceased husband.

In China, if widows have had children, they become absolute mistresses of themselves ; and their relations have no power to compel them to become widows, nor to give them to another husband. It is not, however, reputable for a widow, who has children, to enter into a second marriage, without great necessity, especially if she is a woman of distinction. In this case, although she has been a wife only a few hours, or barely contracted, she frequently thinks herself obliged to pass the rest of her days in widowhood—and thereby to testify to the world the esteem and veneration she had for her husband or lover.

In the middle stations of life, the relations of some deceased husbands, eager to reimburse the family in the sum which the wife originally cost it, oblige her to marry, or rather sell her to another husband, if she has no male issue. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that
the

the future husband has concluded the bargain, and paid the money for her, before she is acquainted with the transaction. By the laws of China, a widow cannot be sold to another husband, till the time of her mourning for the first expires. So desirous, however, are the friends often to dispose of her, that they pay no regard to this law ; but, on a complaint being made to a mandarin, he is obliged to do her justice. As she is commonly unwilling to be bartered for in this manner, without her consent or knowledge, as soon as the bargain is struck, a covered chair, with a considerable number of lusty fellows, is brought to her house. Being forcibly put into this chair, she is conveyed to the house of her new husband, who takes care to secure her.

In Europe, a widow in tolerable circumstances is more mistress of herself than any other woman ; being free from that guardianship and controul to which the sex are subject while virgins, and while wives. In no part of Europe is this more exemplified than at Parma, and some other places of Italy ; where a widow is the only female who is at liberty either to choose a husband, or assume the government of any of her actions. Should a virgin pretend to choose for herself, it would be reckoned the most profligate licentiousness. Should she govern her actions or opinions, she would be considered as the most pert, and perhaps the most abandoned, of her sex.

Politeness and humanity have joined their efforts
in

in Europe to render the condition of widows comfortable. The government of England has provided a fund for the widows of officers. The clergy of Scotland have voluntarily raised a stock to support the widows of their order. Many incorporated trades have followed these laudable examples. This case is not confined to Britain. It extends to France, Germany, and other countries, where it exists in forms too various to be delineated.

The ancient laws of a great part of Europe ordained, that a widow should lose her dower, if she married again, or suffered her chastity to be corrupted. The laws of Prussia retain this ordinance to the present time. They likewise ordain that a widow shall not marry again, within nine months after the death of her husband.

The Prussians have another regulation concerning widows, highly descriptive of the humanity and wisdom of their legislature. When a widower and widow intend to marry, one or both of which having children, as it too frequently happens that such children are either despised or neglected, in consequence of the new connections formed, and perhaps of the new offspring raised up, the laws of Prussia provide for their education and fortune, according to the rank and circumstances of the parents; and will not suffer either man or woman to enter into a second marriage, without previously settling with the children of the first.

C H A P. LXIV.

THE WISH.

A NEAT little box on the side of a hill,
At the bottom of which runs a murmuring rill ;
The soil should be healthy, and temp'rate the air,
And, to add to my prospect, I'd have a parterre.

The sweet rose of Sharon my walks should adorn,
Just under my window I'll fancy a lawn,
Where delicate shrubs should be planted with taste,
And none of my ground be seen running to waste.

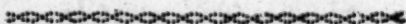
Instead of Italians, the linnet and thrush
Would with harmony greet me from every bush ;
Those gay feather'd songsters do rapture inspire!
What music so soft as the heavenly choir !

My furniture elegant, simple, and plain,
Not any thing gaudy, expensive, or vain ;
My friends should repose on a pillow of down,
Nor ever from me should they meet with a frown.

A study, replete with good authors, I'd choose,
That, if serious or gay, might instruct or amuse ;
No new-fashion'd novel, or gilded romance,
Should there find a place, though it travel'd from France,

My table I'd cover with old English cheer,
No kickshaws, or luxury, should be seen here :
I would treat you with port, and a service of fruit ;
But modern extravagance ne'er should take root.

If, to crown my felicity, fortune would lend:
 A sensible, sprightly, compassionate friend,
 One free from suspicion!—if such could be found,
 He soon should be master of this fairy ground.



CHAP. LXV.

A SINGULAR EPISTLE:

TAKEN FROM A GENUINE COPY.

MADAM,

I AM a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you, which I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention.

I believe I do not admire nor value you for any of those charms, for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. They are very brilliant, to be sure; but what are they? What are they, madam, *ab origine*? Fops, Fools, and Poets, would, in their usual airy manner, tell you, that they were made of celestial fire, that they were two animated balls of beauty, two love-darting mirrors, formed by the Graces, and a pack of such stuff. But I scorn to figure away at the expence of fair truth. I write
 in

in honest prose, madam ; and therefore in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty, those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on. But what of all this ? I am not so short-sighted, but I can look forward a little, beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away, when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and not a spark of fire will you have about you. If you live long enough, you will be purblind, and then what becomes of your love-darters ? Don't be quite so vain, my young beauty.

Another mighty matter upon which you have, it seems, to pique yourself, is your face. I mean such things as we call cheeks, lips, and complexion. I wish it to be known to you, that I have but a very poor opinion of these divine graces, as you call them.

Some time ago, I remember you shewed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore, in very sorry verses, that your cheeks threw into *utter despair* all the roses and lilies in the creation. Your skin too was, if I recollect, polished marble. The veins were compared to the azure of the third heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaster.

'Tis a lie, *Priscilla*, 'tis a sad lie. You are indebted to poetical fiction for all this trash. The rogues who deal in it have, as they tell us, a licence from that silly fellow *Apollo* to play such pranks with idle girls and
boys.

boys who believe them. For my part I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhyme, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the transposition of ten faucy syllables, since I was born. I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps.

What a collection of falsities is here, indeed ! I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life that were fairer than a lily, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to alabaster, I will take upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world ; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble.

No, no ; these flights will not pass upon men of cool prose. They will not, indeed, *Priscilla*. Metaphor, metaphor, my dear, is a mere bam. It tickles the child's ear ; but I heartily despise it.

Not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praise. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features. I like to see the proper proportions of red and white. I am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes, but I have no idea of calling any of these what they really are not, nor of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the driven snow. If that is not carrying the jest as far as it will fairly go, I don't know what is.—Why, madam, if a snow-ball and your bosom were shewn together, and any thing in the world but a poet to be the judge, he would say that you were a swarthy gipsy in the comparison.

But

But how you ladies can be pleased with all this high-flying is to me astonishing.—If a man was to compare me to a stick or a stone, or a tree, or a plant, that I was no more like than I am like the main ocean, should I perk up my head, and look about me the more for that?

As to features, skin, complexion, &c. they are so truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever-persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make

“ Your hair to stand on end,

“ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

Go into your garden. Fix your attention on the fairest flower. Take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a second visit to-morrow morning. What are you surpris'd at? That a flower should fade! A slight blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it. The tints are dead. The colours are faded. The beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, *Priscilla*, you are very pretty. What a face, what an air, what a shape! In the evening, one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shews—an ugly woman.

I believe you have sense enough, *Priscilla*, to see
where to

whereto all this tends : — It tends, *Priscilla*, to your instruction. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance on features.

Nor do I, *Priscilla*, estimate you according to your wealth. Certain it is, that your father left you rich. But I wish you were not so fascinated with these possessions. I heard you talk in such raptures of a new coach, and new diamonds, that I am much afraid you are far gone in the *fripperies* of life.

A slight fever would soon shew you the impotency of gold, and it would divest you of all the trappings, in which you have wantonly dressed the finest set of horses in the universe.

Every thing I have mentioned is held on a sad tenure, even the tenure of a regular pulse.

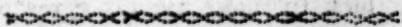
I think there is, under all your false ideas, *a good heart*. 'Tis this, *Priscilla*, which draws me towards you. I think I could banish the frailties that cling at present about your affections. If you can bear me after this letter, I shall have a better opinion of you than ever. If you are offended, and take pet at it, I shall lose you it is true ; but then I shall know by experience, that your love was not worth seeking.

I know we should live very happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various. First, break your looking-glasses. Secondly, turn all your poets out of doors. Thirdly, throw their verses into the fire : and lastly, make a solemn vow never more to put your trust in *metaphors* and

and *comparisons*, two cursed things; which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions, and take to your bosom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or *puppyism* at his heart,

Your old friend, and
humble servant,

PETER PLAINMAN?



C H A P. LXVI.

THE SPECIOUS LOVER.

LADY Bladen was left by the late Sir William in a very affluent situation, with only two daughters, coheiresses to their father's large estates; who, in consequence of their possessions, and their prospects, as their mother had discouraged all overtures towards a second marriage, had many admirers, and received many addresses. Several men made proposals who had fair pretensions; and others who had no pretensions at all, from the scantiness of their fortunes, endeavoured, by their sollicitudes and attentions, to make an impression upon their hearts; naturally supposing, that by gaining their affections, they might preclude a very minute enquiry into their rent-rolls.

Miss Bladen, the eldest, was a very fine figure; she had a pair of sparkling eyes, and an animated complexion.

plexion. Emilia, the younger sister, was a less regular, but, perhaps, a more pleasing beauty upon the whole, as there was a very affecting expression of sensibility in her countenance; which was, indeed, a very exact picture of her mind, a mind amiable in the highest degree.

As the fortunes of these two sisters were equal, they had an equal number of men in their train, desirous of being united to them; but not one of Emilia's followers had the good luck to make himself agreeable to her: *she*, on the other hand, became a very zealous advocate for a Mr. Selwyn, who was passionately attached to her sister. Selwyn was every way deserving of the interest which Emilia took in his affairs; but while *she* expressed herself warmly in his favour, Maria treated him with a levity which gave him an infinite deal of disquiet. When she first encouraged him, indeed, she really preferred him to the rest of her followers; yet she was fond of flirting with every other man who came in her way, and at length became so particular to a Mr. Johnson, with whom she commenced an acquaintance at Southampton, that Selwyn grew seriously alarmed; and as a man who is in a restless, agitated state, is seldom so agreeable, or capable of rendering himself so, as he whose heart is perfectly at ease, Johnson had greatly the advantage over him. By rallying him, therefore, before Miss Bladen, and laughing at him, with her, when he was absent, he made her see him in a less pleasing light; in a very little time, he set her
entirely

entirely against him, and recommended *himself* to her so strongly, that she began to discover every kind of contempt for Selwyn, while she gave his rival all the reason in the world to believe she liked him.

Johnson, availing himself of Maria's animating behaviour to him, of all her apparent prepossessions in his favour, made his court to her with so much success, that Lady Bladen in a short time perceived that she was more partial to him than to Selwyn, and many other gentlemen who solicited her consent.

Johnson, with an unaffected carelessness about him, had, however, the most insinuating manners to be conceived : with those manners he made himself extremely caressed by all ranks and classes of people ; with those manners, an handsome person, and an uncommon taste in dress, he was an alluring figure in the eyes of Maria, at least, who was too much prejudiced by his appearance, and almost as vain of having her lover thought a fine fellow, as she was of being reckoned a fine woman herself. Selwyn, it is true, was elegantly formed, and had a very intelligent face ; but he was not altogether so striking : a peculiar delicacy of discernment was necessary to find out his excellencies. However, with all his amiable qualities, qualities for which he was to be highly valued, he was keenly susceptible of jealousy. Maria gave him cause, indeed : yet had he made use of his reason, he must have been sensible that a woman of such a capricious, changeable disposition, could not be a desirable character, could not merit the affection

he felt for her. Having complained to her, one day, of her neglect of *him*, and of her encouraging behaviour to Johnson, in gentle language; he received so unwelcome an answer, that he was stimulated to proceed in a more ungentle style. He told her, in very plain terms, raising his voice, that she had used him ill by neglecting *him* for a new admirer, who could not, he was well assured, love her better than *he* did, and who did not, he believed, love her half so well.

Miss Bladen, naturally haughty and impatient of controul from any person, especially from a man whom she looked upon as bound in duty to submit to *her* pleasure, replied with a *fierté*, which was neither becoming in *her*, or pleasing to her lover. In consequence of this treatment, he began to consider what advantages Johnson possessed to make him so formidable a rival. He allowed him all the superior advantages of dress, which he thought of little importance; as any man who paid the same attention to the embellishment of his person, might, he believed, make as good an appearance; and he at the same time was of opinion, that the woman captivated by that sort of personal merit (if it deserved the name, as every coxcomb in town might acquire it) discovered a very weak understanding. In the next place he considered, that he had never heard any thing either of Johnson's family, or estate: he, therefore, concluded, that he was not a man of birth or fortune; and that he paid his addresses to Miss Bladen with the most mercenary views. However, as he did not ima-

gine

gine he should talk with her to any purpose, upon a subject to which she apparently had a considerable aversion, he applied to Emilia for information. *She* told him, immediately, that she knew very little about Mr. Johnson; adding, that she did not believe her mother or her sister knew much more concerning him. "His specious appearance and behaviour," continued she, "have so taken their fancies, that I imagine they have never troubled their heads with making enquiries into the truth of what you have related. I recollect, indeed, that he has mentioned his being of an Irish family; and I suppose, that my mother must have had a satisfactory account of him: without such an account she would not, surely, have permitted him to visit my sister so often, and to appear with her in public."

Selwyn, still too much in love with Maria to be so easily satisfied as Lady Bladen was with what she might have heard about Johnson, began to think that he was one of the Society of Gentlemen from Ireland, who, being rather in strait circumstances, endeavour to improve their situations by marrying women of fortune. Prompted by this conjecture, he wrote over to a friend he had in that kingdom, sent him a *full length* of Johnson, and begged to be informed if he knew any thing of *him*, and of his connections. He also set his own servant to get all the intelligence he possibly could in town, of the same kind. The latter soon brought him word, that Mr. Johnson was only a hair-dresser, who went over to France to improve himself in his profession, and

who being expert at catching the manners as well as the fashions of the country, became so clever at his business, and had so genteel an address, that a young English nobleman making the tour of Italy, took him into his *suite*. "By rendering himself useful to his lordship," continued Harry, "he not only reaped the fruits of his generosity, by the possession of more money and clothes than he had ever been master of before, but he also got a new set of notions in his head, and fancied that if he could draw in any girl with a good fortune, he might live as genteelly as the man of quality whom he served. Accordingly, he quitted his master, returned to England, set up for himself, and chose Southampton for his field of action, as it happened to be pretty full; not doubting but that he should recommend himself to some woman, who had a fortune sufficient to make him easy for life. Miss Bladen was the first lady who fell in his way at a ball. He was drest *au dernier gout*, being just arrived from Paris; and as he had there taken lessons from the most celebrated masters in dancing, fencing, &c. he exhibited himself in so favourable a point of view, that most of the ladies seemed desirous of having him for a partner: but having informed himself that Miss Bladen had 20,000*l.* and that Lady Bladen was not so strict as some mothers would have been who had two such daughters under her care, he contrived to dance with her, and made himself so agreeable both to *her* and her mother, that an acquaintance immediately commenced,

which

which soon grew into an intimacy, and from an intimacy to an apparent attachment."

This information was sufficient for Selwyn: he found, in a short time, that he had received a just account, and he thought it highly necessary to avail himself of it, and chose the manner of detection when his rival was met in company, not only with Miss Bladen, but with her mother and sister.

Coming in one afternoon, he found his rival sitting with the two sisters, and Lady Bladen, in the drawing room; and soon after his entrance began to charge him with being an impostor, who had, by his specious appearance, deceived the family he was then with, by making them believe that he was a man of fashion and fortune, when he knew he was only a hair-dresser.

Lady Bladen and Emilia started at the accusation: the former looked exceedingly alarmed. The pretended Johnson affected a carelessness and composure, which would have been, he hoped, powerful enough to prove his innocence. Maria, seeing him so unembarrassed, concluded that he could not possibly be the person Selwyn endeavoured to make them believe he was, and joined in his affected laugh. His mirth, however, was soon checked. On Lady Bladen's earnestly desiring Selwyn to tell her how he procured this intelligence, and whether it was properly authenticated; he assured her that she might depend upon it, and gave a circumstantial account of what he had heard. Johnson, now extremely disconcerted, on finding that Sel-

wyn was master of every particular relating to his adventures, rose up, discovered the greatest agitation, and attempted to bully Selwyn: he actually went so far as to give him the *lie direct*. Selwyn then took him by the shoulders, and very fairly kicked him out of the room. When he had dismissed him in this ignominious manner, he seated himself in his place, by Miss Bladen, and asked her how she, as a woman of spirit, could encourage so tame a lover; laughing at her also, with much archness, but great good-humour, upon her having been so easily duped. She made no reply, but pouted, and looked sullen. Lady Bladen then hoping to give a cheerful turn to the conversation, which had been disagreeably serious, said, "Come, Maria, think no more of this worthless impostor: we are all liable to be mistaken in a character sometimes; we are not the first family who have been imposed upon: let us be thankful that the man who deceived us all has been discovered in time; let us, as we ought, be particularly grateful to Mr. Selwyn for our preservation, whom you can best reward, my dear, by giving him your hand, and promising to be *his*." "Mr. Selwyn, madam," replied Maria haughtily, "wished to serve nobody but himself, and is therefore as much interested as any other man." "I agree with you, Miss Bladen," answered Selwyn, "I am so far interested as never to make that woman my wife who despises me; especially while I dare hope (turning to Emilia, and taking her hand) that there is one who will not

refuse my solicitations to accept of a heart, which, on my first acquaintance with the family, would have been hers, had I not, from her extreme diffidence, been kept ignorant of her infinite merit." This unexpected address surpris'd all the three ladies; but it had a different effect upon each of them. Maria, though she had us'd Selwyn ill, was much hurt at his preferring her sister; while that sister, who had long loved him, but who had endeavour'd to conceal her sentiments, thinking him engag'd to Maria, felt herself ready to expire with joy to find the man whom she had for a considerable time tenderly esteem'd, ready to make her completely happy. As for Lady Bladen, who began to be exceedingly disturb'd at the behaviour of her eldest daughter to the man who had merited a very different treatment, and of whose intrinsic value she was now become more sensible than ever; she rejoic'd to see that she had still a daughter to bestow upon him, as a recompence for his saving the other from her being fatally connected with a sharper.



C H A P. LXVII.

FRIENDSHIP IMPROVED INTO LOVE.

I.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

P 3

II. When

II.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as-inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake :

III.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

IV.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When she sings me some rapturous strain ;
All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again !

V.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we fauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way :

VI.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move ;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

VII.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

C H A P. LXVIII.

TWO VERY SINGULAR FEMALE CHARACTERS
DESCRIBED:

IN A LETTER TO A LITERARY GENTLEMAN.

THOUGH the rise of many satirical portraits may not appear obvious to every reader, yet I know not whether they may not be productive of salutary effects; as the exposing of vice and absurdity bids the fairest for success, men being sooner laughed than reasoned out of their follies. It seems, however, extraordinary, if not paradoxical, that men of the politest education, and greatest affluence, should suffer themselves to be hurried along the stream of folly and dissipation, and by an improper use of their authority should render themselves of no estimation in the eyes of their servants and domestics, whom though they may frighten by their tyranny, can never force to reverence and esteem them.

The ladies too (though with due reverence to the worthier part of them) exceed if possible the other sex, in every species of impertinence and inconsistency. When the mind is immersed in folly and dissipation, it is scarcely credible to think to what lengths of absurdity we may be driven. I have spent the greatest portion of time in what are called the politest families; but, alas! they are only called so, as many of them,

through a ridiculous imperious conduct, sink themselves greatly below what they call plebeian. As they most certainly conceive themselves of a superior order of beings, it seems altogether unaccountable to me that they should not endeavour to attain to perfections, that would give some colour to their claim to this distinguished pre-eminence : but, from the general tenor of their conduct, they seem to affect imperfections and absurdities to attain that character. But as facts are always more striking than the most severe reprehensions to reprove vice, I shall give you a sketch of the characters of two ladies whom I had the honour to serve, or, in other words, whose rigorous mandates I was compelled to execute, and whose imperious behaviour I was necessitated to endure.

My first mistress, who was a widow, was one who had adopted it as an undeniable truth, that those whom she styled the vulgar, were only to be considered as her vassals or slaves ; and her conduct has evinced her attachment to these principles. The first three weeks after I entered the service, I seldom saw this modern sultaness, but received my orders from another person. I was in some hopes that my services would be rendered somewhat more tolerable by my acting under commission ; but I was deceived. It seems her eldest son (who was about seventeen years of age, a minute puny dwarf about four feet high) had represented to his mother that I had dared one evening, in summer, to request his going to bed at eleven. Her highness gave
me

me to understand, that gentleman (meaning her scaramouch) was not to be insulted by *creatures* like me : that her son should go to bed when he pleased, unless persons of consequence gave orders to the contrary. Was her son to be ordered by the scum of the earth ? She then commanded this *minute* gentleman in my *bearing*, not to speak to, or make the least familiarity with such *low* wretches. This was followed by a stern look at me, accompanied with a dreadful menace what should be the consequence of my future temerity.

This infatuated woman was so consummately ambitious as to order me to take the mop and scour the place wherein any visitor happened to stand while speaking to her, although his or her feet were as clean as the boards themselves. This piece of audacity was, I suppose, to intimate, that she would not sit near the place which was polluted by the feet of any other person. This instance of the extravagance of human vanity and absurdity may perhaps be disputed by many, but it is as true as I now grasp this pen with which I write. It were needless to recount all the impertinences she daily teased me with. Suffice it to know, that I laboured to please her, but found it impossible : she was a pest to her own happiness, and envied that any other mortal should share any peace. She was however taken off in a few hours illness, and left this world in the greatest horror and despair.

My second mistress was one who was nearly as proud as the former, but it consisted chiefly in a violent pas-

sion for dress and equipage. And in this particular she was often mortified to such a degree as to overpower her senses, and throw her into fits. An instance of this I shall now relate. Being on a visit to a neighbouring lady (with whom my mistress was ever vying for splendour), the afternoon was spent with the usual gaiety, when, on leaving the drawing-room, my mistress happened to brush against the head cook-maid, who appeared remarkably elegant, in a neat light-grounded flowered chintz. My mistress was struck with her appearance, and eying her earnestly, "Jenny," she cried, "reach me the lavender!" and immediately fell down into a swoon. After having recovered herself, she ordered her chair to be got ready with all imaginary expedition. After we got home, she called me up to her: "Jenny," she said, with a voice interrupted with a tremulous accent, "did you observe the creature's insolence? Unpin me!" "La, Madam," said I, "what is it offends your Ladyship?" "Offends! Such insolence is not to be borne! a chintz too! I shall die with indignation." "Mrs. Susan's gown you mean, I suppose, Madam," said I.—"Mrs. Susan! filthy trollop! Mrs. Susan! ha! ha! ha! Here take this (giving me the gown); you will now be as *fine* as that minx. Well! I never met with so audacious an affront before. Had Lady Gadabout informed me she had thrown her gown to that wretch, 'twould have been some satisfaction: but to suffer the creature to wear it in my presence, before I had cast mine, 'twas intolerable."—"Marry," thought

thought I, "if you should receive such affronts every day, provided they terminated thus in my favour, I care not."

This night was, however, an irksome one to me. It was her custom to have me to comb her hair a full hour every night before she went to sleep, or rather it was my business to lull her to sleep with combing. Fourteen different combs were each night successively applied to her hair with assiduous labour; but this night was marked for my having to bestow five full hours in the painful task. Often did I rest my wearied arms, and as often did I renew the painful task. At last I got her to sleep, and lifting her into bed, found means to creep to my own. Her anger too was most ungovernable, and arose on the most trivial occasions, nay sometimes from no occasion at all. One day (after having laid the cloth for dinner) the bell rang with more than ordinary quickness; I flew to my mistress, who, as soon as I entered, darted her eyes (which beamed with fire) full upon me, and, without speaking one word, snatched one of the forks from the table, which she threw with such violence, that, as I turned to shun the blow, it struck me on the back side of my head, and stuck there—I was in such terror, that I ran as far as the kitchen with the fork in my head, not having presence of mind to draw it out again, which was done by the butler, who swore I looked like Lady Macbeth in the tragedy. I saw her no more that day, but next morning I was recompensed with a brocade

filk gown, very little worfe for the wear ; I was, however, for some days exceedingly fore. Her temper, notwithstanding this, broke out as violent as ever, not many days after, on a very trivial occasion. It were endless to recount the many bruises and strokes I received in her service. Suffice it to know, that in a few years after this javelin affair, she died of a surfeit of lampreys.

I shall now close this narrative (which I could lengthen out much farther) with observing, that, from the sketches already drawn, you may be enabled to judge what satisfaction those minds enjoy, who are too proud, or rather too silly, to make use of the means that would make them beloved by their servants, and enjoy in themselves the tranquillity that is inseparable from humility and virtue.



C H A P. LXIX.

DR. SCHOMBERG'S METHOD OF READING FOR FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

MADAM,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading ; which you would have had sooner, only

only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment; but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! But I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it
will

will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant under the following heads:

HISTORY — MORALITY — POETRY.

The first employs the memory; the second, the judgment; and the third, the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head

of

of morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses, which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surpris'd they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another

view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you: I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

MADAM,

Your faithful

humble servant,

I. SCHOMBERG.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXX.

THE SEQUESTERED LOVER.

YE wild waving woods, that now closing your shade,
 Now wantonly parting, disport with the beam;
 Thou river, whose current refreshes the mead;
 And you, ye rude ruins that shadow his stream:

Ye flocks that hang white on the side of yon hill;
 Ye herds who beneath crop the grafs of the vale;
 Ye that chirp in the hedge, or skim light on the rill,
 Or fluttering, give your gay wing to the gale:

Sweet inspirers of thought! and thou sweetest, thou *Dove*,
 Whose silver plumes shine thro' the boughs of the tree,
 Escap'd from the cage, and away from the love,
 All silent and sad, a companion to me!

Ah! why, as I gaze on the landscape around,
 Why suddenly starts the fond tear to my eye?
 Tho' smiling each object, and cheerful each sound,
 Why steals from my bosom the sorrowing sigh?

Enchant the fair scenes, till enraptur'd I find
 That sweetest oblivion the Muses bestow,
 Till the sunshine that gilds you shall heighten my mind,
 And my fancy forgets that my heart has a woe!

So free may ye flourish, fair scenes as ye rise,
 So still be your charms by simplicity grac'd,
 In native luxuriance still please and surprise,
 Nor by folly be fashion'd, nor tortur'd by taste.

So when the glad seasons their blessings shall yield,
And *Ceres* enrich you, and *Flora* adorn,
May the labourer's laugh echo loud in the field,
And the breeze whisper soft thro' the mellowing corn :

And so when the evening's mild glories decline,
And fade from the sky the last blushes of light,
Unfollied and cloudless may *CYNTHIA* shine
Ere yet you are hid by the envious night.

And whilst her fair form glitters bright in the flood,
And sheds on its bosom a tremulous ray,
Tips the top of the hill, gilds the gloom of the wood,
And softens each beauty that glar'd in the day :

"In such a night," following *Philamel's* voice,
As she sings her sweet song to the listening air,
Sequester'd from crowds, or by chance or by choice,
To this bower should some gentle spirit repair :

Whilst tenderness breathes in the nightingale's strain,
To tenderness tun'd as delighted they stray,
This verse may they see, if this verse should remain,
Nor heedlessly turn from a wanderer's lay.

Perhaps they will deem him neglected, forlorn,
As they mark how his numbers all flow ;
Of Fortune the sport, or of Beauty the scorn,
Conjecture his sorrows, and pity his woe.

C H A P. LXXI.

THE HISTORY OF PHILOCLES AND PANTHEA.

THE celebrated duke de la Rochefoucault has discovered, in his Moral Reflections, a profound knowledge of the human heart ; but none of his maxims appear to me to be more just than the following :

“ Absence may extinguish weak passions ; but it adds new force to the strong ; just as the wind which puts out a little fire, makes a great one burn with double fury.”

The justness of this observation will appear evidently from the following story, the truth of which I can vouch for, and the probability of which nobody will call in question.

Philocles, a young gentleman of a considerable fortune, and remarkable for his personal beauty, was distinguished from most of his age and condition by a singular turn of character. He looked upon love as a passion so dangerous, that he formed a resolution to shun every woman that had inspired him with a growing passion. It was customary with him to argue in this manner : Pleasure resembles fire ; at a certain distance it warms us ; but we cannot make a near approach without being burned.

Philocles,

Philocles, having made this determination, behaved in such a manner to the ladies, that he soon acquired the reputation of a Daffodil, as he did not appear to give any preference to one above another. However, as his indifference was owing to principle, and not constitution, it did not long continue. It soon gave way to the prevailing charms of Florinda; and Philocles, unknown to himself, behaved to her often in such a particular manner, as drew upon her the envy of most of her female acquaintance, and was to her a matter of the highest triumph. Her joy, however, was soon turned into sorrow, when she was informed that Philocles was gone to France, thinking the air of Paris might have efficacy enough to cure him of his love; an opinion in which he was not deceived.

Philocles, after a few months residence in that gay place, which seems to be consecrated to pleasure, and several intrigues with ladies of fashion, whose sentiments agreed exactly with his, and who considered love as a transient amusement, which should never be carried to a serious attachment, returned to England, and heard, with the utmost indifference, that Florinda had in his absence been married to a peer. This intelligence did not displease him, as he was now secure from her reproaches.

Philocles, with a heart entirely disengaged, resumed his former course of life, and gave himself up entirely to pleasure and dissipation. But soon a first-rate beauty effected what one of an inferior order could not do.

Panthea,

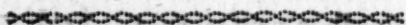
Panthea, the lustre of whose eyes could be equalled by nothing but the gracefulness and majesty of her person, soon excited emotions in the breast of Philocles, which, though much stronger than those which he had felt before, so far bore a resemblance to them, that he could easily perceive the traces of his former passion, and therefore resolved to be upon his guard.

He, however, could not immediately resolve to deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Panthea, and every new interview contributed to add new fuel to the flame of love, with which his heart now glowed, which throbbed in all his veins. Each time he saw Panthea appeared to him the first; and it is highly probable he would have entirely forgot his resolution, had it not been for a weakness which no man is entirely free from. He could not stand the ridicule of his circle of acquaintance, before whom he had often declared his intentions, and boasted of his resolution to act in consequence. False shame had as much influence over Philocles as over most men. He immediately resolved to absent himself, and accordingly went to Venice. But the image of his dear Panthea could not so easily be effaced from his mind. Her idea haunted him both day and night; and this, with the sense of his own weakness, in sacrificing real happiness to the opinion of men unworthy of his esteem, had such an effect on him, that he was seized with a violent fever. His life was almost despaired of; and it is probable he would not have recovered, had not a resolution

resolution which he instantly formed to return to England, and the hope of seeing his beloved Panthea again, contributed more to restore his health than all the assistance of his physicians.

Upon his return to England, Panthea, who had taken offence at his inconstancy, for some time declined seeing him; but being soon after informed that he was fallen dangerously ill, her passion took the ascendant, and she went to see him. Philocles was in a short time restored to health, and owed his recovery entirely to Panthea's visits, which were very frequent.

Panthea, having thus discovered her heart, made no longer any difficulty to admit the addresses of Philocles; and in a few months afterwards they were married. Philocles is now become an example of constancy, and his attachment to Panthea is equal to the ardour of her affection for him.



C H A P. LXXII.

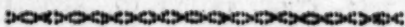
THE DEATHS OF LUCRETIA AND VIRGINIA.

THE force of prejudice appears in nothing more strongly than in the encomiums which have been lavished upon Lucretia, for laying violent hands upon herself, and Virginius, for killing his own daughter. These actions seem to derive all their glory from the revolutions to which they gave rise, as the former occasioned

occasioned the abolition of monarchy amongst the Romans, and the latter put an end to the arbitrary power of the decemviri. But if we lay aside our prepossessions for antiquity, and examine these actions without prejudice, we cannot but acknowledge, that they are rather the effects of human weakness and obstinacy than of resolution and magnanimity. Lucretia, for fear of worldly censure, chose rather to submit to the lewd desires of Tarquin, than have it thought that she had been stabbed in the embraces of a slave; which sufficiently proves, that all her boasted virtue was founded upon vanity, and too high a value for the opinion of mankind. The younger Pliny, with great reason, prefers to this famed action that of a woman of low birth, whose husband being seized with an incurable disorder, chose rather to perish with him than survive him. The action of Arria is likewise much more noble, whose husband, Pætus, being condemned to death, plunged a dagger in her breast, and told him, with a dying voice, "Pætus, it is not painful." But the death of Lucretia gave rise to a revolution, and is therefore become illustrious; though, as St. Augustine justly observes, it is only an instance of the weakness of a woman, too solicitous about the opinion of the world.

Virginus, in killing his daughter, to preserve her from falling a victim to the lust of the decemvir Claudius, was guilty of the highest rashness; since he might certainly have gained the people, already irritated against the tyrant, without embruing his hands in his

own blood. This action may indeed be extenuated, as Virginias slew his daughter from a false principle of honour, and did it to preserve her from what both he and she thought worse than death; namely, to preserve her from violation: but though it may in some measure be excused, it should not certainly be praised or admired.



CH A P. LXXIII.

T H E S I B Y L:

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

IN early times, before the Christian sacrifice had taken from evil spirits their power to hurt mankind, a matron, of the East, followed by two fair daughters, went to the shore of the tempestuous sea, to supplicate the fabled Neptune. "Thou, powerful God, who swallowedst up the father, spare the son! Lo! I submit. The widow stands resigned; but hear the mother." Her bare knees pressed the rock, she bowed before the wave that roared against it; and as she prayed, she paid the angry deity the tribute of her tears. The sea had robbed her of her lord; but piety had taught her resignation. She kissed the beach again, and was departing; when there appeared upon the rising wave, erect and unconcerned, a human figure; the habit spoke
her

her female: age sat upon her brow, but free from all infirmities, commanded only reverence; her dry feet floated on the water's surface; her silver hair played negligently in the storm; her hand was on her heart, her eye on heaven. The daughters shrieked; the parent knew the form as it approached, and bending to the earth, hailed the Erythrean Sibyl.

She waved her hand; and the sea ceased its tumult: "Amia," said she, "thy virtue has reached heaven.—Danger is near! Children remember!—The virtue of a daughter is obedience: the brightest jewel in a virgin's crown, is modesty!" She vanished. The sea resumed its roaring, and the broad sun was now half sunk beneath the billows.

No moon could light them homeward: the sea-storm brought its thunder to the land; and as they stood behind a ruined tower for shelter from its fury, they heard the muttered sounds of midnight rites, and horrid incantations—a gleam of lightning shewed at once the place. Within an ample circle, surrounded by dark grafs, the works of fancied fairies, stood a decrepit creature, busied in his infernal sacrifices; nine times he walked about the fatal circle, and each blade blackened where his fell foot came: in the midst he raised a pile of mouldering coffins, and of broken gibbets; and covered it with the heart of an old oak, just rent by thunder. Upon the heap he laid a human body, warm from its sepulchre; and, with a blue flame which his breath raised from the ground, he lighted the strange heap.

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Till then the ceremonies were but seen imperfectly, as the interrupted flashings from the clouds gave opportunity: now all was evident; the infernal ceremony shone with its own light; and as the flame advanced, the hagg'd wizard walked his round, repeating secret prayers.

The flames distinctly shewed the body they were to consume; a youth of perfect beauty, who seem'd only to sleep amidst the fire; at length it reach'd him, and they saw him burn, by slow degrees, to ashes; then, with a dreadful shriek, the forcerer leaped into the fire; a thick smoke rose, darker than night, and spread itself abroad till it fill'd all the circle. After a while it cleared, and from the glowing embers of the fire there rose again the youth who had been burnt. Deep music issued from the circle's verge, and to its solemn notes the figure slow ascended. The unwrinkled forehead and the rosy cheeks, the lips of coral and the golden hair, rose from the shapeless ashes in full beauty. They turned: for modesty refus'd their seeing more; but in a little time the music ceas'd, and the new-born youth came up, and stood before them, with an easy grace, clothed in an azure robe, studded with silver stars. The mother trembled; for the Sibyl's warning yet rung in her affrighted ears. The daughters, young and unexperienc'd, stood charmed with the youth's beauty. He told them he was Jove; he woo'd them to his arms; and added, they should walk the Emyrean heaven.

The

The mother, bold in the Sibyl's sacred lesson, charged him with imposture; but the girls were still in raptures. A cloudy chariot raised them from the earth, and as they rode along the air, they thought they had reached the very height the flatterer promised. They listened to his soothing words. The pensive mother frowned. She told them poets feigned; for gods were holy. The favour of the Sibyl gave her courage, and her maternal love inspired a sacred eloquence. They doubted as she spoke. At length the elder was convinced. She joined her parent in her arguments; but inconsiderate youth betrayed the other. This told them "Power was power, and splendour splendour: that he who could thus waft them through the air, had all the might of Jove; and there could be no heaven if it were not their present residence."

She gave her lily hand trembling, yet resolute, to her new lover. The mother shrieked, and sunk upon her knees, in vain. Aerial ministers served in a gay repast. The lover and the loved sat down together. The mother and her other child refused. Ambrosia was the food on plates of emeralds, and nectar sparkled in the adamantine bowls. But nature pleaded; and the favoured mistress would not be blessed except her mother shared. Anguish tore the parent's heart. She would not sit; she begged her not to taste; and when the fond girl doubted, charged her on her obedience. But she was no more heard. The lover once again invited both; and when refused, he frowned, and bade

them thirst, and pine for ever, in unpitied wretchedness, and unregarded envy.

A dungeon now rose in an obscure corner of the place. The mother and the daughter were thrust into it by fiends. Heat burnt them up, and they were perishing with thirst, while the abandoned sister, as she drank her full bowl, called to them: "Now who is in the right? Now tell me, is obedience to her or him the better?" The sister blushed. The mother only answered, "See to-morrow."

Full revelry and joy prevailed at the detested board: the sister still invited, still despised it. The mother gazed on them with silent sorrow. At length, a crimson canopy stretched its wide curtains, and disclosed the bridal bed. The pair advanced towards it; and new despair gave once more the afflicted parent words. She prayed, and she commanded; both in vain. The infatuated girl approached the bed, and the lover followed. The spirits disappeared, the velvet bed shrunk to a corner of a withered hedge. The splendour and the power at once were over. The youthful Jove now stood in his own form, a withered forcerer; and at the instant appeared the Sibyl, leading in her hand the sovereign of the country. She told the story. She took for ever from the wizard his former power of magic; and gave the virtuous daughter to the king. The mother saw her empress of the East, while the deluded disobedient remained, what she had made herself, the bride of beggary and miserable age.

The lesson reaches all. The world allures; and youth is unexperienced. Obedience to a parent is the path to happiness. Blessings attend on this; and misery never fails to accompany the other.



C H A P. LXXIV.

THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN:

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

THE education of men, and that of women, ought to be conducted on the same principles, so far as it relates to the vanity of both being directed to essential objects. In almost every other respect, however, there should be a difference. One thing in particular is to be cautiously avoided in the latter, that is, raising the imagination, or suffering them to do any thing from passion.

Born for a life of uniformity and dependence, what they have occasion for is, reason, sweetness, and sensibility, resources against idleness and languor, moderate desires, and no passions.

Were it in your power to give them genius, it would be almost always a useless, and very often a dangerous present. It would, in general, make them regret the station which Providence has assigned them, or have recourse to unjustifiable ways to get from it. The

best

best taste for science only contributes to make them particular. It takes them away from the simplicity of their domestic duties, and from general society, of which they are the loveliest ornament.

Intended to be at the head of a house, to bring up children, to depend on a master, who will occasionally want their obedience and advice, their chief qualifications are to be the love of order, patience, prudence, and right-mindedness.

The more agreeable talents they can connect with these cardinal virtues;—the more parts of learning they have tasted the elements of, so as not to be entirely shut out of mixed conversation;—the more relish they have for proper and well chosen books;—and the more they are capable of reflecting, the better and happier beings will they be.

Rousseau says, that the little cunning natural to women ought not to be checked, because they will want it to captivate the men, on whom they depend. This is a detestable maxim. He might as well have recommended dissimulation, and even open falsehood; for, detestable as they are, they may likewise, at times, serve a turn. But for one case, in which vice may be useful, there are a thousand in which it does harm. Nor is there any thing that will weather every storm, save the habitual exercise of virtue. Besides, if there were any vices, which it became a philosopher to recommend, surely they should not be the lowest of all;—those which indicate the last degree of corruption,

both in body and mind ;—those of which immediate self-interest is the object.

After all, an artful woman may govern a weak and narrow-minded man ; but she will never gain the esteem and attachment of a man of sense.



C H A P. LXXV.

WEDDED LOVE IS INFINITELY PREFERABLE TO
VARIETY.

HAIL, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety,
In Paradise of all things common else !

By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Thou art the fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

C H A P. LXXVI.

THE MERCENARY LOVER:

A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a woman of fortune happens to look with very favourable eyes (no uncommon case) upon a man much inferior to her, though a gentleman, in his circumstances, she naturally wishes to see an equal degree of inclination in him to be united to her for life; to see her passion for him sincerely returned.—Such a woman, however, is often afraid to give the man to whom her heart is partial encouragement, from an apprehension that he may be ready to avail himself of her prepossessions in his behalf, merely to improve his affairs, without feeling the slightest personal regard for her. These wishes and these apprehensions are natural; and if the latter are predominant, the removal of them cannot but be desirable for the accomplishment of the former. The woman in the above supposed situation certainly acts with prudence, by putting the affection of her lover to the test before she consents to be bound to him with the cords of matrimony. If ever dissimulation is pardonable, it is upon such an occasion; and she who has recourse to it will rather deserve pity than censure, should her test be attended with disappointment.

Raised

Raised to a sphere of life in which she never expected to shine, from the humility of her birth, and the straitness of her father's finances, Emilia Linton enjoyed her large fortune like a woman of spirit, and did not, in the enjoyment of it, lose sight of discretion. Having no relations, no persons of either sex nearly enough related to her to controul her actions, to talk to her in a didactic style, to direct her conduct, the discretion which she discovered was the more remarkable, and the more to be commended, when she came into the possession of it. The propriety of her behaviour, in every shape, was observed with pleasure by all who had a real esteem for her: by those among her female friends who longed to make the same figure in the world, and who remembered her inferior to themselves, with pain. May not envy be called pain? Doubtless: and they who are disturbed with this meanest of the human passions, may feelingly exclaim with the jealous Moor,

"Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!"

Without beauty, without bright parts, without any dazzling accomplishments, without any airs to set herself off to advantage, Emilia pleased. Though not handsome, she was far from being ugly; and though she had not an acute, she had a solid understanding. Smart expressions never dropped from her lips; but for sensible ones she yielded not to the most sensible of her sex. Her manners were winning, her observations were judicious, and her conduct was exemplary.

Emilia was not, it may be imagined, from this sketch of her character, without followers. She had even admirers too. The majority of those, indeed, who paid their addresses to her, were attracted by her fortune: there were some, however, whom she could not rank, as they were in superior circumstances, among the fortune-hunting train. She received all the attentions of those who crowded about her at every public place with the greatest politeness, but that politeness was general: she gave not one of them reason to imagine, by any particular distinctions, that he had made the smallest impression upon her heart. Her heart, indeed, was not affected by any of the speeches which were addressed to her ears. Thoroughly acquainted, from the extensiveness of her observation, with the precise value of the compliments lavished upon her, she considered them as counters on a card-table, serviceable to those who had tricks, but of no intrinsic worth.

In the suite of Emilia's admirers one man at length appeared, who seemed to be more studious than his competitors to be noticed by her. Of this man she, at first, saw the assiduities with no particular emotions; but she felt herself in a little while so much flattered by them, that she could hardly help shewing in her face what passed in her bosom concerning him. In proportion to the increase of his attention to her, was the increase of her partiality for him; and she began, in a short time, to wish that he would make his addresses to her in form: fearful of betraying her feelings by her
looks,

looks, and of being considered by her lover as a woman ready to fall into his arms, without giving him the trouble of putting the previous question to her, she could not bear the idea of having her features translated in that manner, and therefore did all in her power to suppress sensations which might, she imagined, occasion constructions not much to the credit of her understanding, though in no way injurious to her honour.

The man in whose favour Emilia felt her heart not a little agitated, was a gentleman by birth, and had been genteelly educated; but his fortune not being answerable to his desires, he had been for some time looking out for a woman in a situation to improve it. However, though a lucrative marriage was the chief object of his attention, he was not quite of so mercenary a disposition as to wish to enrich himself with a woman whom he abhorred, with whom he could have no prospect of being tolerably happy in the domestic state. To engage Miss Linton's affections he was the more solicitous, as he really believed, from the apparent sweetness of her temper, and the goodness of her heart, that he should, by marrying her, with the enlargement of his fortune, gain a considerable addition to his happiness. Animated by all those motives, he redoubled his assiduities, and, having drawn very favourable conclusions, one day, from a conversation with Emilia, gave pretty strong hints that it was in her power to make him the happiest of men.

This hint was not thrown away upon Emilia, but she behaved upon that occasion with the propriety which she had discovered upon every other, and without departing in the least from her character as a woman of fortune, a woman of sense, and a woman of virtue. Fully satisfied—more than satisfied—charmed with her behaviour, he took his leave, and left her not less pleased with the deportment of her lover.

When she came to reflect, however, upon the encouragement which she had given to Boothby, she began to think that she had been too hasty, and, in consequence of a retrospect of her behaviour, determined to make use of a stratagem, in order to find out if her lover had a sincere personal regard for her, independent of her fortune; or if he only counterfeited a passion which he did not feel, with a view to increase his income.

While Emilia was considering in what manner she should conduct her new scheme, Boothby was enjoying, by anticipation, the splendid style of life in which he was resolved to appear, as soon as he became master of the wealth which hung temptingly in his sight, and just within his grasp.

Flushed with the success he had met with, upon the disclosure of his passion for a woman to whom many of his rivals, with better incomes than he had, looked up with a kind of reverential awe (either deterred by diffidence, occasioned by the disproportion
in

in their circumstances, or a pride which would not let them risk the disgrace), he triumphed over those rivals, but not with all the decency of a politic conqueror: he exhibited too many marks of exultation, and pushed his raillery so far one day, against the least formidable of them, who had been on the point of breaking through his natural modesty (having no pride to restrain him), that he provoked him to return an answer not easily to be digested.

“What do you mean by that, Sir?” said Boothby.

“What do I mean by that, Sir?” replied his adversary in a taunting tone.

These interrogations would have, perhaps, produced a duel, had not their swords been kept peaceably in their scabbards by the interposition of their surrounding friends: they even shook hands, and declared themselves perfectly reconciled; but Boothby was not reconciled to his antagonist in his heart; his impertinent doubts with regard to his marriage with Miss Linton were painfully remembered.

When Boothby went to his Emilia to put the last hand to the preparations for their union, he found her weeping over a letter. Struck at the sight of her in so unexpected a situation, he flew to her with all the eagerness of a sympathizing lover, and begged to know what had happened to throw her into such a distressful condition.

Instead of returning a verbal answer, she gave him the letter.

The

The perusal of it shocked him extremely, by informing him that his mistress had, by a capital bankruptcy, lost the greatest part of her fortune.

After a long pause (during which Emilia contrived to watch every turn of his countenance without being perceived), he told her plainly, that he could not afford to marry a woman without money, and that he should only injure her as well as himself, by making her his wife.

“Mighty well, Sir!” replied she, bursting into a laugh, “you shall never be injured by me.”

By this sudden change in Emilia, Boothby was extremely disconcerted; but when he found that the letter was a forged one, merely to try the sincerity of his passion, he was almost ready to hang himself. Never was there a mercenary lover more completely mortified.

C H A P. LXXVII.

IS THE ASSERTION OF THE MARCHIONESS
DE LAMBERT TRUE, THAT "LOVE IM-
PROVES THE VIRTUOUS SOUL?"

A SPEECH IN RHYME, DELIVERED TO A SOCIETY,
BY MR. THELWALL.

THOU, who dost here in lofty state preside,
For judgment known, for generous candour try'd;
Variouſly known by many a public prater,
Preſident, chairman, ſpeaker, moderator:
Oh! ſhould ſome ſnarling critic riſe, ſevere,
With ſnake-like hiſs to pierce my trembling ear,
Thy kind prerogative in time extend,
Silence the ſnarler, and the bard befriend.
To blend ſucceſsfully, reflect how hard,
The nervous orator, and tuneful bard;
To fetter argument with meaſur'd time,
Dreſs truth in verſe, and reaſon wed with rhyme.
To ſew at once did e'er the muſe bequeath
The palm of eloquence and poet's wreath:
Not e'en to Tully, at whoſe awful voice
Freedom expir'd, and wiſdom would rejoice.
Tho' guilt, appall'd, conceal'd her trembling head;
And lawleſs tyranny before him fled,
When, in the Roman forum, great he roſe,
And pour'd, indignant, on his country's foes
The dreaded thunder of his eloquence;
While ev'ry period echo'd to the ſenſe!

What

What though, with partial care, each grace divine
 Taught this smooth prose majestic to shine;
 Polish'd each period, elegantly terse,
 He sunk, unequal, to the charms of verse.
 In a poor quibble wit, insulted, dies,
 While laughter points, and taste deserted sighs:
 While Pope, the smoothest of the tuneful throng—
 Sublimely elegant in moral song—
 When he to play the orator essays,
 Embarrass'd, stammers forth the faltering phrase:
 The broken period, and the crude mistake,
 Prove that wrong'd Genius will her sons forsake,
 When, not attentive to her native voice,
 Their forte they slight, and caprice guides their choice.
 Let then my hearers, as the task is hard,
 Pardon the speaker, and excuse the bard;
 Convinced his errors much indulgence claim,
 Who blends a Pope's with Tully's lofty aim.
 Nor brand with arrogance the hardy thought;
 For know, the soul, with generous ardour fraught,
 Impell'd by love of fame, will oft aspire
 To noble deeds, which greater strength require.
 As arm'd with spear and shield, the youthful knight
 Bounds to the field, and claims the list'd fight;
 Glorious ambition urges him to claim,
 Beyond his strength, some enterprise of fame—
 (Some monster quell, or solve some wizard's charm,
 Which claims the efforts of a well-tried arm):
 Wild palpitates his heart, while fame and fear,
 Ardour and diffidence, in turns appear;
 Impel him now, and now restrain his course;
 Till modest reason yields to passion's force,
 And he aspires to grasp the laurel crown—
 Not that he *hopes*, but *wishes* for renown.

But

But hence apology !—'tis idly vain,
 Where generous sentiment and candour reign.
 No four reviewers here, with critic pride,
 Shall every trivial fault with joy deride ;
 Misrepresent, with base, malignant art,
 The honest feelings of the tender heart,
 The period mutilate, the sense distort,
 Misplace the stop, and thus reverse the thought ;—
 No hireling critic sell his monthly frown,
 And damn my fame—to pocket half-a-crown !

Of all the fiends below, or powers above,
 None ever had such foes or friends as Love.
 As passion prompts, or fortune smiles or frowns,
 Mankind adores him, or his worth disowns.

See the FOND YOUTH, while joy dilates his breast,
 By the fond fair with mutual passion blest ;
 Far from his mind all gloomy fancies roll,
 A cloudless sunshine beams upon his soul.
 " Love," he exclaims, while in his sparkling eyes
 Enthusiastic raptures mantling rise——

" Love, 'tis a passion fit for gods above !
 " Creation all receives its charms from love !—
 " Take love from man, how rugged were his breast !
 " How would he sink into the grov'ling beast !
 " Where would each generous, liberal virtue fly ?
 " Where the sweet charm of social sympathy ?
 " Soft *sensibility*, ingenuous *truth*,
 " And all that stimulates the mind of youth
 " To deeds of honour, greatness, valour, fame—
 " Where would they be, but for this tender flame ?
 " Nay, where would Joy's delighted train reside ?
 " Or, Genius, what should prompt thy boasted pride ?
 " Speech were itself, to man, an useless art,
 " Nor Reason's self a pleasure could impart !

" Take

" Take back all else, ye sacred pow'rs above,

" But leave me still the soul attun'd to love ?"

" Fool !" cries another, with *dejected* air,

By frowns just banish'd from his cruel fair,

Who ev'ry wile coquetish long had bent

To flatter now—and now his heart torment—

" Fool ! canst thou thus thy certain ruin prize ?

" Ah, soon these raptures shall be chang'd to sighs !

" Curst be the power thy silly words extol !

" The bane, the poison of the virtuous soul !

" Where'er the smiling tyrant sweeps along,

" Thick in his train the gloomy passions throng.

" Spleen—madd'ning jealousy—sour discontent

" Harrow the soul—the bleeding heart torment ;

" Reflection flies—each generous feeling fades—

" And selfish sorrow all the mind pervades ;

" The tongue of captive reason stricken mute,

" Mankind, indeed, degenerates to the brute.

" The finewy arm of useful industry,

" His touch unnerves, and listless bids it lie.

" He sighs—and active Genius quick survey

" In slothful melancholy melts away.

" Curst be the fickle tyrant's baneful reign,

" In all capricious, but in giving pain.

" 'Mongst the fall'n fiends in Stygian fires to dwell,

" Why was not love condemn'd to deepest hell ?"

The surly CYNIC, next, with heart of steel,

Eager to censure what he cannot feel ;

Contracts, with rigid frowns, his wrinkled brows,

And harshly thus his sentiments avows :

" Love ! 'tis a childish weakness, fit for boys ;

" But men of reason scorn such idle joys.

" A toy !—a smiling folly !—psha ! 'tis vile

" This urchin god should thus our hearts beguile ;

" Unnerve

" Unnerve the soul, of sense the man bereave,
 " And make creation's lord a woman's slave.
 " Go! to a puppet's apron-string be ty'd,
 " And, if thou canst for shame, to swell her pride,
 " Tell her this weak, this slavish, mean controul,
 " Improves the feelings of a virtuous soul."

Thus speaks, in fullen fort, the man of books,
 Pride and importance in his surly looks.

But lo! another comes, in whom is seen
 A winning polish, and a sprightly mien.
 From men and manners *he* has drawn his rule,
 And life's great drama is his only school;
 From Stanhope's page his early bent he caught,
 And practice sanction'd what the writer taught.

Ask his opinion. Gaily he replies,
 " Love mends the shallow, polishes the wife,
 " The rugged smooths, and gives the awkward grace;
 " Love is, in fact, the friend of all our race.
 " Virtue is unwrought ore within the mine—
 " 'Tis love extracts it, love that bids it shine;
 " Genius, a solid gem, incrust'd o'er
 " With uncouth outside, hides its radiant store,
 " Till love's refining hand, with artist touch,
 " Imparts the polish we admire so much;
 " He gives that soothing softness to the air,
 " Which makes vice dangerous, but makes virtue fair.
 " A touching sensibility he lends,
 " Friendly to virtue, and to virtue's friends."

Opinions jarring thus, in doubt I stand,
 The dubious balance fluctuates in my hand.—
 But soft!—methinks I err—the gentle fair!
 Say, should not they their sentiments declare?

Lo! brightly smiling in Italian charms,
 A maid, whose beauty ev'ry heart alarms;

Yet

Yet not of beauty proud, nor idly deck'd
 In those light gewgaws which the vain respect :
 Not one whose sole delight is outward grace,
 Who flights the mind to decorate the face ;
 But one in whom united we shall find
 A Rutland's beauty, and a Charlotte's mind.
 With winning eloquence hear her declare
 The cause of love, of virtue, and the fair.

- " Love conquers avarice—selfish pride controuls—
 " Can love then, tell me, injure virtuous souls ?
 " It is not love that enervates the heart ;
 " No, 'tis of love alone the grosser part :
 " That wild, voluptuous passion's fickle flame
 " (To reason deaf, and deaf to honest shame)
 " From fair to fair, incontinent, which roves,
 " Plays round the sense, but sentiment ne'er moves ;
 " 'Tis this enervates—this corrupts the soul ;
 " 'Tis this does virtue's generous force controul.
 " But let us not so gross our feelings prove
 " As all distinctions blindly to remove,
 " And call this passion by the name of love.
 " Love's an emotion both of heart and mind—
 " Passion by tender sentiment refin'd ;
 " Friendship fomented by a soft desire.
 " As perfect seems the object we admire,
 " The real lover will in worth improve,
 " And cultivate the virtue for the love.
 " You've heard, 'tis true, a slighted youth complain
 " That gloomy passions throng in Cupid's train :
 " And shall we hold, then, that a thing's abuse
 " Is a fit argument against its use ?
 " Does not the greatest good, perverted, still
 " Produce, in its effects, the greatest ill ?

- " If vain coquets their lovers' hearts torment
 " With spleen—wild jealousy—sour discontent,
 " Sure none are here who'll venture to maintain
 " Women are all coquets, and light and vain.
 " If lovers then these gloomy passions prove,
 " 'Tis the coquet's to blame, and not the love.
 " Reflection flees, 'tis said, and Reason's mute
 " When love appears. But this I can confute :
 " For he who'd wish the fair one to be kind,
 " Must cultivate the graces of the mind :
 " Let surly satirists say what they can,
 " The man of sense is still the lady's man,
 " 'Tis said, the baffled hand of industry
 " Is taught by love in listless sloth to lie.
 " Look round the world of arts, of arms, of trade ;
 " Study their history ; 'twill be display'd.
 " Whate'er of use, or pleasure they bestow,
 " Love is the source whence all their merits flow."

Thus pleads the fair the cause of virtuous love :
 And Truth's fair record what she pleads will prove.
 Love first inspir'd the soft Corinthian maid
 Against the wall to sketch her lover's shade :
 Fondly she sketch'd it, in his soft repose ;
 And thus from love the art of painting rose.
 For love the sailor braves the stormy main,
 That so his mistress may partake his gain.
 The poor mechanic doubles all his toils,
 Adds night to day, and 'midst his labour smiles ;
 Happy, if thus enabled he shall be
 To save the pound to pay the parson's fee ;
 And when united to his much-lov'd bride,
 How will his cares for all her wants provide !
 Do not these generous cares, these labours prove
 How much the feeling heart's improv'd by love ?

'Tis

'Tis love that makes our native country dear,
 And makes the patriot brave the hostile spear;
 The more the love, the valour is the more:
 Thus the young hero of this sea-girt shore,
 Than other heroes bolder acts will dare,
 Because his mistress is more lov'd and fair;
 Pays his pure passion with a purer flame,
 And feels true love o'er ev'ry foreign dame.

In days of chivalry, when ev'ry knight
 Drew his keen sword against oppressive might;
 The weak protected, and the base o'erthrew,
 Aveng'd the injur'd, and each monster slew,
 What wak'd his soul to all those deeds of worth?
 What urg'd the hero, o'er the spacious earth,
 To dry the tears of innocence, to rove?
 Truth and her records answer, "It was Love."

When Rome's thinn'd phalanx frown'd in dread array,
 And the rous'd Sabines thirsted for the fray,
 While Desolation clapp'd her harpy wings,
 And hell-born Discord shook her snaky stings;
 For war and havoc while each side prepare,
 Impell'd by vengeance one, and one despair,
 Why did the Sabine women, drown'd in grief,
 Rush 'tween the armies of each hostile chief,
 Silence the fatal signal's dire alarm,
 And stop fierce Slaughter's red up-lifted arm?
 Why did they, say, their tender infants show,
 And in the moving eloquence of woe
 Persuade the chiefs their cruel wrath to cease,
 And lull Contention in the arms of Peace?

What could the matrons to this conduct move?
 Blush! Cynic, blush!—and own that "it was Love?"
 Then surely none from henceforth will contend
 That love the soul that's virtuous does not mend.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE FRENCH
FASHIONS, WITH SOME ADVICE TO
THE LADIES RESPECTING CERTAIN
PARTS OF DRESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FASHION is to custom what prejudices are to the moral virtues. It imperiously dictates laws to those who live under its empire, and its decrees are irrevocable. Women, that bewitching part of the creation, born for the happiness of one half of our sex, and for the torment of the other, discontented with the little that the laws have done for them in the distribution of direct power, have at all times sought to acquire by address, what they could not reasonably hope to obtain by open force. The auxiliary means which they have always employed to accomplish their ends are those of the toilet; but in blindly suffering themselves to be guided by custom, and adopting new modes, without choice and without reflection, the fair sex do not derive from those trifles, to which they annex so much value, all the advantage they expect. Those whom their rank or chance has placed in a conspicuous station, generally give an example to others.

They

They are the first to adopt fashions, and often take them from some remote source, to which people of ordinary rank never would have gone to look for them.

It may be proper here to observe, that those ladies, who, in fashions, are entitled to the merit of invention, are almost always born with taste, and that they never adopt novelties, but such as may set off the splendour of their charms, embellish nature, or repair some defect in their persons.—If that be the end which all the fair sex propose, it is also that to which very few attain. The grand fault in what concerns the toilet, and that against which they ought to be greatly on their guard, is not to give too much into general fashion, and not to believe that because a particular dress becomes one woman, it will become all in the like manner. To destroy this prejudice, it will be sufficient to observe, that ornaments employed in dress, ought to be varied in their composition, and to be suited to the shape and figure of those who adopt them. Though one cannot form general principles upon this subject, yet after having taken a view of the modes of preceding ages, I shall venture to make a few cursory observations upon the fashions which prevail at present.

It is with disgust that the imagination returns to those remote ages, when Nature, insulted in every respect, and disfigured by the most whimsical dresses, presented to the sight only hideous figures. In the first ages of the French monarchy, the dress of the men varied more than that of the women. Their clothes
were

were alternately either too long, or too short. In general, long vestments are more becoming and more noble than those that are short. It is a great pity that this custom should be attended with so many inconveniences, and that it should absolutely impede the exercise of the body, and those labours which our wants require, and which luxury commands.

Under Philip the Fair, an epocha when dress began to emerge from barbarity, long coats only were worn by men of any consideration. In the army, however, as well as in the country, short coats were always retained. In the fourteenth century, the same dress was worn by men and women. Under the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI. long coats only were in fashion; but Charles VII. who had ill made legs, again introduced long coats *.

Nothing is more curious, and at the same time ridiculous, than the dress of people of fashion during the first years of the reign of Louis XI. Figure to yourself a *petit-maitre*, with his hair flat and bushy, dressed in a doublet shaped like an under waistcoat, which scarcely covered his reins; his breeches exceedingly close, rising very high, and his middle bound round with ribands, in a most whimsical manner, as may be still seen in some ancient paintings; add to all this, artificial shoulders, in form of a cushion, which were

* May not this circumstance, as well as many others that might be mentioned, serve to prove the justness of the proverb, which says, that *wise people invent fashions, and fools follow them?*

placed upon each shoulder-blade, to make him appear to have a large chest, and to give him a robust and vigorous appearance. This strange caricatura was terminated by shoes, the points of which, for people of the first quality, were full two feet in length. The populace had them only of six inches; those were what they called shoes *à la poulaine*. They were invented by Henry Plantagenet, duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence which he had upon one of his feet. As this prince, the most gallant and beautiful man of his age, gave the lead to the court, every one was desirous of having shoes like his. Hence comes the origin of the French proverb *être sur un grand pied*. Under Francis I. and his successors, the form of the men's dress began to approach perfection; but under the good Henry IV. it became preferable to that which we have since adopted, and which still subsists. The most useful of all modes, and that which will survive all others, though it has found many enemies in France, is the peruke.—Ecclesiastics were long forbidden to wear one in church. In 1685, a canon of the cathedral of Beauvais was prevented from celebrating mass, because he wore a peruke. He, however, deposited it in the hands of two notaries, at the entrance into the choir, and protested against the violence offered him. In 1689, several oratorians * were dismissed from their order, because they had put on

* A congregation of priests instituted in France, by Cardinal de Berulle, and approved by the Pope in 1613.

OF THE FAIR SEX.

perukes. At that time they were very large, but at present every thing is so much changed, that even physicians, who formerly considered an enormous peruke as the basis of their reputation, seem to disdain that ornament. Several have adopted the bag, and perhaps we shall soon see them performing their morning visits with a long queue.

When bags began first to be in fashion, people never wore them except when in dishabille ; in visits of ceremony one could not appear but with the hair tied in a ribband, and floating over the shoulders. This is absolutely contrary to our present fashion.

In the early periods of the monarchy, the ladies scarcely paid any attention to dress. It would appear that they thought of nothing else than pleasing their husbands, and of giving a proper education to their children, and that the rest of their time was employed in family concerns, and rural economy. If their dress was subject to little change in those primitive times, we ought not to be astonished to see the fair sex indemnify themselves at present for their long inaction. Their dress, however, has experienced the same revolutions as that of the men. There was a time when their robes rose so high, that they absolutely covered the breast ; but under Charles VI. Queen Isabella of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as her beauty, brought back the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Let us hear what *Juvenal des Ursins* says respecting

the manner in which the women dressed their heads. "Both married and unmarried ladies were very extravagant in their dress, and wore caps wonderfully high and large, having two great ears at each side, which were of such a magnitude, that when they wished to enter a door, it was impossible for them." About that time, the famous Carmelite, *Thomas Cénare*, exercised his oratorical talents against these caps. His efforts were at first successful; but his triumph was of short duration, and they again rose to a prodigious degree; they however, at length, became entirely out of fashion.

The reign of Charles VII. brought back the use of ear-rings, bracelets, and collars. Some years before the death of that prince, the dress of the ladies was ridiculous in the highest degree. They wore robes so exceedingly long, that several yards of the train dragged behind; the sleeves were so wide, that they swept the ground; and their heads were lost under immense bonnets, which were three fourths of their breadth in height. To this whimsical fashion another succeeded, which was no less so. The ladies placed a kind of cushion upon their heads, loaded with ornaments, which displayed the worst taste imaginable. This head-dress was so large, that it was two yards in breadth. At that period it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the doors of all the houses. From this extremity, the fair sex passed to another no less extravagant. They adopted the use of bonnets so exceedingly low, and they arranged

I ranged the hair in so close a manner, that they appeared as if their heads had been shaven. On the death of Charles VIII. Anne of Bretagne, his queen, introduced the use of the black veil, which she always wore. The ladies of her court adopted it also, and ornamented it with red and purple fringes; but the cits, improving upon this mode, enriched it with pearls and clasps of gold.

It was under the reign of Francis I. that the women began to turn up their hair. Margaret, queen of Navarre, frizzed that on the temples, and turned back that before. This princess occasionally added to this head-dress a small bonnet of velvet or satin, ornamented with pearls and jewels, and placed over it a small tuft of feathers. Such a fashion was very becoming, and this perhaps is the first period when the ladies began to dress with any taste. A revolution was absolutely requisite. The gallant and voluptuous reign of Catherine de Medicis necessarily brought about a happy change in the French fashions. It was about this time that the *chaperon* or hood appeared. This mode continued a long time, because the sumptuary laws established a distinction in the stuff which composed it. The hoods of ladies of quality were of velvet, and those of citizens of plain cloth. *La Bourcier*, midwife to Mary of Medicis, obtained an express order from the king to wear one of velvet. Of all the sumptuary laws made at different periods, none had so sudden an effect as the edict of Henry the Great in 1604. This

monarch, after having forbid his subjects to wear either gold or silver upon their dresses, adds, "except, however, ladies of pleasure and pick-pockets, for whom we are not so far interested as to do them the honour of attending to their conduct." This ordinance was attended with the proper effect, and neither ladies of pleasure nor pick-pockets took any advantage of their permission.

The different changes which the dress of the ladies experienced during the reigns of Louis XIII. and the two following, are too well known to require any detail.

The French ladies in the present day have made such a rapid progress in the art of setting off their charms, that they are now followed by all the ladies in Europe. We have seen modes of different kinds succeed one another with inconceivable rapidity. Names of all sorts have been exhausted. Four volumes would scarcely contain the nomenclature of all the novelties which the inventive genius of the ladies has devised in the last ten years. But this is not all, the fair sex have so far disfigured nature, that one must look at them very closely not to be mistaken. Their cavalier gait, the black hat, the riding coat, and the cane which they have adopted, have given them almost the appearance of men. Such a dress does not at all become them, and we cannot help saying, that it destroys all their graces.

Let us now make a few observations on the advantages

tages and disadvantages of female dress; and let us begin with the ornaments of the head, which may be called the citadel of coquetry.

As the head-dress should be considered only as an accessory part, whenever its height exceeds the length of the face, it produces a disagreeable effect; and this effect will become more sensible in a woman whose physiognomy is small, than in one who has Roman features. The former can derive no advantage but from slight ornaments which do not occupy much space; she must always avoid large figures and straight lines. A head-dress which comes too far forward on the head of a woman who has a small nose and a flat chin, will render these blemishes more sensible, whilst such a dress will admirably become one who has a prominent chin and a large nose.

Beautiful eyes lose great part of their splendour under large hats worn as they are at present. This head-dress ought to be the resource of those ladies who can boast of nothing but a pretty mouth, and an agreeable smile. The colours of gauze and ribands employed to ornament the head, ought to be suited to that of the hair and complexion. This care adds much to the graces of nature. It must, however, be allowed, that the ladies understand the harmony of colours much better than the relation of forms.

We cannot give them the same praise for the manner in which they lay on their *rouge*. This invention may be useful, when it is employed with judgment and

economy, and only to animate a little the delicate whiteness of a beautiful skin *. Ladies of a certain description abuse this practice to such a degree, that a man of taste must at present start back with disgust at the sight of their frightful daubing. If this disagreeable *mask* has sometimes its convenience, we must allow also that it destroys all the advantages of the young timid virgin, to whom the soft expressions of modesty and sensibility may add new charms. This is one of those causes which *make the maid sometimes appear prettier than the mistress*.

With regard to the present manner of arranging the neck handkerchief, if they will conceal the treasures of nature, they ought to take care not to do it in a disagreeable manner.—Let them leave these ill-executed deceptions to females who must lose by shewing themselves undisguised by art.

The advantages of an elegant figure are often lost by the ridiculous folly of wishing to appear very slender.—One needs only study the shape of the superb antique statue of Venus, to be convinced that the beauty of proportion is hurt as much by too slender and uniform, as by too clumsy a waist. It must be observed also, that too narrow boddice and stays absolutely destroy gracefulness and ease. The motions be-

* Notwithstanding what the author here says, it is certain that the British fair are much better without such borrowed aid. Exercise, country air, and keeping good hours, will be sufficient to call forth the natural charms of their complexions.

some stiff, and the attitudes confined ; besides speaking of the fatal accidents which may arise from this violence offered to Nature.

Depravation of taste in regard to dress was some years ago carried to a great length. Very corpulent women wished to increase their size by cork rumps, which women, who were too slender, had ingeniously invented to supply what Nature had refused them. We have seen some of a very diminutive size, who by the help of this ridiculous piece of furniture seemed to have acquired as much dimensions in breadth as in height.

Those ornaments which are intended to adorn nature ought to be simple and light. The Grecian ladies, who knew so well how to make the most of their charms, took great care never to use veils but of the most pliable stuffs. These veils yielded to their various motions, and added to the natural gracefulness of their persons. All the ancient statues, therefore, brought us from that country, which gave birth to the arts, are admired by artists and connoisseurs for a character of lightness and ease which can never be surpassed.

It is wrong to believe, that cold climates should prevent people from wearing thin dresses ; by means of furred cloaks, which may be used in the open air, one may wear an under dress of the lightest stuff possible. The manner in which the Russian ladies dress, may serve as a proof of what we have here advanced ; but a proper medium ought to be observed between dresses

which are too clumsy, and those which, on account of their thinness, might give offence to decency. A woman who exposes herself to these inconveniences does not understand her own interest.

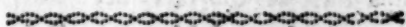
It was above all in the arrangement of the hair that the Greek ladies excelled, especially with regard to simplicity. We must allow, that the ladies dress better at present than formerly : and that they are nearer to perfection than they were some years ago. A slight dawning begins already to appear in the manner in which they dress their hair, and there is reason to hope that they will make a very rapid progress in this part of the business of the toilet, especially if they consult nature and good artists.

Nothing is more agreeable and becoming than to wear the hair floating over the shoulders. It is much to be wished that the ladies would adhere to this custom. The curls which they have adopted before, would become them much better, were they less regular, and disposed with more taste.

When by some lucky chance a woman has attained almost to perfection in the art of dressing, that is to say, in the art of knowing what best becomes her, she ought to be very nice in her choice of new fashions. In an age so frivolous as the present, the loss of a lover may be the consequence of even such a trifling circumstance as that of the hat being wrong placed, or turned too much to the right or the left. When a passion is
founded.

founded only upon trifles, ought we to be surpris'd that a trifle should destroy it?

Artists, who have spent their lives in studying the beauties of nature, are the best judges in this respect. They alone have the privilege of fixing the public opinion in such matters. This is really their province. The time is perhaps not far distant, when the fair sex, better acquainted with their dearest interests, will invite them to their toilets, and consider them as the arbiters of taste. Favoured then by the graces and by beauty, and envied by all the other classes of men, they will be indemnified with usury for that neglect with which they have so long been treated. But a great revolution must take place before that happy day arrives. At that epocha, every thing will return to its primitive order, and, according to the French proverb, every man will be in his own place, and every abbé in his benefice.



C H A P. LXXIX.

THE IMPATIENT FAIR ONE;

A MORAL TALE.

MUCH paper has been blotted by the profound moralist in serious prose, and by the lively satirist in comic verse, to prove the folly of impatience upon many, upon numberless occasions. Patience is generally

rally allowed to be a virtue : impatience, if it is not absolutely a vice, is certainly a capital weakness, and the most sagacious of human creatures have sometimes found themselves in situations not "devoutly to be wished," by their being unable to bear and forbear.

The following tale, to which the impatience of a young lady, upon a particular occasion, gave rise, is recommended to the perusal of the fair unmarried readers of this book.

Prevented from returning to his chambers in one of the inns of court, after having dined with a friend not many miles from them, in the manner he intended, that is, on horseback, by an accident of no consequence to any mortal except himself, Charles Gibson condescended to step into a stage coach. Into that sociable, though vulgar vehicle, he conveyed his body, not without feeling his pride somewhat pained by the disposal of his person. However, before he had rode a couple of miles, in a state of disgrace, according to his opinion, he was not only perfectly reconciled to that state, but perfectly pleased with it. This marvellous change in his mind, debauched by the high company he kept, was wrought by the society of a couple of new passengers, both of them females: one of them such a girl! But it is as much out of my power to describe her beauty, as it is to describe Charles's feelings at the sight of her. "He was all eye, and as he looked, he worshipped."

As the young lady's companion was her mother—

he

he made this discovery a few moments after they were seated—he (very artfully, and like a veteran in the service of Venus) paid his court to her, and rendered himself so thoroughly agreeable to her, that she listened to him *auribus arrectis*, with greedy ears, and no small satisfaction.

The satisfaction which Mrs. Norris received from Charles's prattle did not arise merely from the compliments direct addressed to her, or the civilities oblique pointed at her daughter; it resulted, in a great measure, from his supposed situation in life, from the broad hints which he dropped concerning his circumstances and connections. He did not, indeed, go so far as to puff his own character; but he contrived, every now and then, in the true spirit of egotism, to toss in some encomiums on his dear self, by a detail of transactions in which he figured as the hero of the piece.

Miss Norris, though she thought Charles a shewy fellow in his person, felt her heart quite at ease while he endeavoured to recommend himself to her *via matris*, through her mother. She stared at his vivacity, and she wondered at his volubility, but she did not find herself charmed by the former, or captivated by the latter. She behaved, however, with a politeness to him which might have been easily mistaken by a coxcomb for a partiality in his favour; and Charles, very much delighted with her part of the coach-conversation, became desirous of being better acquainted with her: not without hopes that his intended enquiries about
her

her and her mother would strengthen the favourable opinion he already entertained of them.

This desire to be better acquainted with Miss Norris was most agreeably, though unexpectedly, gratified by an invitation which Mrs. Norris gave him to her house upon the stopping of the coach at her door; an invitation which he promised to accept in a manner which shewed that he thought himself particularly honoured by it.

When Miss Norris and her mother were safely housed, Charles, whose curiosity was upon the rack, could not help asking his remaining companions, if they knew any thing concerning them.

To this general address in the interrogating style, a very plain, but neat female, who, by her primness and demureness, had the old maid strongly marked in her countenance, replied, "That she believed she knew as much about them as most people, but that she was cautious with regard to speaking of people in a stage-coach, especially if she could say nothing to their advantage, because she did not choose to have it said that she had said any thing to their detriment."

This speech was calculated to increase, but not to gratify Charles's violent desire to know who the Norris's were, what connections they had, in what way they lived, &c. and he was sufficiently stimulated by it to request an explanatory supplement: but his request, instead of procuring that *desideratum*, sealed up her lips, and rendered her a very costly companion during the rest

rest of the ride: and as nobody in the coach, except her, pretended to have the least knowledge of the ladies in whose family affairs he began to feel himself interested, he was obliged to return to his head-quarters with no addition to the discoveries he had made by his own observation.

The moment Mrs. Norris and her daughter got into their common parlour, the following dialogue passed between them.

"Dear Madam," said Bell, "how could you invite a man to come hither whom you never saw before? He may be, for aught you know, the most improper person in the world to be acquainted with. He may be a very shabby fellow."

"O no, child," replied Mrs. Norris: "he has quite the manners, as well as the appearance, of a gentleman; and is, I dare say, of more consequence than you take him to be. If he should prove a man of fortune, Bell, I may be able to get a genteel settlement for you: however, be that as it may, there can be no harm in giving him a dish of tea. You may be sure I shall be in the room all the while he is here, and if, upon an enquiry into his family, situation, character, &c. I find him an object not to be disregarded, you will have reason, perhaps, to think your stage-coach adventure the happiest of your life. You may be assured, at the same time, that though I may myself be entirely satisfied with the answers I receive to my enquiries,

quiries, I will never press you to marry him, if you have an aversion to him."

Bell, having thanked her mother for the concluding words of her speech, told her, that though she could not feel an aversion to a man who had behaved to her with so much politeness, she did not imagine that she should ever look upon him in the light of a husband.

"Well, well, child, that is as it may hereafter happen;"—and so they went separately to their own apartments.

The next morning, while Charles was at breakfast at his chambers, an intimate friend of his, who occupied rooms on the floor over him, came to propose a party for the evening. To this friend Charles, with his head full of his new *incognita*, naturally communicated the adventure of the preceding afternoon.

His friend, when he had finished his narrative, exclaimed, "What! Mrs. Norris of R—— street!"

"The same."

"Why then I would have you keep clear of her house."

Charles, now apprehensive that he should hear an unfavourable account of two women whom he had hoped to find women of reputation at least, replied, "You do not know any thing bad of them, Tom, do you?"

"Bad! no, not I: but I think good people may be dangerous sometimes."

"Pshaw! you trifle: prythee be serious."

"Why

“Why then, Charles, to be explicit, I must tell you that I do not imagine there are two more worthy women in the world than Mrs. and Miss Norris: but as the latter is very handsome as well as very good, and cannot expect a fortune worth naming, as the former, a colonel’s widow, has not much more than her pension for her subsistence, your acquaintance with her may be productive of a disagreeable entanglement: you know what I mean; you are neither a Clive nor a Gideon, Charles, and therefore cannot afford to marry a woman with nothing—especially Bell Norris, who, though a very amiable girl at present, would, I am afraid, make your heart, if not your head, ache, were she your wife: for, *entre nous*, I have no great opinion of the strength of her understanding; and you are not to be told that a beautiful wife, with weak intellects, may give her husband more pain by her conduct, than pleasure by her person.”

Charles, not at all deterred from accepting Mrs. Norris’s invitation by what his friend had urged with respect to an entanglement, went the next day to her house, and met with so flattering a reception, that he renewed his visits, and found, after every visit, his passion for Arabella increase. Mrs. Norris, having received the satisfactory intelligence concerning him, strengthened the inclination he felt to be united to her daughter by her winning behaviour.—In a short time, therefore, he declared his passion in form, and in the most forcible terms, and met with no opposition from
his

his mistress, when he begged leave to fix a near day for his wedding-day, but that which delicacy dictates to the fair sex upon similar occasions.

While the two lovers were mutually engaged in making preparations for their approaching nuptials, they were invited to a private ball in Mrs. Norris's neighbourhood, and promised themselves a great deal of pleasure, as the party was a select one, and as most of the company were known to them both.

Just when Charles had handed in Bell and her mother into the coach, which was to carry them to the place of appointment, his servant put a note into his hand, telling him, at the same time, that it required an answer.

Charles, when he had read it, started a little and said, "an immediate one indeed." He then entreated the ladies to excuse his waiting on them to the ball-room, as some business of a very particular nature demanded his attention; but assured them that he would be with them before the evening was half over. They both expressed their concern at so unseasonable an interruption; and Bell eagerly declared that she would dance with nobody till he came.

Bell kept her promise for some time with great firmness, by refusing several gentlemen who solicited the honour of her hand: at last, however, not being able to see a favourite dance of hers performed with excessive spirit by the persons engaged in it unmoved, being impatient to join the spirited corps, she affronted all those

those gentlemen whom she had rejected, by dancing with another who had been obliged to sit down in consequence of his partner's sudden indisposition; a slight one, but sufficient to check the agility of her feet.

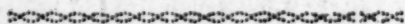
While Bell was in the middle of her favourite dance, in which she engaged herself in spite of all her mother's private remonstrances, so great was her impatience, Charles arrived. The sight of him, by forcing her to remember her promise, damped her spirits a little: however, she proceeded with all the vivacity in her power, and, when the dance was over, endeavoured to make her lover, whose grave looks plainly shewed that he was offended by her behaviour, amends for having broken her word, by a lively apology for her conduct, and offering to finish the evening with him.

"No, Madam," replied he; "pray dance on with your partner: I shall make a poor figure with you after him."

This speech cut her to the quick, and she was indeed so much affected by it, that she entreated her mother to go home immediately.—Mrs. Norris, extremely sorry for what had happened, readily complied with her request for several reasons. Charles waited on them to their coach, and took leave of them with a coolness which considerably increased their uneasiness. He then retired to his chambers, and dispatched a note to his impatient mistress, which entirely put a stop to her Hymeneal proceedings.

In

In consequence of her behaviour at the ball, her lover's resentment, and his decisive note, Arabella was seized with a fever, and deprived of her beauty by the ravages of the small-pox, and rendered an object no longer to excite envy in woman or desire in man.



C H A P. LXXX.

THE FATAL SACRIFICE:

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

IN that signal victory which Cyrus the Persian obtained over the Assyrians, Panthea, wife to Abradatas king of the Susians, was made a captive; and being a lady reckoned the most beautiful in Asia, was reserved for Cyrus by his captains. Her husband was not in the battle, being employed to treat of an alliance betwixt the Assyrians and the king of Bactria. Cyrus, calling to him Araspes, the companion of his youth, recommended Panthea to his care. Have you seen this woman, O Cyrus, said Araspes? Cyrus answered, No. But I did, replied he. When we chose her for you, she was sitting in her tent, without any distinguishing mark or habit, surrounded by her women. But, desirous to know which was the mistress, we immediately found her out, though covered with a veil, and looking on the ground. She got up to receive us, and we perceived she excelled in stature, in grace, and
beautiful

beautiful shape. The eldest among us addressed her in the following words: "Take courage, woman. We have heard that your husband is a brave man; but now you are reserved for one not inferior to him, in person, understanding, and power; for, if there be in the world who deserves admiration, Cyrus is the man, and to him you are destined." The queen hearing this, tore her robe, and, accompanied with her servants, set up a lamentable cry. Upon this, part of her face was discovered, and her neck and hands. And be it known to you, Cyrus, that we all thought never was produced such another woman. Therefore, by all means, you must see her. Cyrus answered, that now he was resolved against it. Why so? said the young man. Because, said Cyrus, if, upon hearing from you that she is handsome, I am persuaded to see her, I am afraid I shall be more easily tempted to see her a second time, and perhaps come to neglect my affairs. But I conjure you to be careful of the queen, for she may be of service to us in some future exigency. And thus they parted.

Araspes, partly by conversing with a woman not less wise than beautiful, partly by studying to serve and please her, partly by her gratitude when he was sick, and her anxiety for his recovery; by all these means, he was made her captive in love. He ventured to open his heart to her; but without success: for she had the warmest affection for her husband. Yet she forbore complaining to Cyrus, being unwilling to hurt Araspes.

Araspes

Araspes began to think of force; for his passion was now too violent to be restrained. Upon this, Panthea, apprehensive of the consequences, was no longer silent: she sent an eunuch to Cyrus to inform him of her danger. Cyrus commanded his chief minister to tell Araspes, that if he could prevail by persuasion, it was well; but that by no means was he to think of force. The minister used no tenderness in delivering the commission; he accused Araspes as a betrayer of his trust, reproaching him for his injustice, and unlawful passion. This had the wished-for effect upon Araspes, who desisted from all further importunity.

Panthea, charmed with this conduct in Cyrus, and admiring his excellent qualifications, endeavoured to gain her husband Abradatas to his side. She knew there was no cordiality betwixt him and the king of Assyria. That prince had attempted to take Panthea from him; and Abradatas, considering him as an unjust monarch, wished nothing more earnestly than an opportunity to quit his service. For this reason he listened to the solicitations of his wife, and came over to Cyrus with two thousand horse. Panthea informed him of the virtue of Cyrus, and of his tender regard for her. What can I do, Panthea, said Abradatas, to shew my gratitude to Cyrus? What else, said she, but to behave towards him as he has behaved towards you? Upon this, Abradatas, coming to Cyrus, and taking him by the hand, said, O Cyrus, in return for the benefits you
6 have

have bestowed upon us, I give myself to you, an ally, a servant, and a friend.

From that time Cyrus had no ally more attached to his interest than Abradatas. The morning of that day in which Cyrus overthrew Cræsus, Panthea brought to her husband, preparing him for battle, a golden helmet, bracelets for his wrists, a purple robe, and a crest of a violet colour. These things having been prepared without his knowledge, he said to her, Have you made me these arms, Panthea, by destroying your own ornaments? No, surely, said she, not by destroying what is the most valuable of them; for you are my greatest ornament. Proceeding to put on the armour, tears trickled down her cheeks, though she endeavoured to restrain them. Abradatas, in this dress, appeared most beautiful and noble. Panthea, after desiring all that were present to retire, spoke as follows: "O Abradatas! if ever there were a woman who regarded her husband more than her own soul, you know that I am she. And yet, though I stand thus affected toward you, I swear by our mutual friendship, that rather would I be put under ground with you, approving yourself a brave man, than live with you in disregard and shame. We both lie under great obligations to Cyrus, that when I was a captive, and chosen for himself, he kept me for you, as if I were his brother's wife." Abradatas, struck with admiration at her discourse, gently took her hand into his, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, made the following prayer: "Do thou, O great Jupiter, grant me

me to appear a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus!" And having said thus, he mounted his chariot, and joined the army.

The victory that day was complete: Cyrus routed his enemies, and got possession of their camp. Toward the evening, when the battle was over, Cyrus, calling some of his servants, enquired whether any of them had seen Abradatas? But Abradatas was now no more! he was slain, breaking in upon the Egyptians. All his followers, except some trusty companions, had turned their backs when they saw the compact body of the enemy. And Cyrus was informed, that Panthea had retired with the dead body to the bank of the river Pactolus; that her servants were digging a grave for it; and that she herself was sitting upon the ground with the head of her dead husband upon her knees. Cyrus, hearing this, smote his breast, and hastened to Panthea. Seeing Abradatas lying dead, he burst into tears. The queen, smothering her grief, said, "Why should you look upon this mangled body? for you are not less affected than I am. Fool that I was! frequently did I exhort him to show his friendship for you; and I know he never thought of what he himself might suffer, but of what he should do to gain your favour. He died, therefore, without reproach, and I, who urged him on, sit here alive." Cyrus, shedding tears, spoke thus: "He has died, Panthea! but his death has been glorious, for he has vanquished his enemies. Honours shall be paid him suiting a conqueror.

A lofty monument shall be erected for him ; and all the sacrifices shall be made that are due to the memory of a hero." Having said this, he went away, with great concern for the queen, who had lost so worthy a husband.

Preparations for the sacrifices to the manes of Abradatas were immediately made by order of Cyrus in the great temple, and the dead body was with difficulty removed from Panthea, who followed it with streaming eyes. During the ceremonials, while the incense was ascending, the queen dried her tears, and seemed composed. But suddenly casting her eyes upon the sword of her deceased husband, which the priests had, according to custom, laid on the altar, she seized it, plunged it into her bosom, and in spite of the efforts of Cyrus, who had returned to sympathize in her grief, repeated the blow, and instantly died ; uttering the name of her dearest Abradatas with her last breath.

The Persian monarch was exceedingly shocked at the fatal transaction, but could not help admiring the heroic virtue of Panthea. The funeral rites of this amiable pair were performed with the utmost magnificence, and a superb mausoleum was erected to their memory, which was to be seen in the time of the Emperor Vespasian, and is mentioned by several of the ancient historians.

C H A P. LXXXI.

ON LOOKING AT THE PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL
FEMALE.

WHAT dazzling beauties strike my ravish'd eyes,
 And fill my soul with pleasure and surprise!
 What blooming sweetness smiles upon that face!
 How mild, yet how majestic ev'ry grace!
 In those bright eyes what more than mimic fire
 Benignly shines, and kindles gay desire!
 Yet chasten'd Modesty, fair white-rob'd dame,
 Triumphant sits to check the rising flame.
 Sure Nature made thee her peculiar care:
 Was ever form so exquisitely fair?
 Yes, once there was a form thus heav'nly bright,
 But now 'tis veil'd in everlasting night;
 Each glory which that lovely face could boast,
 And ev'ry charm, in traceless dust is lost;
 An unregarded heap of ruins lies
 That form which lately drew ten thousand eyes.
 What once was courted, lov'd, ador'd, and prais'd,
 Now mingles with the dust from whence 'twas rais'd.
 No more soft dimpling smiles those cheeks adorn,
 Whose rosy tincture sham'd the rising morn;
 No more with sparkling radiance shine those eyes,
 Nor over those, the sable arches rise;
 Nor from those ruby lips soft accents flow,
 Nor lilies on the snowy forehead blow;
 All, all are cropp'd by death's impartial hand,
 Charms could not bribe, nor beauty's pow'r withstand;
 Not all that crowd of wondrous charms could save
 The fair possessor from the dreary grave.

How

How frail is beauty, transient, false and vain!
It flies with morn, and ne'er returns again.
Death, cruel ravager, delights to prey
Upon the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If death appear not, oft corroding pain,
With pining sickness in her languid train,
Blights youth's gay spring with some untimely blast,
And lays the blooming field of beauty waste :
But should these spare, still time creeps on apace,
And plucks with wither'd hand each winning grace :
The eyes, lips, cheeks, and bosom he disarms,
No art from him can shield exterior charms.

But would you, fair ones, be esteem'd, approv'd,
And with an everlasting ardor lov'd ;
Would you in wrinkled age admirers find,
In ev'ry female virtue dress the mind ;
Adorn the heart, and teach the soul to charm,
And when the eyes no more the breast can warm,
These ever-blooming beauties shall inspire
Each gen'rous heart with friendship's sacred fire ;
These charms shall neither wither, fade, nor fly ;
Pain, sickness, time, and death, they dare defy.
When the pale tyrant's hand shall seal your doom,
And lock your ashes in the silent tomb,
These beauties shall in double lustre rise,
Shine round the soul, and waft it to the skies.

C H A P. LXXXII.

RURAL FELICITY ; OR, THE HISTORY OF
COLLIN AND CELIA.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

SUCH scenes as we are going to exhibit are little understood in the capital ; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction, or romance, and that the raptures of innocent and pathetic love were never to be found but in the groves of Arcadia.

But the following simple narrative may serve to prove that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Collin is the son of a wealthy farmer in Staffordshire ; when he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land with a cottage. Here he resided for some time completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

The statesman, who either has, or pretends to have, the good of his country at heart, and devotes all his time and attention to the service of his country, is sure, however, to have many calumniators. He is accused, if not of direct peculation, at least of having nothing in view but the loaves and fishes ; that his avarice and ambition go hand in hand, and that all places in his gift
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are disposed of to his creatures, without paying the least attention to merit or abilities. His schemes are derided, and he is considered as the scourge of the people, by imposing such burthenfome taxes upon them as they cannot bear. His days are passed in violent contests, and his nights afford him little relief, as he dreads the morning, when he expects to see himself again abused in print. Collin knows no such anguish ; he engages in no debates, and leaves politics and newspapers to the slaves of power and the fools of custom.

The peer who rides in his gilded carriage is sometimes stript at the chocolate-house of all his cash, and his carriage at the door becomes his last stake, in which his antagonist rides home triumphantly, and leaves him, an itinerant dupe, to chew the cud of his folly, swear his prayers all morning upon his pillow, till his servant returns from St. Mary Axe with Isaac Abrahams, to lend him a thousand at cent. per cent. Collin is ignorant of all these perturbations of the mind; he rolls no gilded chariot, and knows nothing of Pharoh and the four knaves who constantly accompany him.

We could trace the miseries of the great world, pomp, and riches, from the minister down to the merchant, and find an alderman perfectly miserable with a plumb and a handsome wife--the fall of stocks affects him sorely one way, and his doubts concerning his wife's fidelity disturb his rest and torment his thoughts in a bed of down.

But let us quit the contagious flattery and deceit of courts, and the noise, bustle, and anxiety of cities, and fly to those retreats where innocence and simplicity prevail, uncontaminated by pride, avarice, and ambition.

Collin had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelvemonth, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companions, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not insusceptible of the tender passion—the moment he saw the lovely Celia, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with : his heart throbbed with those emotions to which it had been before an utter stranger. He viewed her with rapture, which was succeeded by pungent grief at her departure, and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the ascendancy Celia had gained over him.

On her part she was not insensible of the language of Collin's eyes, the only language that had as yet expressed his flame; and they had proved so eloquent, that she found them irresistible advocates in his favour. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast, but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Collin's sincerity.

An opportunity offered one evening, whilst they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds, and Collin, with a sigh, addressed Celia, saying, "How happy were his flocks to him." This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his

his heart, which were attended with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer discredit them, and she yielded to the impulse of her throbbing breast, to avouch her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this discovery, Collin now pressed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Celia at first evaded making a reply to this entreaty; but, at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with those of Collin, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentlemen of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin-money, and the like. Not a single parchment was used upon the occasion, nor is there likely to be one in consequence of a divorce or a separate maintenance. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, when no turtle or venison smoked upon their table; nor was Burgundia's vintage called in to quench their thirst. Their homely ale was all that graced their sideboard, and their viands, though good and wholesome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. This state may be justly pronounced RURAL FELICITY without alloy.

Here look, ye *little great*, with envy and despair at an elevated station you can never attain—for rank, titles, pomp, and riches, will never yield you one thousandth

part of the real bliss which Collin and Celia enjoy. You cannot hope to come in reach of it till you forego and forget all those baubles, those gewgaws which only dazzle and blind, and, like an *ignis fatuus*, misguide you from the road to genuine happiness, to wander in the labyrinth of misnamed pleasure, constantly attended with pungent anxiety, and excruciating pain!



C H A P. LXXXIII.

T H E F A L S E F R I E N D :

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Thornhill, a young man of fashion and fortune, about eight years ago, paid his addresses to the blooming Amelia Conyers; and as his character was as unexceptionable as his manners were elegant, she made no objection to his proposals, nor were they disapproved by her friends; they were, indeed, like himself, very worthy of her acceptance. Accordingly, this amiable couple were married; and the birth of a son, in the first year of their conjugal union, considerably increased their conjugal felicity—All was joy and gladness within their happy habitation. As they were mutually attached to each other in consequence of the sincerest mutual affection, they reciprocally endeavoured

to

to oblige each other upon every occasion. But all sublunary enjoyments must have their allay: the happiness of this affectionate pair began at last to be diminished, and each of them began to be less and less studious to please. They felt, indeed, the same affectionate regard for each other; but it wanted its first animation. Time, which alleviates our afflictions, by rendering them habitual, produces, by making them habitual too, the diminution of our pleasures.

Thornhill, though very amiable, was rather inclined to be suspicious, and could not bear the least trifling. Amelia, though extremely agreeable, was a little haughty sometimes, and capricious. The delicate apprehension of giving offence in the slightest degree; that delicacy so pleasing to all married people, and so common to those who have not long been united, gradually wore off. They both took less pains to conceal their respective foibles; and at length, from mere inattention and negligence, suffered them to appear in as strong a light as their good qualities had formerly appeared. This change in their behaviour became disgusting to both parties; and gave birth to a number of little cavils and disputes, which rendered them still more dissatisfied with their nuptial connection, and naturally prompted them to vent their disquiets to a third person.

The person to whom Mrs. Thornhill made *her* complaints, was her sister, three years younger than herself, but full as handsome, of a lively and pleasing disposition. Too much attached to her sister not to condemn her
brother's

brother's behaviour, she very kindly, however, strove to bring about a reconciliation between them. Of a different, of an opposite temper was the confidential friend of Thornhill; a man of family, nearly of his own age, young, fond of women (but averse to marriage), artful and designing. This artful favourite, who appeared, in the prejudiced eyes of his undiscerning friend, a pattern for honour and honesty, openness and fair dealing, secretly endeavoured, at the same time, to foment all the little domestic misunderstandings between him and his wife, partly from a desire to attach the former entirely to himself, and partly from a growing inclination which he felt for the latter, who would, he hoped, transfer her affections on him, when she was thoroughly disgusted with her husband.

With *Johnson's* real intentions Mr. Thornhill was not at first acquainted; but Miss Conyers suspected the sincerity of his favoured friend. She had resided with her sister from the time of her father's decease: on her Johnson had designs; but his inclination led him first to attempt a conquest over Amelia. He believed, indeed, that his generalship would be doubly conspicuous by a victory over the two sisters; but Charlotte, with a great share of discretion, had also a great share of sagacity, and felt a particular aversion to Johnson on account of his character. Her aversion was certainly well-grounded; for he really was a friend to nobody; to women he was a professed enemy. As his principal pleasure was to seduce every female who fell in
his

his way, he took no small delight also in corrupting all the men with whom he had any connections. Actuated by this last propensity, he was at this very time practising upon a young fellow related to Thornhill, who was just arrived from the North, where his family estate lay, to make a visit to his cousin.

Neville was not only a very worthy, but a very agreeable young man; but not having seen so much of the world as those with whom he now resided, and their acquaintance, he was not at first aware of *Johnson's* character: he supposed, indeed, from the air of gallantry in his behaviour to *Miss Conyers*, that he intended to make honourable proposals to her, though he was always ridiculing matrimony to *him*.

Neville, conceiving a violent passion for *Miss Conyers*, soon began to be alarmed about every man who paid the least attention to her; and he was particularly uneasy with regard to *Johnson*, who had a very attractive exterior, which, with the general turn of his carriage to the fair sex, greatly prepossessed them in his favour. Alarmed, however, and disquieted as *Neville* was, with all the agitations and anxieties of a sincere lover, he received *some* satisfaction by observing that *Charlotte* did not discover the slightest partiality for his rival—as he took him to be; but the indifference with which he himself was also treated by her, contributed to strengthen his apprehensions lest *Johnson* should win a heart which he should, he imagined, find it extremely difficult to obtain. However, though *Charlotte* outwardly discovered no particular favour for

Neville,

Neville, she very clearly distinguished him, in a moral view, from Johnson; but she was somewhat afraid lest the latter might, from his insinuating manners, prevail on the former to become as finished a libertine as himself. She perceived, it is true, that she had made a complete conquest of Neville's heart; but she feared, at the same time, that Johnson would, by his address, gain an ascendant over him equal to that which he had gained over Thornhill.

By a dispute in which the Thornhills were one day warmly engaged concerning their little son, the breach between them was considerably widened. Thornhill, in direct opposition to his wife's judgment, took him from her, at an age when boys usually remain under the tuition of the female part of the family, in order to place him at a boarding-school; though he was so fond of him at the same time, that he could hardly bear him out of his sight. Mrs. Thornhill, on the other hand, who loved her husband's likeness in miniature, sighed at the absence of her amiable little Harry, but knew that her solicitations for his return would be to no purpose, being certain that his father would deny her request.

The domestic debates between Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill were at last so frequent, and so fierce, that the former began to drop hints about a *separation*.—The latter, though she trembled at the sound of *that* word, was too proud to let him who uttered it see that it affected her. Johnson, who was ever upon the watch, and ever spiriting up his friend to proceed with the
greatest

greatest violence, determined to seize this very favourable opportunity (as he imagined) to pay his court to Amelia; resolving, at the same time, to prevent Neville from forming an alliance with Charlotte. To facilitate the execution of the last design, and prompted also by his consummate vanity, which not only induced him to believe that no woman could resist him, but made him eagerly endeavour to bring every man over to the same belief, he carelessly hinted, one day, that he was sure of the heart of Mrs. Thornhill, and that he had no doubts with regard to the possession of her sister's, whenever he should have leisure to attempt such a conquest. This bold assertion justly raised Neville's indignation, and he threatened to acquaint both Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill with what he had delivered.

Johnson answered him first with a loud laugh, and then dared him to the commission of so capital a folly, as he called it; assuring him, that there was nothing particular in what he had affirmed, as all people of fashion, people who knew any thing of life, *thought* and *acted* precisely in the same manner; adding, that he would make himself appear in the most ridiculous light, by publishing any of his rustic and obsolete notions, which were quite contrary to the *ton*.

Neville, who had by this time formed his plan, made a short reply. He then left him, and went in search of Miss Conyers, whom he found ready to reproach him for his attachment to Johnson, and who declared that she had a worse opinion of him than of any other man in the world.

Transported

Transported at this declaration, which confirmed the falsity of Johnson's assertions, he seized that moment to tell her every thing he had been saying, and to press his suit with more ardour than ever. She gave him in return the most flattering encouragement; but not till he had promised her to break off all connections with Johnson, and to assist her in paving the way for a reconciliation between her brother and sister; vindicating the latter in the warmest terms, and assuring her lover, that whatever faults she had, they all proceeded from an excess of sensibility, and from an uncommon delicacy of disposition, which had both been, she was afraid, carried too far.

Highly pleased with having put things in this promising train, she flew to her sister, and informed her of all she had learnt from Neville; who would, she was certain, endeavour to make her husband sensible of the mistakes into which he had been led by Johnson, his *false friend*, in every sense of the word.

Amelia thanked her sister for her information; and asked her, if she thought the interposition of her little Harry might not also be of considerable service. "Though we have long ceased to be fond of each other (continued she), we both dote on our child; I will go, and fetch him this moment from school. Mr. Thornhill cannot be offended at my love for my dear boy; when he has made us friends, he may be sent again to school, if his father chooses it."

Accordingly she set out with her sister; but when she arrived at the school, she was told that Mr. Thornhill,

hill, accompanied by Mr. Neville, had just carried her son away. The latter of these gentlemen, indeed, had prevailed on the former to listen to reason, and to be reconciled to his lady, who had been basely misrepresented to him by Johnson, whose infamous designs, both upon her and her sister, were no longer of a questionable nature.

As soon as Thornhill was convinced of the falsehood of his pretended friend, he began to doubt whether Amelia, who had been, he was thoroughly sensible, very ill-treated by him, would ever forgive him.

Upon his expressing this apprehension, Neville told him, that the sight of her son would, in *his* opinion, disarm her resentment. The little fellow was rejoiced to come home. On his eagerly flying to look for his mamma, his papa stopped him, and bade him conceal himself in his closet till he sent for him. The boy whimpered, but obeyed. In the mean while Mrs. Thornhill and Miss Conyers returned very much dissatisfied from the school.

Miss Conyers, by questioning the servant closely, soon found out the little Harry, and brought him privately to his mother. While she was caressing him, Johnson, who began to suspect that he was *found out*, but who also believed he had still sufficient power to impose upon Thornhill, came and discovered him with Neville. Very soon after *his* arrival, Mrs. Thornhill, followed by her sister, led in her Harry, and bade him regain his father's heart for her.

Thornhill could not immediately recover from his

surprize and embarrassment; especially as Johnson stood close at his elbow, stimulating him to reject every offer towards a reconciliation; but the modest appearance and tender behaviour of Mrs. Thornhill, a recollection of every thing that Neville had told him, and especially the sight of his amiable *son*, who discovered the greatest fondness both for him and his mother, quite softened his heart. He embraced his wife and child with unutterable transport; and then turning to Johnson, forbade him his house. Miss Conyers at this moment gave her hand to Neville, as a reward for his friendly interposition in their affairs, and for the information he had given them with regard to Johnson's iniquitous designs.

Johnson, now covered with shame and confusion, and inflamed with rage, made a kind of an attempt to challenge Neville; but on being told by him, that he defied both *him* and his sword, he thought proper to take no further notice of a family, which he had, merely for the gratification of his own ridiculous vanity, rendered sufficiently miserable for a considerable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, now as sensible of their own errors as of Johnson's criminal conduct, were perfectly reconciled, and the revival of their conjugal affection promised them more felicity than they had enjoyed at their setting out in the conjugal state; both of them being now sufficiently guarded against the dangerous, as well as detestable, machinations of a false friend.

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